













# PRECIS PIE

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CHATTERJI PUBLISHERS

BOOK-SELLERS AND PUBLISHERS  
15, BANKIM CHATTERJI STREET,  
CALCUTTA-12

1948



## PREFACE

A compilation such as this has long been necessary, and with the new educational developments the need has become urgent.

Précis writing develops the ability to read intelligently, to think clearly, to grasp essentials, and to use the mother-tongue concisely and succinctly—all of which are vital necessities in this age.

As things go at present, our children may easily become a race of listeners—not readers. Too many people cannot read a simple form and grasp the contents: Ministries descend to “picture-writing” to guide the public: slogans and “letter-groups”, such as U.N.O., U.N.E.S.C.O., P.L.U.T.O., E.N.S.A., etc., increase daily. This is a bad sign, for every artifice of this nature reduces the vocabulary of the individual, and without words there is no thought. We have a priceless heritage of language, and we must not throw it away.

This book has been designed to fit the needs of all students—Junior, Senior, Professional, and Civil Service—who must show proficiency in English Language. The extracts chosen have been taken from the works of many of our most famous authors from the time of Shakespeare to the present day. They do not deal with abstractions or philosophies, but they *are* concerned with the practical things of life—buying and selling, banking and law, money and men—and in such a way that the humour and romance in each is caught.

The introductory chapter gives a brief exposition on how to write a précis, and the remainder of the book is divided into four parts. Part I contains a preliminary group of ten exercises for introductory work; Part II

contains fifty standard exercises; Part III has ten additional exercises for more advanced students; and Part IV contains a full and comprehensive selection from up-to-date Examination papers.

The authors wish to record their indebtedness for his advice and assistance to Mr. John Lamb, Principal of the Newcastle upon Tyne Municipal College of Commerce.

J. J. G.  
J. A. J.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Compilers and Publishers make grateful acknowledgment to the following for permission to include in this book copyright material from the works named:

Harper & Brothers for Extract No. 6 from *Mark Twain's Autobiography*.

Blandford Press, Ltd., for Extract No. 10 from *Window Display for the Drapery Trade*.

J. W. Arrowsmith (London), Ltd., for Extract No. 11 from *Three Men in a Boat* by Jerome K. Jerome.

Pearn, Pollinger & Higham, Ltd., and Constable & Co., Ltd., for Extract No. 16 from *Heaven Lies About Us* by Howard Spring.

John Lane The Bodley Head, Ltd., for Extract No. 21 from *Funny Pieces* by Stephen Leacock.

Mr. Collie Knox and Chapman & Hall, Ltd., for Extracts Nos. 26 and 45 from *Collie Knox Recalls* and *It Might Have Been You*, both books by Collie Knox.

J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., for Extract No. 31 from *I Tremble to Think* by Robert Lynd.

William Heinemann, Ltd., for Extract No. 36 from *With Love and Irony* by Lin Yutang, and Extract No. 116 from *The Man of Property* by John Galsworthy.

John Murray for Extract No. 41 from *Lives of the Engineers: Boulton and Watt* by Samuel Smiles, and Extract No. 79 from *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd., for Extract No. 46 from *Economics of Private Enterprise* by J. H. Jones, and Extract No. 56 from *The Manual of Foreign Exchange* by H. E. Evitt.

Mrs. G. P. Wells for Extract No. 51 from *The History of Mr. Polly* by H. G. Wells.

The Pelman Institute for Extract No. 61 from *Originality* by T. Sharper Knowlson.

Co-operative Wholesale Society, Ltd., Publicity Department, for Extract No. 65 from *A Pioneer Looks at 1944*.

Ivor Nicholson & Watson, Ltd., for Extract No. 93 from an Essay on Cecil Rhodes by Clifford Sharpe in *The Great Victorians*.

Penguin Books, Ltd., for Extract No. 108 from *Liberty in the Modern State* by H. J. Laski.

Watts & Co. for Extract No. 109 from *Liberty To-Day* by C. E. M. Joad.

Grateful acknowledgment is made also to the following Examining Bodies for permission to quote from their examination papers:

The College of Preceptors.  
The Chartered Institute of Secretaries.  
The Union of Lancashire and Cheshire Institutes.  
The Union of Educational Institutions.  
Northern Counties Technical Examinations Council.  
University of Durham School Examinations.  
Royal Society of Arts.  
The Institute of Bankers.  
The London Chamber of Commerce (Inc.).  
East Midland Educational Union.  
The University of London.

The quotation on page 9 from 'The Examiner's Reports' is reproduced by kind permission of the Northern Counties Technical Examinations Council.

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# INTRODUCTION

## TO THE STUDENT

THIS book deals with what is variously known as *précis*, summary, or *résumé*. The usual term is *précis*. We do not know why this should be so; summary is a common English word and will do equally well.

### What is a *précis*?

When we make a *précis* of a piece of writing our object is to put what is written into a shorter form and into our own words. We must give all the essential material in the original in fewer words.

We must not, however, do this by writing our *précis* as we write a telegram, missing out all but the important words. It must be written in complete sentences and continuous prose. We may *not* write "Napoleon defeated Waterloo 1815", but "Napoleon was defeated at Waterloo in 1815". Nor must we abbreviate our words, writing "Parl't" for "Parliament" and so on. Everything, words and sentences, must be written out in full. The only things we may omit are those which are not essential to the original.

### Of what use is *précis*?

This is one of the commonest questions students ask. They find it difficult to see why they should be able to express the substance of a passage of some five hundred

words in about a hundred and fifty. When they ask this question, however, they are looking upon *précis* as merely an isolated exercise, as a kind of trick to be learnt, just as one may learn to stand on one's head. But this is not the case. Ability to make a good *précis* is essential in many everyday tasks. The newspaper reporter, who reports the debates in Parliament, cannot reproduce them in full, for his paper will not allow him the necessary space. He must condense the speeches, and in many cases give a very short summary of the whole debate. In the same way he reports evidence given in court, lectures, speeches at public meetings, government orders, and the like. Similarly a lawyer, or a judge, in putting a case to the jury, or summing up after a trial, cannot repeat the evidence verbatim. He must summarize it, and his summary must be absolutely accurate if it is to be of any use at all. The B.B.C. announcer who reads the news reads summaries of speeches, reports, and the like. Thus a tremendous amount of *précis* is done every day by hundreds of people in the course of their daily work.

Of course, we shall not all become B.B.C. news writers, judges, or newspaper reporters. That is true, but it is evident that we cannot summarize written matter unless we understand it. If, therefore, we are able to make accurate summaries of what we read, it means that we are able to understand its exact meaning. *Précis* writing, therefore, 'teaches us to read intelligently and accurately so that we understand the exact meaning of what we read. The ability to do this is much rarer than most people suppose; but everyone who calls himself educated should be able to do it.

*Précis* writing is also a useful discipline in writing, in that it teaches conciseness of expression. Any tendency to use more words than are necessary is ruthlessly

checked by the limits imposed upon the length of the *précis*. Thus the writing of *précis* not only teaches intelligent reading, but it also teaches us to say what we mean as directly and briefly as possible.

### How to make a *précis*

How are we to set about making a *précis*? First of all, *précis* cannot be done bit by bit; the extract must all the time be regarded as a whole. We cannot take it sentence by sentence and reduce each sentence in length. That is why preliminary exercises "substituting single words for the phrases in italics" are a waste of time as far as *précis* writing is concerned. Some sentences in the original are sure to be mere repetition or extension of what has gone before, and must be altogether omitted or combined. Nor is it wise to take it paragraph by paragraph and search each one for what is usually called the "key sentence". This is all very well if the paragraph has a key sentence, but very frequently it has not. Always treat the *précis* as a whole.

It is also unwise to attempt to make a *précis* straight away, that is, to write down the finished version without any preliminary written work. At first, at any rate, write *précis* in three stages. With practice these three may later be reduced to two.

1. Before beginning to write at all, it is necessary to *read*. Many students are too eager to begin writing. Before writing anything at all you should read the extract at least three times, once rapidly, to obtain the gist of it, then twice very attentively in order to follow the argument step by step. Only when you think you have grasped the argument are you ready to write.

2. When you are ready you should begin by writing out a skeleton plan of the extract, numbering the points,

and if necessary subdividing them alphabetically, so that you have the "bones" of the business all laid out ready to work on.

3. Using this plan, you should then write out a draft précis in your own words, keeping it brief, but paying no attention to the exact number of words required. See to it, however, that you give every point the proportion of space it deserves. When this is done you should compare it with the original and see that you have got in all the substance of the passage. You should then count the words you have used. You can now alter your draft to reduce it to the required length, to make the sentences read more smoothly and the points clearer, and generally to improve the English.

When you are quite sure that you cannot improve the draft, then you are ready to make your finished précis. This you do by making a fair copy of your draft, supplying a title, and adding at the bottom the number of words you have used.

### What must not be done

We have told you what you are to do, but there are many things you must not do which we have not yet mentioned. The observance of these rules is very important. They may briefly be stated as follows:

1. *Do not quote from the original.* The précis must be written in your own words, and you must avoid using words and phrases from the original. Naturally you cannot do this entirely; certain nouns and verbs you may have to use, but you must avoid all combinations of words which bear the stamp of the author. It is not always easy to avoid quotation, because the best words to express the required meaning have nearly always been used already by the author. Nevertheless it must be done.

2. *Do not give examples which are given in the original.* When a writer makes a statement and gives an example he is not adding anything to his statement; he is only making it clearer for those who are reading it. As an example adds nothing, it is out of place in a précis. Putting in examples is only a waste of words, so that examples and passages explaining what has been stated before must be omitted entirely.

3. *Do not use figures of speech in précis even when they occur in the original.* Figures of speech are used to make statements more telling or more memorable. If you have made the statement in a straightforward manner there is no need to add anything to it. Figures of speech are therefore likewise out of place in précis.

4. *Do not use rhetorical questions.* A rhetorical question is one whose answer is obvious. It is asked in order to emphasize the point that is being made. When an orator asks, "Are you willing to be slaves?" he knows the answer and supplies it himself. In précis, a plain statement—"they were not willing to be slaves"—is sufficient. A rhetorical question wastes words.

5. *Do not add anything to the original.* This seems a superfluous piece of advice, but many students actually put things in a précis which are not in the original. They sometimes add examples of their own, thus breaking two rules, or occasionally they add a comment on what is written, especially if they do not happen to agree with it. This must not be done. You must reproduce what is written and no more. Even if you know the facts as stated in the original are wrong, you must not make any comment or correction.

6. *Do not use direct speech or the first person.* Précis is always written in indirect speech and in the third person. It is impossible to quote a person unless we quote in full, and this cannot be done when we are giving only an



abstract of his remarks. When the original is in the first person and direct speech it may readily be converted into third person and indirect speech by beginning with the words, "The writer said . . ." For example, a speech beginning, "My friends, we are gathered together on this happy occasion to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of our dear friends and neighbours Mr. and Mrs. X . . .", could be summarized, "The speaker said they were assembled to celebrate the twenty-fifth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. X".

7. *Do not exceed or greatly undercut the number of words prescribed.* If you are asked to make a précis in 100 words you should aim at making it no longer than 100 words. You may argue that 110 words is not much longer, but ten words represent ten per cent, which is a considerable margin of error. In the same way if you find your précis is only 80 words long you may be sure it is faulty, for you would not be allowed 100 words if it could be done in many fewer. Aim therefore at not exceeding the prescribed length at all and not undercutting it by more than about five per cent.

8. *Use of the past tense.* Most writers on précis say that all précis should be written in the past tense. It is, however, always dangerous to lay down a hard and fast rule. If we are making a précis on the habits of the cuckoo, for example, we can begin, "The cuckoo does not build a nest . . ." if we like. We may, however, use the past tense by beginning, "The writer said that the cuckoo did not build a nest . . ." It is possible to write a précis in the present tense.

### The title

" In many examination papers the student is asked to supply a title after he has finished the précis. The words used in the title are not counted towards the number

used in the *précis*. Many students throw away marks on this part of the question because they supply very poor titles. The title of a *précis* is not like the title of a novel, which may be designed to whet the curiosity of the reader and make him wish to read the book. They should not be like the titles the authors have used at the beginning of this book, for our titles were designed with the express purpose of keeping off the student's ground. The title of a *précis* should give the reader some idea of what the matter is about; it should be a kind of summary of the *précis*. It may therefore be a little longer than the title of a book. A title like "Robinson Crusoe", which is all very well for a book, would be better as "Adventures of a man wrecked upon a desert island" if it were for a *précis*.

### **Précis in examinations**

When you are doing a *précis* in an examination you will usually find you can spend about thirty-five minutes on it. You should allot this time carefully to the various stages of the work.

Since it will only take seven or eight minutes at the most to make a fair copy, you have about twenty-five minutes for the preliminary stages. Ten minutes may well be spent in reading and re-reading, and following the argument in your mind. Fifteen minutes may be devoted to writing and altering your roughs, and the last few minutes to the making of the final article.

As a rule no extra paper is allowed in examinations, so that all your work must be done on the paper you are going to hand in. This means that your *précis* roughs must be done there as well. They should be done in pencil, and they may be written as rapidly as you please because they are for your use and your use only, and as

long as you can read them that is all that matters. You may be sure that the examiner will not read them, although some students believe that he studies the roughs as well. The examiner is concerned with the finished copy alone. When you have finished with roughs, however, they should be crossed out—with a single line in ink ruled diagonally through them. There is no need to write on the bottom, "Rough, do not mark this", or "Not to be marked", etc., for the examiner has no intention of marking it.

The title should be placed at the head of the finished copy and underlined. If it is placed before the roughs it sometimes passes unnoticed. Always put at the bottom the number of words you use. Do not try to deceive the examiner. He knows what a hundred words look like, and he will count them if he suspects that your figures are false.

### **Précis of a series of letters**

Students who are confronted for the first time with a series of letters to be summarized often fall into the trap of making a précis of each separate letter. They are then in difficulties over the problem of what to do with the signatures, dates, and addresses. The method is to take the series as a whole, and to treat the exercise as a piece of narrative. The addresses, names, and dates can then be worked into the narrative naturally. They are very important and must not be omitted. The general effect of such a précis would be something like this:

"On 16th June, 1946, Mr. J. B——, of 16 Market Gardens, Camden, wrote to Mr. U. C——, of 176 Acacia Avenue, Bexley, suggesting, etc., . . . On the 19th Mr. C—— acknowledged the receipt of the letter but took exception, etc., . . . Three days later Mr. B——

wrote again offering, etc., . . . A week later Mr. C—  
replied accepting. . . .”

If this method is adopted the names, addresses, and dates present no difficulty and the substance of the letters can be inserted into this framework as desired.

We are not in favour of compiling an index to such a series of letters, and would advise the student who wishes to devote time to that branch of *précis* writing to consult more advanced text-books.

In spite of text-books, teachers, and instructions on examination papers, students do some remarkable things in *précis* writing, so we are going to reproduce a few of the remarks from the Examiner's Reports issued by the Northern Counties Technical Examinations Council.

“Where there was weakness in answers to Question 2, this occurred in a failure to risk original wording. Several summaries were little more than notes and jottings from the original. It may be that some candidates have not had much practice in this kind of exercise, but that is no excuse for not reading the question. Notes to the length of 280–300 words are worthless. . . .

“There were some candidates who failed to grasp the general intentions of the summary and who produced notes and jottings from the original: other candidates failed to distinguish important facts from less important illustrations of those facts. In general, however, very few candidates were unable to comprehend the purport of the passage.

“There still seems to be some lack of preparation in the *précis*. Far too many candidates quoted whole sentences from the original and many others exceeded substantially the number of words required.

"There was also considerable diversity in the treatment of Question 2. It seems clear that many students had little or no idea of what was required, though, as usual, the better candidates showed to great advantage.

"A general criticism on answers to Question 2 is that notes taken from the original do not show sufficiently clearly that the passage has been read with understanding of its thought and structure. There were, surprisingly enough, a number of candidates whose answers contained over 400 words!"

(Note.—The *précis* had to be about 195 words in length.)

### Model Exercise

THE sea holds many secrets but scarcely a stranger one than that of the fate of the crew of the *Marie Celeste*.

The mystery, which set the world speculating, had its beginning that bright December morning in 1872 when the look-out on the British brigantine, *Dei Gratia*, sighted a vessel a few days' sail from Gibraltar.

As they drew near a friendly hail from the *Dei Gratia* rang out across the water, but no answering cry saluted them. Not a soul walked the deck of the *Marie Celeste*, and, although every sail was set, it was clear from her motion that no human hand was guiding her on her course.

Now sickness, sudden and violent, may strike down the whole crew of a small vessel, so the captain of the *Dei Gratia* immediately launched one of his boats and boarded the stranger. A remarkable scene met the eyes of the boarders. A hatch cover was overturned; a deep axe-cut gaped in the bulwarks; but, apart from these peculiarities, not a spar or a rope was out of place.

Above the forecabin hung the men's washing, while down below a half-consumed meal lay on the table. In the cabin, also, a strange scene met their eyes: a sewing-

machine with a child's night-gown under its needle; a pillow, hollowed by a child's head; a table with its interrupted meal, all pointed to the fact that, whatever happened, had happened with terrible suddenness.

Not a single person, alive or dead, was found on board.

Yet there was no evidence of any struggle; of murder; of violence; or of piracy, for the axe-cut and open hatch apart, everything appeared to be normal. One of the ship's boats was missing, but, on the other hand, the captain's instruments and the log were in his cabin, so, it did not seem that the crew had abandoned the vessel.

Here, indeed, was a case for salvage. A scratch crew from the *Dei Gratia* brought the *Marie Celeste* to Gibraltar where she was taken over by an Admiralty Court. In the spring of the following year she was cleared for Genoa, where she discharged her cargo, and then she made her return voyage to America. Information, in the meantime, had been pieced together. The *Marie Celeste*, an American brigantine of 236 tons, had sailed from New York in November, 1872, with a cargo of oil and spirits, bound for the Mediterranean. She had carried a crew of thirteen, the captain, his wife, and his little daughter. On December 4, two days before the *Dei Gratia* sighted her, she had been hailed by the sailing ship *Highlander*, and had reported "All Well".

What happened between December 4 and December 6?

That is an unsolved mystery. No tidings have ever been heard of her crew; no one has ever satisfactorily accounted for their precipitate flight from the vessel.

### Model Précis

IN November, 1872, the *Marie Celeste*, an American brigantine of 236 tons, left New York for Genoa with a cargo of oil and spirits. She carried a crew of

thirteen, the captain, his wife, and their little daughter.

On December 4, when nearing Gibraltar, she passed the *Highlander* and reported "All Well".

On December 6 the brigantine was hailed by the *Dei Gratia*, whose captain, receiving no answer, boarded her. Everything on board was shipshape, except that a hatch cover was overturned, and there was an axe-cut in her bulwarks. The ship appeared to have been left suddenly, probably temporarily, while a meal was in progress, for not a soul was on board and one boat was missing.

A scratch crew from the *Dei Gratia* brought her into Gibraltar, to face an Admiralty Court inquiry, after which she was cleared for Genoa, and finally returned to America.

No tidings of her crew have ever been heard, and no satisfactory solution of the mystery has ever been found.

## PART I


# PRELIMINARY EXERCISES

### 1

Give the substance of the following in about 100 words.

THE sick were lifted over the side, and landed boat-load after boat-load on the beach, to stretch themselves in the shade of the palms; and in half an hour the whole crew were scattered on the shore, except some dozen worthy men who had volunteered to keep watch and ward on board till noon.

And now the first instinctive cry of nature was for fruit! fruit! fruit!. The poor lame wretches crawled from place to place plucking greedily the violet grapes of the creeping shore vine, and staining their mouths and blistering their lips with the prickly pears, in spite of Yeo's entreaties and warnings against the thorns. Some of the healthy began hewing down cocoa-nut trees to get at the nuts, doing little thereby but blunt their hatchets; till Yeo and Drew, having mustered half a dozen reasonable men, went off inland, and returned in an hour laden with the dainties of that primeval orchard—with acid junipa-apples, luscious guavas, and crowned ananas, queen of all the fruits, which they had found by hundreds on the broiling ledges of the low tufa-cliffs; and then all, sitting on the sandy turf, defiant of galliwasp and jackspaniards, and all the weapons of the insect host,





partook of the equal banquet, while old blue land-crabs sat in their house-doors and brandished their fists in defiance at the invaders, and solemn cranes stood in the water on the shoals with their heads on one side, and meditated how long it was since they had seen bipeds without feathers breaking the solitude of their isle.

And Frank wandered up and down, silent, but rather in wonder than in sadness, while great Amyas walked after him, his mouth full of junipa-apples . . .

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

-

## 2

Give the substance of the following in about 100 words.

IN the midst of our evil season sprang up a hurricane of wind; so that all supposed she must go down. I was shut up in the cabin from noon of one day till sundown of the next; the Master was somewhere lashed on deck. Secundra had eaten of some drug and lay insensible; so you may say I passed these hours in an unbroken solitude. At first I was terrified beyond motion, and almost beyond thought, my mind appearing to be frozen. Presently there stole in on me a ray of comfort. If the *Nonesuch* foundered, she would carry down with her into the deeps of that unsounded sea the creature whom we all so feared and hated; there would be no more Master of Ballantrae, the fish would sport among his ribs; his schemes all brought to nothing, his harmless enemies at peace. At first, I have said, it was but a ray of comfort; but it had soon grown to be broad sunshine. The thought of the man's death, of his deletion from this world, which he embittered for so many, took possession of my mind. I hugged it, I found it sweet in my belly. I conceived

the ship's last plunge, the sea bursting upon all sides into the cabin, the brief mortal combat there, all by myself, in that closed place; I numbered the horrors, I had almost said with satisfaction; I felt I could bear all and more, if the *Nonesuch* carried down with her, overtook by the same ruin, the enemy of my poor master's house. Towards noon of the second day the screaming of the wind abated; the ship lay not so perilously over, and it began to be clear to me that we were past the height of the tempest. As I hope for mercy, I was singly disappointed.

R. L. STEVENSON.

3

Give the substance of the following in about 100 words.

At length he would reach the corn, and selecting a suitable ear, brisk about in the same uncertain trigonometrical way to the topmost stick of my wood-pile, before my window, where he looked me in the face, and there sit for hours, supplying himself with a new ear from time to time, nibbling at first voraciously and throwing the half-naked cobs about; till at length he grew more dainty still and played with his food, tasting only the inside of the kernel; and the ear, which was held balanced over the stick by one paw, slipped from his careless grasp and fell to the ground, when he would look over at it with a ludicrous expression of uncertainty, as if suspecting that it had life, with a mind not made up whether to get it again, or a new one, or be off; now thinking of corn, then listening to hear what was in the wind. So the little impudent fellow would waste many an ear in a forenoon; till at last, seizing some longer and plumper one, considerably bigger than himself, and skilfully

balancing it, he would set out with it to the woods, like a tiger with a buffalo, by the same zig-zag course and frequent pauses, scratching along with it as if it were too heavy for him and falling all the while, making its fall a diagonal between a perpendicular and horizontal, being determined to put it through at any rate;—a singularly frivolous and whimsical fellow;—and so he would get off with it to where he lived, perhaps carry it to the top of a pine tree forty or fifty rods distant, and I would afterwards find the cobs strewn about the woods in various directions.

HENRY THOREAU.

4

Give the substance of the following in about 100 words.

“O CHEAPSIDE! Cheapside!” said I, as I advanced up that mighty thoroughfare, “truly thou art a wonderful place for hurry, noise, and riches! Men talk of the bazaars of the East—I have never seen them—but I dare say that, compared with thee, they are poor places, silent places, abounding with empty boxes. O thou pride of London’s east!—mighty mart of old renown!—for thou art not a place of yesterday;—long before the Roses red and white battled in fair England, thou didst exist—a place of throng and bustle—a place of gold and silver, perfumes and fine linen. Centuries ago thou couldst extort the praises even of the fiercest foes of England. Fierce bards of Wales, sworn foes of England, sang thy praises centuries ago; and even the fiercest of them all, Red Julius himself, wild Glendower’s bard, had a word of praise for London’s “Cheape”, for so the bards of Wales styled thee in their flowing odes. Then, if those who were not English, and hated England, and all connected therewith, had yet much to say in thy praise,

when, thou wast far inferior to what thou art now, why should true-born Englishmen, or those who call themselves so, turn up their noses at thee, and scoff thee at the present day, as I believe they do? But, let others do as they will, I, at least, who am not only an Englishman, but an East Englishman, will not turn up my nose at thee, but will praise and extol thee, calling thee mart of the world—a place of wonder and astonishment!—and, were it right and fitting to wish that anything should endure for ever, I would say prosperity to Cheapside, throughout all ages—may it be the world's resort for merchandise, world without end.

GEORGE BORROW.

5

Give the substance of the following in about 100 words.

MEANWHILE Monmouth, accompanied by Grey, by Buyse, and by a few other friends, was flying from the field of battle. At Chedzoy he stopped a moment to mount a fresh horse and to hide his blue riband and his George. He then hastened towards the Bristol Channel. From the rising ground on the north of the field of battle he saw the flash and the smoke of the last volley fired by his deserted followers. Before six o'clock he was twenty miles from Sedgemoor. Some of his companions advised him to cross the water, and to seek refuge in Wales; and this would undoubtedly have been his wisest course. He would have been in Wales long before the news of his defeat was known there; and, in a country so wild and so remote from the seat of government, he might have remained long undiscovered. He determined, however, to push for Hampshire, in the hope that he might lurk in the cabins of deer stealers among the oaks

of the New Forest, till means of conveyance to the Continent could be procured. He therefore, with Grey and the German, turned to the south-east.

But the way was beset with dangers. The three fugitives had to traverse a country in which every one already knew the event of the battle, and in which no traveller of suspicious appearance could escape a close scrutiny. They rode on all day, shunning towns and villages. Nor was this so difficult as it may now appear. For men then living could remember the time when the wild deer ranged through a succession of forests from the banks of the Avon in Wiltshire to the southern coast of Hampshire. At length, on Cranbourne Chase, the strength of the horses failed. They were therefore turned loose. The bridles and saddles were concealed. Monmouth and his friends procured rustic attire, disguised themselves, and proceeded on foot towards the New Forest.

LORD MACAULAY.

## 6

Give the substance of the following in about 100 words.

DOWN the forest slopes to the left were the swings. They were made of bark stripped from hickory saplings. When they became dry they were dangerous. They usually broke when a child was forty feet in the air, and this was why so many bones had to be mended every year. I had no ill luck myself, but none of my cousins escaped. There were eight of them, and at one time and another they broke fourteen arms among them. But it cost next to nothing, for the doctor worked by the year—twenty-five dollars for the whole family. I remember two of the Florida doctors, Chowning and Meredith. They not only tended an entire family for twenty-five dollars a year,

but furnished the medicines themselves. Good measure, too. Only the largest persons could hold a whole dose. Castor oil was the principal beverage. The dose was half a dipperful, with half a dipperful of New Orleans molasses added to help it down and make it taste good, which it never did. The next standby was calomel; the next, rhubarb; and the next jalap. Then they bled the patient, and put mustard plasters on him. It was a dreadful system, and yet the death rate was not heavy. There were no dentists. When teeth became touched with decay or were otherwise ailing, the doctor knew of but one thing to do—he fetched his tongs and dragged them out. If the jaw remained, it was not his fault.

MARK TWAIN.

## 7

Give the substance of the following in about 100 words.

It was the custom at this period, when the strength of the feudal aristocracy controlled the rights, and frequently insulted the privileges of the royal burghs of Scotland, that the latter, where it was practicable, often chose their provost, or chief magistrate, not out of the order of the merchants, shopkeepers, and citizens, who inhabited the town itself, and filled up the roll of the ordinary magistracy, but elected to that pre-eminent state some powerful nobleman, or baron, in the neighbourhood of the burgh, who was expected to stand their friend at court in such matters as concerned their common weal, and to lead their civil militia to fight, whether in general battle or in private feud, reinforcing them with his own feudal retainers. This protection was not always gratui-

tous. The provosts sometimes availed themselves of their situation to an unjustifiable degree, and obtained grants of lands and tenements belonging to the common good, or public property of the burgh, and thus made the citizens pay dear for the countenance which they afforded. Others were satisfied to receive the powerful aid of the townsmen in their own feudal quarrels, with such other marks of respect and benevolence, as the burgh over which they presided were willing to gratify them with, in order to secure their active services in case of necessity. The baron, who was the regular protector of a royal burgh, accepted such free-will offerings without scruple, and repaid them by defending the rights of the town by arguments in the council, and by bold deeds in the field.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

8

Give the substance of the following in about 100 words.

CORTES at this time was thirty-three, or perhaps thirty-four, years of age. In stature he was rather above the middle size. His complexion was pale; and his large dark eye gave an expression of gravity to his countenance, not to have been expected in one of his cheerful temperament. His figure was slender, at least until later life; but his chest was deep, his shoulders broad, his frame muscular and well proportioned. It presented the union of agility and vigour which qualified him to excel in fencing, horsemanship, and the other generous exercises of chivalry. In his diet he was temperate, careless of what he ate, and drinking little; while to toil and privation he seemed perfectly indifferent. His dress, for he did not disdain the impression produced by such adventitious aids, was such as to set off his handsome person

to advantage; neither gaudy nor striking, but rich. He wore few ornaments, and usually the same; but those were of great price. His manners, frank and soldier-like, concealed a most cool and calculating spirit. With his gayest humour there mingled a settled air of resolution, which made those who approached him feel they must obey, and which infused something like awe into the attachment of his most devoted followers. Such a combination, in which love was tempered by authority, was the one probably best calculated to inspire devotion in the rough and turbulent spirits among whom his lot was to be cast.

The character of Cortes seems to have undergone some change with change of circumstances; or, to speak more correctly, the new scenes in which he was placed called forth qualities which before lay dormant in his bosom. There are some hardy natures that require the heats of excited action to unfold their energies; like the plants which, closed to the mild influence of a temperate latitude, come to their full growth, and give forth their fruits only in the burning atmosphere of the tropics. Such is the portrait left us by his contemporaries of this remarkable man; the instrument selected by Providence to scatter terror among the barbarian monarchs of the Western World, and lay their empires in the dust.

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

## 9

Give the substance of the following in about 100 words.

SOME of our maids sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast to-day, Jane called us up about three in the morning, to tell us of a great fire they saw in the City. So I rose, and slipped on my night-gown,



and went to her window; and thought it to be on the back-side of Marke-lane at the farthest, but being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off; and so went to bed again, and to sleep. About seven rose again to dress myself, and there looked out at the window, and saw the fire not so much as it was, and further off. So to my closet to set things to rights, after yesterday's cleaning. By and by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above three hundred houses have been burned down to-night by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish-street, by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower, and there got up upon one of the high places, Sir J. Robinson's little son going up with me; and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the bridge; which, among other people, did trouble me for poor little Michell and our Sarah on the bridge. So down with my heart full of trouble to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it begun this morning in the King's baker's house in Pudding-lane, and that it hath burned down St. Magnes Church and most part of Fish-street already. So I down to the water-side, and there got a boat, and through bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire. Poor Michell's house, as far as the old Swan, already burned that way, and the fire running further, that in a very little time it got as far as the Steeple-yard, while I was there.

SAMUEL PEPYS.

## 10

Give the substance of the following in about 100 words.

It has been said that there is one of two ideas in view when dressing a window. Some may do it as a kind of

duty, filling up what would be otherwise an empty space, whilst others, the more discerning and wide-awake, dress their windows to attract business and sell goods.

Now, more than ever, shop-owners and all classes of business men are paying much attention to window display, and the majority recognise the immense power of the shop window.

Competition in these days is very keen, and it behoves every man in business to be abreast of the times and to exploit that enterprise which will attract trade. It is of no use to open a business and, like Mr. Micawber, sit down and wait for things to "turn up". It is generally agreed nowadays that it is necessary to get after trade, and to use modern but dignified methods which will bring it in. Without a doubt, the greatest means of selling that the shop-keeper has at hand is his window display. This has been proved again and again.

In the hands of a skilful man, goods can be presented to the public in such an apparently artless way that they appear to be really the finest of their kind in the world. Added to this, the display man can give them that subtle touch which makes a far more effective appeal than the talk of all the salesmen in the world. The windows, if properly treated, can create an irresistible desire to purchase the goods on show in the hearts of those who see them:

An American writer on this subject once said, "It takes art to make a woman buy gems when she needs shoes," and likewise it takes art to make luxuries look like necessities and necessities look like luxuries.

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PART II

STANDARD EXERCISES

11

Write a *précis* of the following passage in about a third of its present length.

MANY of the old houses, round about, speak very plainly of those days when Kingston was a royal borough, and nobles and courtiers lived there, near their King, and the long road to the palace gates was gay all day with clanking steel and prancing palfreys and rustling silks and velvets, and fair faces. The large and spacious houses, with oriel and latticed windows, their huge fire-places, and their gabled roofs, breathe of the days of hose and doublet, of pearl-embroidered stomachers, and complicated oaths. They were upraised in the day "when men knew how to build". The hard red bricks have only grown more firmly set with time, and their oak stairs do not creak and grunt when you try to go down them quietly.

Speaking of oak staircases reminds me that there is a magnificent carved oak staircase in one of the houses in Kingston. It is a shop now, in the market-place, but it was evidently once the mansion of some great personage. A friend of mine, who lives at Kingston, went in there to buy a hat one day, and, in a thoughtless moment, put his hand in his pocket and paid for it there and then.

The shopman (he knows my friend) was naturally a

little staggered at first; but, quickly recovering himself, and feeling that something ought to be done to encourage this sort of thing, asked our hero if he would like to see some fine old carved oak. My friend said he would, and the shopman, thereupon, took him through the shop, and up the staircase of the house. The balusters were a superb piece of workmanship, and the wall all the way up was oak-panelled, with carving that would have done credit to a palace.

From the stairs they went into the drawing-room, which was a large, bright room, decorated with a somewhat startling though cheerful paper of a blue ground. There was nothing, however, remarkable about the apartment, and my friend wondered why he had been brought there. The proprietor went up to the paper, and tapped it. It gave forth a wooden sound.

"Oak," he explained. "All carved oak, right up to the ceiling, just the same as you saw on the staircase."

"But, great Cæsar! man," expostulated my friend; "you don't mean to say you have covered over carved oak with blue wall-paper?"

"Yes," was the reply: "it was expensive work. Had to matchboard it all over first, though. But the room looks cheerful now. It was awful gloomy before."

I can't say I altogether blame the man (which is doubtless a great relief to his mind). From his point of view, which would be that of the average householder, desiring to take life as lightly as possible, and not that of the old-curiosity shop maniac, there is reason on his side. Carved oak is very pleasant to look at, and to have a little of, but it is no doubt somewhat depressing to live in, for those whose fancy does not lie that way. It would be like living in a church.

JEROME K. JEROME.

Reduce the following passage to about 150 words.

It came next into our consideration what we should do with their ship; but this was not long resolving; for there were but two ways, either to set her on fire, or to run her on shore, and we chose the last. So we set her foresail with the tack at the cat-head, and lashed her helm a little to starboard, to answer her head-sail, and so set her agoing, with neither cat or dog in her; and it was not above two hours before we saw her run right ashore upon the coast, a little beyond the Cape Comorin; and away we went about Ceylon, for the coast of Coromandel.

We sailed along there, not in sight of the shore only, but so near as to see the ships in the road at Fort St. David, Fort St. George, and at the other factories along that shore, as well as along the coast of Golconda, carrying our English ancient when we came near the Dutch factories, and Dutch colours when we passed by the English factories. We met with little purchase upon this coast, except two small vessels of Golconda, bound across the bay with bales of calicoes and muslins and wrought silks, and fifteen bales of romals, from the bottom of the bay, which were going, on whose account we knew not, to Acheen, and to other ports on the coast of Malacca. We did not inquire to what place in particular; but we let the vessels go, having none but Indians on board.

In the bottom of the bay we met with a great junk belonging to the Mogul's court, with a great many people, passengers as we supposed them to be: it seems they were bound for the river Hooghly or Ganges, and came from Sumatra. This was a prize worth taking indeed; and we got so much gold in her, beside other goods which we did not meddle with—pepper in particular—that it had like to have put an end to our cruise; for almost all

my men said we were rich enough, and desired to go back again to Madagascar. But I had other things in my head still, and when I came to talk with them, and set friend William to talk with them, we put such further golden hopes into their heads that we soon prevailed with them to let us go on.

DANIEL DEFOE.

### 13

Give a pen-picture of R. Wilfer from the following passage in about 100 words.

THE Reginald Wilfer family were of such commonplace extraction and pursuits that their forefathers had for generations modestly subsisted on the Docks, the Excise Office, and the Custom House, and the existing R. Wilfer was a poor clerk. So poor a clerk, through having a limited salary and an unlimited family, that he had never yet attained the modest object of his ambition: which was, to wear a complete new suit of clothes, hat and boots included, at one time. His black hat was brown before he could afford a coat; his pantaloons were white at the seams and knees before he could buy a pair of boots; his boots had worn out before he could treat himself to new pantaloons, and by the time he worked round to the hat again, that shining modern article roofed-in an ancient ruin of various periods.

If the conventional Cherub could ever grow up and be clothed, he might be photographed as a portrait of Wilfer. His chubby, smooth, innocent appearance was a reason for his being always treated with condescension when he was not put down. A stranger entering his own poor house at about ten o'clock p.m. might have been surprised to find him sitting up to supper. So boyish was he in his curves and proportions, that his old school-

master, meeting him in Cheapside, might have been unable to withstand the temptation of caning him on the spot. In short, he was the conventional cherub, after the supposititious shoot just mentioned, rather grey with signs of care on his expression, and in decidedly insolvent circumstances.

He was shy, and unwilling to own to the name of Reginald, as being too aspiring and self-assertive a name. In his signature he used only the letter R., and imparted what it really stood for, to none but chosen friends, under the seal of confidence.

CHARLES DICKENS.

## 14

Write a précis of the following passage in about a third of its present length.

“PEOPLE are becoming vastly sharp,” said Mr. Petulengro; “and I am told that all the old-fashioned good-tempered constables are going to be set aside, and a paid body of men to be established, who are not to permit a tramper or vagabond on the roads of England;—and talking of roads, puts me in mind of a strange story I heard two nights ago, whilst drinking some beer at a public-house in company with my cousin Sylvester. I had asked Tawno to go, but his wife would not let him. Just opposite me, smoking their pipes, were a couple of men, something like engineers, and they were talking of a wonderful invention which was to make a wonderful alteration in England; inasmuch as it would set aside all the old roads, which in a little time would be ploughed up, and sowed with corn, and cause all England to be laid down with iron roads, on which people would go thundering along in vehicles, pushed forward by fire and smoke. Now, brother, when I heard this, I did not feel very comfortable; for I thought to myself, what a queer

place such a road would be to pitch one's tent upon, and how impossible it would be for one's cattle to find a bite of grass upon it; and I thought likewise of the danger to which one's family would be exposed in being run over and severely scorched by these same flying fiery vehicles; so I made bold to say, that I hoped such an invention would never be countenanced, because it was likely to do a great deal of harm. Whereupon, one of the men, giving me a glance, said, without taking the pipe out of his mouth, that for his part, he sincerely hoped it would take effect; and if it did no other good than stopping the rambles of gypsies and other like scamps, it ought to be encouraged. Well, brother, feeling myself insulted, I put my hand into my pocket, in order to pull out money, intending to challenge him to a fight for a five-shilling stake, but merely found sixpence, having left all my other money at the tent; which sixpence was just sufficient to pay for the beer which Sylvester and myself were drinking, of whom I couldn't hope to borrow anything -- "poor as Sylvester" being a by-word amongst us. So, not being able to back myself, I held my peace, and let the Gorgio have it all his own way, who, after turning up his nose at me, went on discoursing about the said invention saying what a fund of profit it would be to those who knew how to make use of it, and should have the laying down of the new roads, and the shocing of England with iron. And after he had said this, and much more of the same kind, which I cannot remember, he and his companion got up and walked away; and presently I and Sylvester got up and walked to our camp; and there I lay down by the side of my wife, where I had an ugly dream of having camped upon an iron road; my tent being overturned by a flying vehicle; my wife's leg injured; and all my affairs put into great confusion.

GEORGE BORROW.



Express the substance of the following passage in about a fourth of its present length.

JUST as Partridge had uttered that good and pious doctrine, they arrived at another cross-way, when a lame fellow in rags asked them for alms; upon which Partridge gave him a severe rebuke, saying, "Every parish ought to keep their own poor!" Jones then fell alauding, and asked Partridge, if he was not ashamed, with so much charity in his mouth, to have no charity in his heart. "Your religion," says he, "serves you only for an excuse for your faults, but it is no incentive to your virtue. Can any man who is really a Christian abstain from relieving one of his brethren in such a miserable condition?" And at the same time putting his hand into his pocket, he gave the poor object a shilling.

"Master," cries the fellow, after thanking him, "I have a curious thing here in my pocket, which I found about two miles off, if your worship will please to buy it. I should not venture to pull it out to everyone; but as you are so good a gentleman, and so kind to the poor, you won't suspect a man of being a thief only because he is poor." He then pulled out a little gilt pocket-book, and delivered it into the hands of Jones.

Jones presently opened it, and saw in the first page the words "Sophie Western", written by her own fair hand. He no sooner read the name, than he pressed it close to his lips, nor could he avoid falling into some very frantic raptures, notwithstanding his company; but, perhaps, the very raptures made him forget he was not alone.

While Jones was kissing and mumbling the book, as if he had an excellent brown, buttered crust in his mouth, or as if he had really been a bookworm, or an author, who had nothing to eat but his own works, a piece of

paper fell from its leaves to the ground, which Partridge took up, and delivered to Jones, who presently perceived it to be a bank-bill. It was, indeed, the very bill which Western had given his daughter the night before her departure; and a Jew would have jumped to purchase it at five shillings less than £100.

The eyes of Partridge sparkled at this news, which Jones now proclaimed aloud; and so did (though with somewhat a different aspect) those of the poor fellow who had found the book. . . . Mr. Jones departed as fast as his heels could carry him; and Partridge, into whom the thoughts of the hundred pounds had infused new spirits, followed his leader; while the man who was obliged to stay behind, fell to cursing them both, as well as his parents, "For had they," said he, "sent me to charity school to learn to write and read and cast account, I should have known the value of these matters as well as other people."

HENRY FIELDING.

## 16

Reduce the following passage to about 120 words.

HE was an irritable man. I can remember only one occasion when I was conscious, in the fullest sense, of enjoying his company. I was a child just recovered from the only serious illness I have had in my life. I had been in bed for a long time, and my life was despaired of. I lived in a little cotton-wool jacket, and a Queen Victoria nurse came in every day. One of the boys whom I was accustomed to meet at the Stone sent me a present. It was a minnow in a Rose's lime-juice cordial bottle—one of those absurdly long bottles with a neck-opening no wider round than a shilling. But there the minnow was in the bottle beside my bed to remind me of streams and

fields. I do not think that to this day a more thoughtful gift has been made to me.

I recovered; and I recall walking on thin tottery legs, very slowly, in the street, holding my father's hand. He met a neighbour, and even now I can hear him say: "You see, he's better," and feel again the thrill that filled my heart at the swift consciousness that he was *glad* that I was better, that I meant something to the silent, aloof and enigmatic being who was my father.

His trade was that of a man who did such jobs as he could get in gardens. He had a printed card which set forth in terms worthy of a Micawber the multiplicity of his qualifications. He was—on this card—first and foremost, a landscape gardener, by which, no doubt, he meant that if the Duke of Devonshire had offered him the overlordship of Chatsworth he would with serene confidence have done with the job what he could. From that peak he descended to the plain of a straightforward offer to make asphalt paths, supply gravel, design and lay out gardens or tend them and to provide turf in any quantity.

. . . Save for the occasions of the readings, he was taciturn, morose, and reserved, rarely stirring from his fire-side chair in the kitchen, where he wrapped himself in aloofness and tobacco smoke. Never, I should think, was there a family which knew less about its own father. My mother told me that even to her he had never spoken a word concerning himself, save to tell her that, as a boy, he ran away from his home in County Cork.

Because I knew so little of him, and because, even when I accompanied him, I was in no sense with him, I recall the more vividly a Sunday walk when the barrier came near to obliteration. We stood on the top of a hilly field, with young spring woods greening the right hand and the left. There were cowslips growing in the field and a stream at its foot where kingcups floated their

golden saucers upon the water. The whole day was full of bird-song and the quivering cries of lambs. I remember how my father stood there on the top of the hilly field, bareheaded, holding my hand; and when I looked up into his face I saw with a shock that there were tears behind his eyes.

HOWARD SPRING.

17

Write a précis of the following in not more than 150 words.

In the month of June, thirty-seven years ago, I bought one of those pencil-cases from a boy whom I shall call Hawker, and who was in my form. Is he dead? Is he a millionaire? Is he bankrupt now? He was an immense screw at school, and I believe to this day that the value of the thing for which I owed and eventually paid three-and-sixpence, was in reality not one-and-nine.

I certainly enjoyed the case at first a good deal, and amused myself with twiddling round the movable calendar. But this pleasure wore off. The jewel, as I said, was not paid for, and Hawker, a large and violent boy, was exceedingly unpleasant as a creditor. His constant remark was, "When are you going to pay me that three-and-sixpence? What sneaks your relations must be! They come to see you. You go out to them on Saturdays and Sundays, and they never give you anything! Don't tell me, you little humbug!" and so forth. The truth is that my relations were respectable; but my parents were making a tour in Scotland; and my friends in London, whom I used to go and see, were most kind to me, certainly, but somehow never tipped me. That term, of May to August, 1823, passed in agonies, in consequence of my debt to Hawker. What was the pleasure of a

calendar pencil-case in comparison with the doubt and torture of mind occasioned by the sense of the debt, and the constant reproach in that fellow's scowling eyes and gloomy coarse reminders? How was I to pay off such a debt out of sixpence a week? Ludicrous! Why did not some one come to see me, and tip me? Ah! my dear sir, if you have any little friends at school, go and see them, and do the natural thing by them. You won't miss the sovereign. You don't know what a blessing it will be to them. Don't fancy they are too old—try 'em. And they will remember you, and bless you in future days; and their gratitude shall accompany your dreary after life; and they shall meet you kindly when thanks for kindness are scant. Oh mercy! shall I ever forget that sovereign you gave me, Captain Bob? or the agonies of being in debt to Hawker? In that very term, a relation of mine was going to India. I actually was fetched from school in order to take leave of him. I am afraid I told Hawker of this circumstance. I own I speculated upon my friend's giving me a pound. A pound? Pooh! A relation going to India, and deeply affected at parting from his darling kinsman, might give five pounds to the dear fellow!

. . . There was Hawker when I came back—of course there he was. As he looked into my scared face, his turned livid with rage. He muttered curses, terrible from the lips of so young a boy. My relation, about to cross the ocean to fill a lucrative appointment, asked me with much interest about my progress at school, heard me construe a passage of Eutropius, the pleasing Latin work on which I was then engaged; gave me a God bless you, and sent me back to school; upon my word of honour, without so much as a half-crown!

W. M. THACKERAY.

Write a précis of the following passage, reducing it to about one-third of its length.

SUPPER was no sooner served in, than he took occasion, from a shoulder of mutton that lay before us, to cry up the plenty of England, which would be the happiest country in the world, providing we would live within ourselves. Upon which, he expatiated on the inconveniencies of trade, that carried from us the commodities of our country, and made a parcel of upstarts as rich as men of the most ancient families of England. He then declared frankly, that he had always been against all treaties and alliances with foreigners: "Our wooden walls," says he, "are our security, and we may bid defiance to the whole world, especially if they should attack us when the militia is out!" I ventured to reply that I had as great an opinion of the English fleet as he had; but I could not see how they could be paid, and manned, and fitted out, unless we encouraged trade and navigation. He replied with some vehemence, That he would undertake to prove trade would be the ruin of the English nation. I would fain have put him upon it; but he contented himself with affirming it more eagerly, to which he added two or three curses upon the London merchants, not forgetting the Bank. After supper he asked me if I was an admirer of punch; and immediately called for a sneaker. I took this occasion to insinuate the advantages of trade, by observing to him, that water was the only native of England that could be made use of on this occasion: but that the lemons, the brandy, the sugar, and the nutmeg, were all foreigners. This put him into some confusion: but the landlord who overheard me, brought him off, by affirming, That for constant use there was no liquor like a cup of English water, provided

it had malt enough in it. My squire laughed heartily at the conceit, and made the landlord sit down with us. We sat pretty late over our punch; and amidst a great deal of improving discourse, drank the healths of several persons in the country, whom I had never heard of, that, they both assured me, were the ablest statesmen in the nation; and of some Londoners, whom they extolled to the skies for their wit, and who, I knew, passed in town for silly fellows. It being now midnight, and my friend perceiving by his almanack that the moon was up, he called for his horse, and took a sudden resolution to go to his house, which was at three miles' distance from the town, after having bethought himself that he never slept well out of his own bed.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

## 19

Reduce the following passage to not more than 160 words.

WE are at present qualified to view the advantageous position of Constantinople; which appears to have been formed by Nature for the centre and capital of a great monarchy. Situated in the forty-first degree of latitude, the imperial city commanded, from her seven hills, the opposite shores of Europe and Asia; the climate was healthy and temperate, the soil fertile, the harbour secure and spacious; and the approach on the side of the continent was of small extent and easy defence. The Bosphorus and Hellespont may be considered as the two gates of Constantinople; and the prince who possessed those important passages could always shut them against a naval enemy and open to the fleets of commerce. The preservation of the eastern provinces may, in some degree, be ascribed to the policy of Constantine, as the barbarians

of the Euxine, who in the preceding age had poured their armaments into the heart of the Mediterranean, soon desisted from the exercise of piracy, and despaired of forcing this insurmountable barrier. When the gates of the Hellespont and Bosphorus were shut, the capital still enjoyed, within their spacious inclosure, every production which could supply the wants, or gratify the luxury, of its numerous inhabitants. The sea-coast of Thrace and Bithynia, which languish under the weight of Turkish oppression, still exhibits a rich prospect of vineyards, of gardens, and of plentiful harvests; and the Propontis has ever been renowned for an inexhaustible store of the most exquisite fish, that are taken in their stated seasons without skill and almost without labour. But, when the passages of the Straits were thrown open for trade, they alternately admitted the natural and artificial riches of the north and south, of the Euxine, and of the Mediterranean. Whatever rude commodities were collected in the forests of Germany and Scythia, as far as the sources of the Tanais and the Borysthenes; whatsoever was manufactured by the skill of Europe or Asia; the corn of Egypt, and the gems and spices of the farthest India, were brought by the varying winds into the port of Constantinople, which, for many ages, attracted the commerce of the ancient world.

EDWARD GIBBON.

## 20

Write a *précis* of the following passage in about 140 words.

THE Abbey clock struck three-quarters. Then there was a slight stirring, a rustling here and there of paper as someone drew out and examined his bank-notes; openly, with small fear of theft—they were not worth stealing.



John and I, a little way off, stood looking on, where we had once watched a far different crowd; for Mr. Jessop owned the doctor's former house, and in sight of the green bank blinds were my dear father's known windows. . . .

"Yes, I was sure it would be so. Jessop's bank has such a number of small depositors and issues so many small notes. He cannot cash above half of them without some notice. If there comes a run, he may have to stop payment this very day; and then, how wide the misery would spread among the poor, God knows."

His eye wandered pitifully over the heaving mass of anxious faces, blue with cold, and growing more and more despondent as every minute they turned with a common impulse from the closed bank-door to the Abbey clock, glittering far up in the blue, sun-shiny atmosphere of morning.

Its finger touched the one heel of the great striding 10—glided on to the other—the ten strokes fell leisurely and regularly upon the clear, frosty air; then the chimes—Norton Bury was proud of its Abbey chimes—burst out in the tune of "Life let us cherish".

The bells went through all the time, to the very last note—then ensued silence. The crowd were silent too—almost breathless with intent listening—but alas! not to the merry Abbey chimes. The bank door remained closed—not a rattle at the bolts, not a clerk's face peering out above the blind. The house was as shut-up and desolate as if it were entirely empty. Five whole minutes—by the Abbey clock—did that poor, patient crowd wait on the pavement. Then a murmur rose. One or two men hammered at the door; some frightened women, jostled in the press, began to scream. John could bear it no longer. "Come along with me," he said, hurriedly. "I must see Jessop—we can get in at the garden door. . . ."

Entering by the French window, there rose up to my mental vision, in vivid contrast to all present scenes, the picture of a young girl I had once seen sitting there, with head drooped, knitting. Could that day be twenty-five years ago? No summer parlour now—its atmosphere was totally changed. It was a dull, dusty room, of which the only lively object was a large fire, the under half of which had burnt itself away unstirred into black dingy caverns. Before it, with breakfast untasted, sat Josiah Jessop—his feet on the fender, his elbows on his knees, the picture of despair.

MRS. CRAIK.

## 21

Reduce the following passage to not more than 100 words.

MONSIEUR Rousseau—we call him Monsieur because to us French is a second language and almost a third—writes extremely well. His “livre” lacks something of the quality of the other “livres” which he wrote before, but that is only to be “expecté”! Indeed, as one says in French, “toute change” or as the witty Abbé Fénelon cleverly expressed it, “Toutes les choses ont une fin”, a phrase impossible to translate, as everything is in witty French. Monsieur Rousseau in his “Contrat Social” conducts us at once into a “milieu sauvage”—an expression so difficult to convey in English that we won’t even try to. He finds the basis of this—the “base” so to speak—to be the principle of “liberté” (principe de la liberté) freely accepted among men (hommes). To this first principle he adds that of “égalité” (or, roughly speaking, equality) and then very ingeniously connects the two of them with “fraternité”. By putting the three together he reaches the combined idea (idée) of “liberté,

égalité, fraternité". After that, such secondary ideas as "paternité, maternité, qualité, jollité", etc., etc., follow of themselves. In short, as with all works of real genius, the thesis once started runs of itself.

Our only doubt, the only question, which we raise, is whether Mr. Rousseau was acquainted with the Declaration of Independence. He makes no mention of it. But if he had stopped to peruse even the opening preamble he would have seen his own ideas reflected—I shall be wicked enough to say, anticipated!—in an almost incredible fashion.

Even if he did not know about the Declaration of Independence, we cannot but ask had he heard of the Edict of Nantes, and the massacre of St. Bartholomew: and what about Magna Charta?

It is the duty of the critic to submit everything to a rigorous and impartial examination. We submit that Monsieur Rousseau has drawn from a number of authorities, including certainly St. Thomas Aquinas, whom he refrains from naming. This, however, does not prevent his "livre" from having a great interest and a considerable "mérite". If not exactly what one might call "une livre de poche" or "un volume de pantalon", it can at least be classed as an "essai de pyjamas"—a thing we won't even try to put into English.

There are, of course, a number of misprints, such as "égalité" for "equality" and so forth.

STEPHEN LEACOCK.

## 22

Write a *précis* of the following passage in about one-third of the original length.

FOREIGNERS observe, that there are no ladies in the world more beautiful, or more ill-dressed, than those of Eng-

land. Our countrywomen have been compared to those pictures, where the face is the work of a Raphael, but the draperies thrown out by some empty pretender, destitute of taste, and entirely unacquainted with design.

If I were a poet, I might observe, on this occasion, that so much beauty set off with all the advantages of dress, would be too powerful an antagonist for the opposite sex, and, therefore, it was wisely ordered that our ladies should want taste, lest their admirers should entirely want reason.

But to confess a truth, I do not find they have a greater aversion to fine clothes than the women of any other country whatsoever. I cannot fancy, that a shop-keeper's wife in Cheapside has a greater tenderness for the fortune of her husband than a citizen's wife in Paris; or that miss in a boarding-school is more an economist in dress than mademoiselle in a nunnery.

Although Paris may be accounted the soil in which almost every fashion takes its rise, its influence is never so general there as with us. They study there the happy method of uniting grace and fashion, and never excuse a woman for being awkwardly dressed, by saying her clothes are made in the mode. A French woman is a perfect architect in dress; she never, with Gothic ignorance, mixes the order; she never tricks out a squabby Doric shape with Corinthian finery; or, to speak without metaphor, she conforms to general fashion only when it happens not to be repugnant to private beauty.

Our ladies, on the contrary, seem to have no other standard for grace but the run of the town. If fashion gives the word, every distinction of beauty, complexion, or stature, ceases. Sweeping trains, Prussian bonnets, and trollopes, as like each other as if cut from the piece, level all to one standard. The Mall, the gardens, and the playhouses, are filled with ladies in uniform, and their

whole appearance shows as little variety or taste, as if their clothes were bespoke by the colonel of a marching regiment, or fancied by the same artist who dresses the three battalions of guards.

But not only the ladies of every shape and complexion, but of every age too, are possessed of this unaccountable passion of dressing in the same manner. A lady of no quality can be distinguished from a lady of some quality, only by the redness of her hands; and a woman of sixty, masked, might easily pass for her grand-daughter. I remember, a few days ago, to have walked behind, a damsel, tossed out in all the gaiety of fifteen; her dress was loose, unstudied, and seemed the result of conscious beauty. I called up all my poetry on this occasion, and fancied twenty Cupids prepared for execution in every folding of her white *négligée*. I had prepared my imagination for an angel's face; but what was my mortification to find that the imaginary goddess was no other than my cousin Hannah, four years older than myself, and I shall be sixty-two the twelfth of next November.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

## 23

Condense the following letter into not more than 150 words.

I KNOW your lordship will disapprove of my ideas in a request I am going to make to you; but I have weighed, long and seriously weighed, my situation, my hopes and turn of mind, and am fully fixed to my scheme if I can possibly effectuate it. I wish to get into the Excise. I am told that your lordship's interest will easily procure me the grant from the Commissioners; and your lordship's patronage and goodness, which have already rescued me from obscurity, wretchedness, and exile,

embolden me to ask that interest. You have likewise put it in my power to save the little tie of home that sheltered an aged mother, two brothers, and three sisters from destruction. There, my lord, you have bound me over to the highest gratitude. My brother's farm is but a wretched lease, but I think he will probably weather out the remaining seven years of it; and after the assistance which I have given and will give him, to keep the family together, I think, by my guess, I shall have rather better than two hundred pounds, and instead of seeking what is almost impossible at present to find, a farm that I can certainly live by, with so small a stock, I shall lodge this sum in a banking house, a sacred deposit, excepting only the calls of uncommon distress or necessitous old age.

These, my lord, are my views: I have resolved from the maturest deliberation; and now I am fixed, I shall leave no stone unturned to carry my resolve into execution. Your lordship's patronage is the strength of my hopes; nor have I yet applied to any body else. Indeed my heart sinks within me at the idea of applying to any other of the great who have honoured me with their countenance. I am ill-qualified to dog the heels of greatness with the impertinence of solicitation, and tremble nearly as much at the thought of the cold promise as the cold denial; but to your lordship I have not only the honour, the comfort, but the pleasure of being, Your lordship's much obliged, And deeply indebted humble servant.

ROBERT BURNS.

## 24

Express the substance of the following passage in about 140 words.

I GOT to Leeds about four o'clock, and went to bed at eight precisely. At five in the morning of the 21st, I came

off by the coach to Newcastle, through Harrowgate, Ripon, Darlington, and Durham. As I never was in this part of the country before, and can, therefore, never have described it upon any former occasion, I shall say rather more about it now than I otherwise should do. Having heard and read so much about the "Northern Harvest", about the "Durham ploughs", and the "Northumberland system of husbandry", what was my surprise at finding, which I verily believe to be fact, that there is not as much corn grown in the North Riding of Yorkshire, which begins at Ripon, and in the whole county of Durham, as is grown in the Isle of Wight alone. A very small part, comparatively speaking, is *arable* land; and all outward appearances show, that that which is arable was formerly pasture. Between Durham and Newcastle there is a pretty general division of the land into grass fields and corn fields; but, even here, the absence of homesteads, the absence of barns, and of labourers' cottages, clearly show, that agriculture is a sort of novelty: and that nearly all was pasturage not many years ago, or at any rate, only so much of the land was cultivated as was to furnish straw for the horses kept for other purposes than those of agriculture, and oats for those horses, and bread corn sufficient for the graziers and their people. . . . If any of the sensible men of Newcastle were to see the farming in the South Downs, and to see, as I saw in the month of July last, four teams of large oxen, six in a team, all ploughing in one field in preparation for wheat, and several pairs of horses, in the same field, dragging, harrowing, and rolling, and had seen on the other side of the road from five to six quarters of wheat, standing upon the acre, and from nine to ten quarters of oats, standing alongside of it, each of the two fields from fifty to a hundred statute acres; if any of these sensible men of Newcastle could see these things, they would laugh

at the childish work that they see going on here under the name of farming; the very sight would make them feel how imperious is the duty on the lawgiver to prevent distress from visiting the fields, and to take care that those whose labour produced all the food and all the raiment, shall not be fed upon potatoes and covered with rags.

WILLIAM COBBETT.

## 25

Write a précis of the following passage, reducing it to about one-third of its length.

THE great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labour. It could not be from the want of assiduity or want of perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbour even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences: the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray,



or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighbourhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled away life in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a hen-pecked husband.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Write a *précis* of the following passage in about 150 words.

WHEN a fellow tries to do you down, watch his performance. Do not, for goodness' sake belittle him or his talents. Indeed, allow his technique to arouse your admiration. Put your two hands together and give him a round of applause. This will disconcert him entirely.

You do a good job of work, as I expect you often do. Someone comes along and upsets a metaphorical bucket of ice-water all over it, and you. Your justice is met with injustice . . . and your good actions are twisted and turned as witnesses against you. Well, it happens to us all. But it is how we "take it" that counts.

So write your own lives. Write your own comedies . . . but do not take them too lightly . . . your own tragedies . . . but do not take them too seriously.

If you are your own producer and director, the actors will not be able to do much harm to your production, for you will be watching them and anticipating their moves.

Not even the most sustained villain can go on being villainous if the object of his evil machinations (ha! ha!) chuckles at him from "the stalls". He will grow dispirited and throw up his part and stamp out of the theatre. Your theatre. Your life.

It was that "knocker" at the theatre the other night who started this train of thought. It may help a bit.

Anyway, give the idea a trial. All men and women among us allow themselves to be got down at times and discouraged. But then they are not writing their drama skilfully. . . . No play, no book is stark tragedy all through.

The plays we like—and the stories—are mixtures of good and evil, of nice and naughty characters . . . and they come all right at the end. So with all lives. . . .

So, my masters, take your seat in your theatre at your own drama this evening. . . . The curtain is about to go up.

Oh, by the way, do not omit to laugh at yourself now and again. That is most important. For two reasons. It will keep other people from laughing at you. . . . It will prove the truth of S. T. Coleridge's dictum that "No mind is thoroughly well organized that is deficient in a sense of humour."

Now, get ready to laugh . . . like anything.

COLLIE KNOX.

## 27

Write a *précis* of the following passage, reducing it to about one-quarter of its length.

THE shop of a London tradesman at that time, as it may be supposed, was something very different from those we now see in the same locality. The goods were exposed for sale in cases, only defended from the weather by a covering of canvas, and the whole resembled the stalls and booths now erected for the temporary accommodation of dealers at a country fair, rather than the established emporium of a respectable citizen. But most of the shopkeepers of note, and David Ramsay amongst others, had their booth connected with a small apartment which opened backward from it, and bore the same resemblance to the front shop that Robinson Crusoe's cavern did to the tent which he erected before it. To this Master Ramsay was often accustomed to retreat to the labour of his abstruse calculations; for he aimed at improvements and discoveries in his own art, and sometimes pushed his researches, like Napier, and other mathematicians of the period, into abstract science. When thus engaged, he left the outer posts of his commercial establishment to be maintained by two stout-bodied and strong-voiced

apprentices, who kept up the cry of "What d'ye lack? What d'ye lack?" accompanied with the appropriate recommendation of the articles in which they dealt. This direct and personal application for custom to those who chanced to pass by, is now, we believe, limited to Monmouth Street (if it still exists in that repository of ancient garments), under the guardianship of the scattered remnant of Israel. But at the time we are speaking of, it was practised alike by Jew and Gentile, and served, instead of all our present newspaper puffs and advertisements, to solicit the attention of the public in general, and of friends in particular, to the unrivalled excellence of the goods which they offered for sale upon such easy terms, that it might fairly appear that the vendors had rather a view to the general service of the public, than to their own particular advantage.

The verbal proclaimers of the excellence of their commodities, had this advantage over those who, in the present day, use the public papers for the same purpose, that they could, in many cases, adapt their address to the peculiar appearance and apparent taste of the passengers. This direct and personal mode of invitation to customers became, however, a dangerous temptation to the young wags who were employed in the task of solicitation during the absence of the principal person interested in the traffic; and, confiding in their numbers and civic union, the 'prentices of London were often seduced into taking liberties with the passengers, and exercising their wit at the expense of those whom they had no hopes of converting into customers by their eloquence. If this were resented by any act of violence, the inmates of each shop were ready to pour forth in succour; and in the words of an old song which Dr. Johnson used to hum.—

Up then rose the 'prentices all,  
Living in London, both proper and tall.

Desperate riots often arose on such occasions, especially when the Templars, or other youths connected with the aristocracy, were insulted, or conceived themselves to be so. Upon such occasions, bare steel was frequently opposed to the clubs of the citizens, and death sometimes ensued on both sides. The tardy and inefficient police of the time had no other resource than by the Alderman of the ward calling out the householders, and putting a stop to the strife by overpowering numbers, as the Capulets and Montagues are separated on the stage.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

## 28

Write a *précis* of the following passage, reducing it to about one-third of its length.

EARLY in 1851 I was sent upon a job of special official work, which for two years so completely absorbed my time that I was able to write nothing. A plan was formed for extending the rural delivery of letters, and for adjusting the work, which up to that time had been done in a very irregular manner. A country letter-carrier would be sent in one direction in which there were but few letters to be delivered, the arrangement having originated probably at the request of some influential person, while in another direction there was no letter-carrier because no influential person had exerted himself. It was intended to set this right throughout England, Ireland, and Scotland; and I quickly did the work in the Irish district to which I was attached. I was then invited to do the same in a portion of England, and I spent two of the happiest years of my life at the task. I began in Devonshire; and visited, I think I may say, every nook

in that county, in Cornwall, Somersetshire, the greater part of Dorsetshire, the Channel Islands, part of Oxfordshire, Wiltshire, and the six southern Welsh counties. In this way I had an opportunity of seeing a considerable portion of Great Britain, with a minuteness which few have enjoyed. And I did my business after a fashion in which no other official man has worked, at least for many years. I went almost everywhere on horseback. I had two hunters of my own, and here and there, where I could, I hired a third horse. I had an Irish groom with me,—an old man, who has now been in my service for thirty-five years; and in this manner I saw every house—I think I may say every house of importance—in this large district. The object was to create a postal network which would catch all recipients of letters. In France it was, and I suppose still is, the practice to deliver every letter. Wherever the man may live to whom a letter is addressed, it is the duty of some letter-carrier to take that letter to his house, sooner or later. But this, of course, must be done slowly. With us a delivery much delayed was thought to be worse than none at all. In some places we did establish posts three times a week, and perhaps occasionally twice a week; but such halting arrangements were considered to be objectionable, and we were bound down by a salutary law as to expense, which came from our masters at the Treasury. We were not allowed to establish any messenger's walk on which a sufficient number of letters would not be delivered to pay the man's wages, counted at a halfpenny a letter. But then the counting was in our own hands, and an enterprising official might be sanguine in his figures. I think I was sanguine. I did not prepare false accounts; but I fear that the postmasters and clerks who absolutely had the country to do became aware that I was anxious for good results. It is amusing to watch how a passion will grow

upon a man. During those two years it was the ambition of life to cover the country with rural letter-carriers.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

29

Express clearly the substance of the following passage in about one-third of its present length.

It is precisely the proudest and most obstinate of men who are the most liable to shift their position and contradict themselves in this sudden manner: everything is easier to them than to face the simple fact that they have been thoroughly defeated, and must begin life anew. And Mr. Tulliver, you perceive, though nothing more than a superior miller and maltster, was as proud and obstinate as if he had been a very lofty personage, in whom such dispositions might be a source of that conspicuous, far-echoing tragedy, which sweeps the stage in regal robes, and makes the dullest chronicler sublime. The pride and obstinacy of millers and other insignificant people, whom you pass unnoticingly on the road every day, have their tragedy too; but it is that unwept, hidden sort, that goes on from generation to generation, and leaves no record—such tragedy, perhaps, as lies in the conflicts of young souls, hungry for joy, under a lot made suddenly hard to them, under the dreariness of a home where the morning brings no promise with it, and where the unexpectant discontent of worn and disappointed parents weighs on the children like a damp, thick air, to which all the functions of life are depressed; or such tragedy as lies in the slow or sudden death that follows on a bruised passion, though it may be a death that finds only a parish funeral. There are certain animals to which tenacity of position is a law of life—they can never

flourish again, after a single wrench: and there are certain human beings to whom predominance is a law of life—they can only sustain humiliation so long as they can refuse to believe in it, and, in their own conception, predominate still.

. . . To Mrs. Tulliver, when he got home, he would admit no difficulties, and scolded down her burst of grief on hearing that the lawsuit was lost, by angry assertions that there was nothing to grieve about. He said nothing to her that night about the bill of sale, and the application to Mrs. Pullet, for he had kept her in ignorance of the nature of that transaction, and had explained the necessity for taking an inventory of the goods as a matter connected with his will. The possession of a wife conspicuously one's inferior in intellect, is, like other high privileges, attended with a few inconveniences, and, among the rest, with the occasional necessity for using a little deception.

GEORGE ELIOT.

### 30

This passage should be reduced to about one-quarter of its length.

THE shops of London are as well furnished as those of Pekin. Those of London have a sign hung at their door, informing the passengers what they have to sell, as those of Pekin have a board to assure the buyer that they have no intention to cheat him.

I was this morning to buy silk for a nightcap; immediately upon entering the mercer's shop, the master and his two men, with wigs plastered with powder, appeared to ask my commands. They were certainly the civillest people alive; if I but looked, they flew to the place where I cast my eye; every motion of mine sent them running round the whole shop for satisfaction. I informed them



that I wanted what was good, and they showed me not less than forty pieces, and each was better than the former, the prettiest pattern in nature, and the finest in the world for nightcaps. "My very good friend," I said to the mercer, "you must not pretend to instruct me in silks; I know these in particular to be no better than your mere flimsy Bungees." "That may be," cried the mercer, who I afterwards found had never contradicted a man in his life; "I cannot pretend to say but they may; but I can assure you, my lady Trail has had a sack from this piece this very morning." "But, friend," said I, "though my lady has chosen a sack from it, I see no necessity that I should wear it for a nightcap." "That may be," returned he again, "yet what becomes a pretty lady, will at any time look well on a handsome gentleman." This short compliment was thrown in so very seasonably upon my ugly face, that though I disliked the silk, I desired him to cut me off the pattern of a nightcap.

While this business was consigned to his journeymen, the master himself took some pieces of silk still finer than any I had yet seen and spreading them before me; "There," cries he, "there's beauty; my Lord Snake-skin has bespoke the fellow to this for the birth-night this very morning; it would look charmingly in waistcoats." "But I don't want a waistcoat," replied I. "Not want a waistcoat!" returned the mercer, "then I would advise you to buy one; when waistcoats are wanted, you may depend upon it they will come dear. Always buy before you want, and you may be sure to be well used, as they say in Cheapside." There was so much justice in his advice, that I could not refuse taking it; besides, the silk, which was really a good one, increased the temptation; so I gave orders for that too.

As I was waiting to have my bargains measured and cut, which, I know not how, they executed but slowly,

during the interval the mercer entertained me with the modern manner of some nobility receiving company in their morning gowns. "Perhaps, Sir," adds he, "you have a mind to see what kind of silk is universally worn." Without waiting for my reply, he spreads a piece before me, which might be reckoned beautiful even in China. "If the nobility," continues he, "were to know I sold this, to any under a Right Honourable, I should certainly lose their custom; you see, my Lord, it is at once rich, tasty, and quite the thing." "I am no Lord," interrupted I. "I beg pardon," cries he. "But be pleased to remember, when you intend buying a morning-gown, that you had offer from me of something worth money. Conscience, Sir, conscience is my way of dealing; you may buy a morning-gown now, or you may stay till they become dearer and less fashionable; but it is not my business to advise." In short, most Reverend Fum, he persuaded me to buy a morning-gown also, and would probably have persuaded me to have bought half the goods in his shop, if I had stayed long enough, or was furnished with sufficient money.

Upon returning home, I could not help reflecting with some astonishment, how this very man, with such a confined education and capacity, was yet capable of turning me as he thought proper, and moulding me to his own inclinations! I knew he was only answering his own purposes, even while he attempted to appear solicitous about mine; yet by a voluntary infatuation, a sort of passion, compounded of vanity and good-nature, I walked into the snare with my eyes open, and put myself to future pain in order to give him immediate pleasure. The wisdom of the ignorant resembles the instinct of animals; it is diffused in but a narrow sphere, but within that circle it acts with vigour, uniformity, and success.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Condense the following extract in your own words, reducing it to about 140 words.

I HAVE often been filled with astonishment at the enormous amount of intellectual and manual activity that is devoted year by year to the composition of letters to the editor. The letter to the editor is, I believe, a comparatively new literary form; yet it is a form that is already far more widely cultivated than the poem or the story. Men who despise poets as highbrows feel their fingers itching to write letters to the editor.

Most of them, I suppose, regard themselves as hard-headed, practical men, but in point of fact they are among the most disinterested and unpractical of literary artists. Nearly every other literary artist expects to be paid for his work. Mr. Shaw will not allow his plays to be produced for nothing. Mr. Wells is magnificently disinterested in his passion for human progress, but he did not brush aside the royalties that were due to him from his *Outline of History*. Yet, when it comes to writing letters to the editor, Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells become as dreamy and unpractical as poets are commonly supposed to be. In order to get into the correspondence column Mr. Shaw is ready to write a thousand words about the Danakils for nothing; and Mr. Wells has often provided a paper with its liveliest contribution gratis, the sole condition that he was allowed to begin it with "Sir". It is the same with many other eminent modern writers; and painters, sculptors, architects, and musicians are equally indifferent to money when under the influence of this form of *cacoethes scribendi*.

When our century comes to be judged by the historians, and the post-Marxians denounce us as a generation of greedy individualists who worked only for profit, I hope

all the mass of unpaid service involved in the writing of letters to the editor will be remembered in our favour. Think of the life-long industry of Mr. Algernon Ashton and the Rev. J. P. Bacon-Phillips. Milton, it is said, made only £5 out of *Paradise Lost*. Did Mr. Ashton make even five shillings or expect to make it, out of all the thousands of letters he has written to the newspapers? Here, at least, is one bright spot in our bourgeois civilization—a foretaste of William Morris's money-contemptuous Utopia.

It is true that many letters to the editor are written, not from a purely artistic necessity, but partly in order to air a grievance. Thus, when we find a letter beginning: "I very much regret to note your slighting reference to sanitary inspectors", we take it for granted that the writer has been annoyed by a slur on the dignity of his profession and is anxious to right himself in the eyes of the world. On the other hand, when the writer is a man who has seen a quotation that he liked on a tear-off calendar, and has sat down to communicate his discovery to an editor, adding, "It is by George Herbert. Can you tell me more about him?" we realize that this letter was the result of a purely artistic impulse with no selfish alloy.

ROBERT LYND.

## 32

Write a précis of the following passage, reducing it to about one-third of its length.

UP, and Sir H. Cholmly betimes with me, about some accounts and monies due to him: and he gone, I to the office, where sat all the morning. And here, among other things, breaks out the storm W. Hewer and I have long expected from the Surveyor, about W. Hewer con-

spiring to get a contract to the burdening of the stores with kerseys and cottons, of which he hath often complained, and lately more than ever, and now he did by a most scandalous letter to the Board reflecting on my office; and by discourse it fell to such high words between him and me as can hardly be forgot; I declaring I would believe W. Hewer as soon as him, and laying the fault, if there be any, upon himself; he, on the other hand, vilifying of my word and W. Hewer's, calling him knave, and that if he were his clerk he should lose his ears. At last I closed the business for this morning with making the thing ridiculous, as it is, and he swearing that the King should have right in it, or he would lose his place. The office was cleared of all but ourselves and W. Hewer; but, however, the world did by the beginning see what it meant, and it will, I believe, come to high terms between us; which I am sorry for, to have any blemish laid upon me or mine at this time, though never so unjustly, for fear of giving occasion to my real discredit: and therefore I was not only all the rest of the morning vexed, but so went home to dinner; where my wife tells me of my Lord Orrery's new play "Tryphon", at the Duke of York's house, which, however, I would see, and therefore put a bit of meat in our mouths and went thither; where with much ado, at half-past one, we got into a blind hole in the 18d. place above stairs, where we could not hear well. The house infinite full, but the prologue most silly, and the play, though admirable, yet no pleasure almost, in it, because just the very same design, and words, and sense, and plot, as every one of his plays have, any one of which alone would be held admirable, whereas so many of the same design and fancy do but dull one another; and this, I perceive, is the sense of every body else as well as myself, who therefore showed but little pleasure in it. So home mighty hot,

and my mind mightily out of order, so as I could not eat my supper, or sleep all night; though I spent till twelve at night with W. Hewer to consider of our business: and we find it not only most free from any blame of our side, but so horrid scandalous on the other, to make so groundless a complaint, and one so shameful to him, that it could not but let me see that there is no need of my being troubled; but such is the weakness of my nature that I could not help it, which vexes me, showing me how unable I am to live with difficulties.

SAMUEL PEPYS.

33

Condense the following passage into a *précis* about one-quarter the length of the original.

SILENCE having been called and procured, Mr. Smirk, a goodish-looking man for a lawyer, having deliberately unfolded his brief, which his clerk had scored plentifully in the margin, to make the attorney believe he had read it very attentively, rose to address the court—a signal for half the magistrates to pull their newspapers out of their pockets, and the other half to settle themselves down for a nap, all the sport being considered over when the affiliation cases closed.

“ I have the honour to appear on behalf of Mr. Jor-rocks,” said Mr. Smirk, “ a gentleman of the very highest consideration—a fox-hunter—a shooter—and a grocer. In ordinary cases it might be necessary to prove the party’s claim to respectability, but, in this instance, I feel myself relieved from any such obligation, knowing, as I do, that there is no one in this court, no one in these realms—I might almost add, no one in this world—to whom the fame of my most respectable, my most distinguished, and much injured client is unknown. Not

to know Jorrocks is indeed to argue oneself unknown.

“ This is a case of no ordinary interest, and I approach it with a deep sense of its importance, conscious of my inability to do justice to the subject, and lamenting that it has not been entrusted to abler hands. It is a case involving the commercial and the sporting character of a gentleman against whom the breath of calumny has never yet been drawn—of a gentleman who in all the relations of life, whether as a husband, a fox-hunter, a shooter, or a grocer, has invariably preserved that character and reputation, so valuable in commercial life, so necessary in the sporting world, and so indispensable to a man moving in general society. Were I to look round London town in search of a bright specimen of a man combining the upright, sterling integrity of the honourable British merchant of former days with the ardour of the English fox-hunter of modern times, I would select my most respectable client, Mr. Jorrocks. He is a man for youth to imitate and revere! Conceive, then, the horror of a man of his delicate sensibility—of his nervous dread of depreciation—being compelled to appear here this day to vindicate his character, nay more, his honour, from one of the foulest attempts at conspiracy that was ever directed against any individual. I say that a grosser attack was never made upon the character of any grocer, and I look confidently to the reversion of this unjust, unprecedented conviction, and to the triumphant victory of my most respectable and public-spirited client. It is not for the sake of the few paltry shillings that he appeals to this court—it is not for the sake of calling in question the power of the constituted authorities of this county—but it is for the vindication and preservation of a character dear to all men, but doubly dear to a grocer, and which once lost can never be regained. . . .” (The opposition is attacking.)

Bumptious paused a little to gather breath and a fresh volume of venom wherewith to annihilate Jorrocks, and catching his eye, he transfixed him like a rattlesnake, and again resumed.

“How stands the case?” said he. “This cockney grocer—for after all he is nothing else—who I dare say scarcely knows a hawk from a handsaw—leaves his figs and raisins, and sets out on a marauding excursion into the county of Surrey, and regardless of property—of boundaries—of laws—of liberties—of life itself—strides over every man’s land, letting drive at whatever comes in his way! The hare he shot on this occasion was a pet hare! For three successive summers had Miss Cheatum watched and fed it with all the interest and anxiety of a parent. I leave it to you, gentlemen, who have daughters of your own, with pets also, to picture to yourselves the agony of her mind in finding that her favourite had found its way down the throat of that great guzzling, gormandizing, cockney cormorant; and then, forsooth, because he is fined for the outrageous trespass, he comes here as the injured party, and instructs his counsel to indulge in Billingsgate abuse that would disgrace the mouth of an Old Bailey practitioner! I regret that instead of the insignificant fine imposed upon him, the law did not empower the worthy magistrate to send him to the treadmill, there to recreate himself for six or eight months, as a warning to the whole fraternity of lawless vagabonds. . . .

ROBERT S. SURTEES.

### 34 .

Express the substance of the following passage in about 130 words.

To take an example, therefore, from a very trifling manufacture, but one in which the division of labour has



been very often taken notice of, the trade of the pin-maker; a workman not educated to this business (which the division of labour has rendered a distinct trade), nor acquainted with the use of the machinery employed in it (to the invention of which the same division of labour has probably given occasion), could scarce, perhaps with his utmost industry, make one pin in a day, and certainly could not make twenty. But in the way in which this business is now carried on, not only the whole work is a peculiar trade, but it is divided into a number of branches, of which the greater part are likewise peculiar trades. One man draws out the wire; another straightens it; a third cuts it; a fourth points it; a fifth grinds it at the top for receiving the head; to make the head requires two or three distinct operations; to put it on is a peculiar business; to whiten the pins is another; it is even a trade by itself to put them into the paper; and the important business of making a pin is, in this manner, divided into about eighteen distinct operations, which, in some manufactories, are all performed by distinct hands, though in others the same man will sometimes perform two or three of them. I have seen a small manufactory of this kind, where ten men only were employed, and where some of them consequently performed two or three distinct operations. But though they were very poor, and therefore but indifferently accommodated with the necessary machinery, they could, when they exerted themselves, make among them about twelve pounds of pins in a day. There are in a pound upwards of four thousand pins of a middling size. Those ten persons, therefore, could make among them upwards of forty-eight thousand pins in a day. Each person, therefore, making a tenth part of forty-eight thousand pins, might be considered as making four thousand eight hundred pins in a day. But if they had all wrought separately

and independently, and without any of them having been educated to this peculiar business, they certainly could not each of them have made twenty, perhaps not one pin in a day; that is, certainly, not the two hundred and fortieth, perhaps not the four thousand eight hundredth, part of what they are at present capable of performing, in consequence of a proper division and combination of their different operations.

ADAM SMITH.

### 35

Condense the following passage into about one-third of its length.

It was resolved that a sortie, in conjunction with the operations of Boisot, should be made against Lammen with the earliest dawn. Night descended upon the scene, a pitch-dark night, full of anxiety to the Spaniards, to the armada, to Leydon. Strange sights and sounds occurred at different moments to bewilder the anxious sentinels. A long procession of lights issuing from the fort was seen to flit across the black face of the waters, in the dead of night, and the whole of the city wall, between the Cow-gate and the Tower of Burgundy, fell with a loud crash. The horror-stricken citizens thought that the Spaniards were upon them at last; the Spaniards imagined the noise to indicate a desperate sortie of the citizens. Everything was vague and mysterious.

Day dawned, at length, after the feverish night, and the Admiral prepared for the assault. Within the fortress reigned a death-like stillness, which inspired a sickening suspicion. Had the city, indeed, been carried in the night; had the massacre already commenced; had all this labour and audacity been expended in vain? Suddenly a man was descried, wading breast-high through

the water from Lammen towards the fleet, while at the same time, one solitary boy was seen to wave his cap from the summit of the fort. After a moment of doubt, the happy mystery was solved. The Spaniards had fled, panic-struck, during the darkness. Their position would still have enabled them, with firmness, to frustrate the enterprise of the patriots, but the hand of God, which had sent the ocean and the tempest to the deliverance of Leydon, had struck her enemies with terror likewise. The lights which had been seen moving during the night were the lanterns of the retreating Spaniards, and the boy who was now waving his triumphant signal from the battlements had alone witnessed the spectacle. So confident was he in the conclusion to which it led him, that he had volunteered at daybreak to go thither all alone. The magistrates, fearing a trap, hesitated for a moment to believe the truth, which soon, however, became quite evident. Valdez, flying himself from Leyderdorp, had ordered Colonel Borgia to retire with all his troops from Lammen. Thus, the Spaniards had retreated at the very moment that an extraordinary accident had laid bare a whole side of the city for their entrance. The noise of the wall, as it fell, only inspired them with fresh alarm; for they believed that the citizens had sallied forth in the darkness to aid the advancing flood in the work of destruction. All obstacles being now removed, the fleet of Boisot swept by Lammen, and entered the city on the morning of the 3rd of October. Leydon was relieved.

The quays were lined with the famishing population, as the fleet rowed through the canals, every human being who could stand coming forth to greet the preservers of the city. Bread was thrown from every vessel among the crowd. The poor creatures who for two months had tasted no wholesome food, and who had literally been living within the jaws of death, snatched eagerly the

blessed gift, at last too liberally bestowed. Many choked themselves to death, in the greediness with which they devoured their bread; others became ill with the effects of plenty thus suddenly succeeding starvation; but these were isolated cases, a repetition of which was prevented. The Admiral, stepping ashore, was welcomed by the magistracy, and a solemn procession was immediately formed. Magistrates and citizens, wild Zealanders, emaciated burgher guards, sailors, soldiers, women, children—nearly every living person within the walls, all repaired without delay to the great church, stout Admiral Boisot leading the way. The starving and heroic city, which had been so firm in its resistance to an earthly king, now bent itself in humble gratitude before the King of kings.

J. L. MOTLEY.

### 36

Express clearly the substance of the following passage in about one-third of its present length.

THE English form of government is in itself a contradiction, a monarchy in name and a democracy in reality, but somehow the English people do not feel any conflict in it. The English profess the greatest love for and loyalty to their king and then proceed to limit the expenditures of the royal household through their Parliament. Some day England will yet become a bolshevik state, with the English king still on his throne and under the leadership of a most die-hard conservative cabinet. England is already a socialist state to-day, taxing her aristocracy out of their landed estates and castles—without calling it by the name of socialism—and England may in a short time turn Labourite, but one feels the process will take place so smoothly that there will be no violent

shake-up. I feel confident that the basis of English democracy will stand the strain.

And so there goes the Englishman with his umbrella (and unashamed of his umbrella), refusing to talk any language but his own, demanding marmalade in an African jungle and unable to forgive his "boy" for not producing holly and a plum pudding in an African desert on Christmas eve, so sure of himself, so terribly cocksure of himself, and so terribly decent. There is an inevitability about his words and actions and gestures when he is not looking like a dumb, persecuted animal. You can predict what an Englishman will do even when he sneezes. He will take out his handkerchief—for he always has a handkerchief—and mutter something about the beastly cold. And you can tell what is going on in his mind about Bovril and going home to have a hot foot bath, all as inevitable as that the sun is going to rise in the east the next morning. But you cannot upset him. That cheekiness is not very lovely, but it is very imposing. In fact, he has conquered the world with that bluff and that cheekiness; and his success in doing so is his best justification.

For myself, I am rather taken by that cheekiness, the cheekiness of a man who thinks that any country is God-forsaken whose people do not take Bovril and do not produce the inevitable white handkerchief when the correct moment comes. One is lured to look behind that extremely brazen front and take a peep at his inner soul. For the Englishman is imposing, just as solitude is imposing. A man who can sit all by himself at a club party and look damned comfortable is always imposing.

Of course there is something in it. His soul is not such bad stuff, and his cheekiness is not just side and airs. I sometimes feel that the Bank of England can never fail, just because the English people believe so, that it cannot be closed simply because it isn't being done. The Bank

of England is decent. So is the English Post Office. So is the Manufacturers' Life Assurance. So is the whole British Empire, all so decent, so inevitably decent. I am sure Confucius himself would have found England the ideal country to live in. He would be pleased with the London "bobby" assisting old women across the street, and he would be pleased to see children and minors addressing their elders with their "Yes, sirs".

LIN YUTANG.

### 37

Express the substance of the following passage in about 150 words.

It has already been observed, that, in the basement story of the gable fronting the street, an unworthy ancestor, nearly a century ago, had fitted up a shop. Ever since the old gentleman retired from trade, and fell asleep under his coffin lid, not only the shop-door, but the inner arrangements, had been suffered to remain unchanged; while the dust of ages gathered inch-deep over the shelves and counter, and partly filled an old pair of scales, as if it were of value enough to be weighed. It treasured itself up, too, in the half-open till, where there still lingered a base sixpence, worth neither more nor less than the hereditary pride which had here been put to shame. Such had been the state and condition of the little shop in old Hepzibah's childhood, when she and her brother used to play at hide-and-seek in its forsaken precincts. So it had remained until within a few days past.

But now, though the shop-window was still closely curtained from the public gaze, a remarkable change has taken place in its interior. The rich and heavy festoons of cobweb, which it had cost a long ancestral succession

of spiders their life's labour to spin and weave, had been carefully brushed away from the ceiling. The counter, shelves, and floor, had all been scoured, and the latter was overstrewn with fresh blue sand. The brown scales, too, had evidently undergone rigid discipline, in an un-availing effort to rub off the dust, which alas! had eaten through and through their substance. Neither was the little old shop any longer empty of merchantable goods. A curious eye, privileged to take an account of stock, and investigate behind the counter, would have discovered a barrel,—yea, two or three barrels, and half ditto,—one containing flour, another apples, and a third, perhaps Indian meal. There was likewise a square box of pine-wood, full of soap in bars; also, another of the same size, in which were tallow candles ten to the pound. A small stock of brown sugar, some white beans and split peas, and a few other commodities of low price, and such as are constantly in demand, made up the bulkier portion of the merchandise. It might have been taken for a ghostly or phantasmagoric reflection of the old shop-keeper Pyncheon's shabbily provided shelves, save that some of the articles were of a description and outward form which could hardly have been known in his day. For instance, there was a glass pickle-jar filled with fragments of Gibraltar rock; not, indeed, splinters of the veritable stone foundations of the famous fortress, but bits of delectable candy, neatly done up in white paper. Jim Crow moreover, was seen executing his world-renowned dance, in ginger-bread. A party of leaden dragoons were galloping along one of the shelves, in equipments and uniform of modern cut: and there were some sugar figures, with no strong resemblance to the humanity of any epoch.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Write a précis of the following passage in about 130 words.

WE got into an argument whether the judges who went to India might with propriety engage in trade. Johnson warmly maintained that they might, "For why (he urged) should not judges get riches, as well as those who deserve them less?" I said, they should have sufficient salaries, and have nothing to take their attention from the affairs of the public. *Johnson*: "No judge, sir, can give his whole attention to his office; and it is very proper that he should employ what time he has to himself, to his own advantage, in the most profitable manner." "Then, sir, (said Davies, who enlivened the dispute by making it somewhat dramatic), he may become an usurer; and when he is going to the bench he may be stopped—'Your Lordship cannot go yet; here is a bunch of invoices: several ships are about to sail.'" *Johnson*: "Sir, you may as well say a judge should not have a house; for they may come and tell him, 'Your Lordship's house is on fire'; and so, instead of minding the business of his Court, he is to be occupied in getting the engine with the greatest speed. There is no end of this. Every judge who has land trades to a certain extent in corn or in cattle, and in the land itself undoubtedly his steward acts for him, and so do clerks for a great merchant. A judge may be a farmer; but he is not to ring his own pigs. A judge may play a little at cards for his own amusement; but he is not to play at marbles or chuck-farthing in the Piazza. No, sir, there is no profession to which a man gives a very great proportion of his time. It is wonderful when a calculation is made, how little the mind is actually employed in the discharge of any profession. No man would be a judge upon the condition of being totally a



judge. The best employed lawyer has his mind at work but for a small proportion of his time: a great deal of his occupation is merely mechanical. I once wrote for a magazine: I made a calculation that if I should write but a page a day, at the same rate, I should in ten years write nine volumes in folio of an ordinary size and print." *Boswell*: "Such as Carte's History?" *Johnson*: "Yes, sir, when a man writes from his own mind, he writes very rapidly. The greatest part of a writer's time is spent in reading in order to write; a man will turn over half a library to make one book."

I argued warmly against the judges trading, and mentioned Hale as an instance of a perfect judge, who devoted himself entirely to his office. *Johnson*: "Hale, sir, attended to other things beside law: he left a great estate." *Boswell*: "That was because what he got accumulated without any exertion and anxiety on his part."

JAMES BOSWELL.

### 39

Condense the following passage into a précis of about 120 words.

MR. WELLER and his friends had scarcely had a moment to reflect upon this singular regulation as connected with the monetary system of the country, when they were rejoined by Pell and Wilkins Flasher, Esquire, who led them to a part of the counter above which was a round black board with a large "W" on it.

"Wot's that for, Sir?" enquired Mr. Weller, directing Pell's attention to the target in question.

"The first letter of the name of the deceased," replied Pell.

"I say," said Mr. Weller, turning round to the um-

pires. "There's somethin' wrong here. We's our letter—this won't do."

The referees at once gave it as their opinion that the business could not be legally proceeded with, under the letter W, and in all probability it would have stood over for one day at least, had it not been for the prompt though at first sight undutiful behaviour of Sam, who seizing his father by the skirt of the coat, dragged him to the counter, and pinned him there until he had affixed his signature to a couple of instruments, which from Mr. Wellers' habit of printing, was a work of so much labour and time that the officiating clerk peeled and cut three Ripstone pippins while it was performing.

As the elder Mr. Weller insisted on selling out his portion forthwith, they proceeded from the Bank to the gate of the Stock Exchange, to which Wilkins Flasher, Esq., after a short absence, returned with a cheque on Smith, Payne, and Smith, for five hundred and thirty pounds that being the sum of money to which Mr. Weller at the market price of the day, was entitled, in consideration of the balance of the second Mrs. Weller's funded savings. Sam's two hundred pounds stood transferred to his name, and Wilkins Flasher, Esq., having been paid his commission dropped the money carelessly into his coat pocket, and lounged back to his office.

Mr. Weller was at first obstinately determined upon cashing the cheque in nothing but sovereigns; but on its being represented by the umpires that by so doing he must incur the expense of a small sack to carry them home in, he consented to receive the amount in five-pound notes.

"My son," said Mr. Weller, as they came out of the banking-house, "my son and me has a werry partickler engagement this arternoon, and I should like to have this here bis'ness settled out of hand, so let's jest go straight away someveres, vere ve can hordit the accounts."

A quiet room was soon found, and the accounts were produced and audited. Mr. Pell's bill was taxed by Sam, and some charges were disallowed by the umpires; but, notwithstanding Mr. Pell's declaration, accompanied with many solemn asservations that they were really too hard upon him, it was by many degrees the best professional job he had ever had, and one on which he boarded, lodged, and washed, for six months afterwards.

CHARLES DICKENS.

## 40

Give the substance of the following passage in about 150 words.

NOTHING creates a greater surprise among the Negroes on the sea coast, than the eagerness displayed by the European traders to procure elephants' teeth; it being exceedingly difficult to make them comprehend to what use it is applied. Although they are shown knives with ivory hafts, combs, and toys of the same material, and are convinced that the ivory thus manufactured was originally parts of a tooth, they are not satisfied. They suspect that this commodity is more frequently converted in Europe to purposes of far greater importance; the true nature of which is studiously concealed from them, lest the price of ivory should be enhanced. They cannot, they say, easily persuade themselves, that ships would be built, and voyages undertaken, to procure an article which had no other value than that of furnishing handles to knives, etc., when pieces of wood would answer the purpose equally well.

Elephants are very numerous in the interior of Africa, but they appeared to be a distinct species from those found in Asia. Blumenbach, in his figures of objects of natural history, has given good drawings of a grinder of

each; and the variation is evident. M. Cuvier also has given in the *Magazin Encyclopedique*, a clear account of the difference between them. As I never examined the Asiatic elephant, I have chosen rather to refer to those writers, than advance this as an opinion of my own. It has been said that the African elephant is of a less docile nature than the Asiatic, and incapable of being tamed. The Negroes certainly do not at present tame them; but when we consider that the Carthaginians had always tame elephants in their armies, and actually transported some of them to Italy in the course of the Punic wars, it seems more likely that they should have possessed the art of taming their own elephants, than have submitted to the expense of bringing such vast animals from Asia. Perhaps the barbarous practice of hunting the African elephants for the sake of their teeth, has rendered them more untractable and savage than they were found to be in former times.

The greater part of the ivory which is sold on the Gambia and Senegal rivers is brought from the interior country. The lands towards the coast are too swampy, and too much intersected with creeks and rivers, for so bulky an animal as the elephant to travel through, without being discovered; and when once the natives discern the marks of his feet in the earth, the whole village is up in arms. The thoughts of feasting on his flesh, making sandals of his hide, and selling the teeth to the Europeans, inspire every one with courage; and the animal seldom escapes from his pursuers; but in the plains of Bambarra and Kaarta, and the extensive wilds of Jallonkadoo, the elephants are very numerous; and, from the great scarcity of gunpowder in those districts, they are less annoyed by the natives.

Scattered teeth are frequently picked up in the woods, and travellers are very diligent in looking for them. It

is a common practice with the elephant to thrust his teeth under the roots of such shrubs and bushes as grow in the more dry and elevated parts of the country where the soil is shallow. These bushes he easily overturns, and feeds on the roots, which are in general more tender and juicy than the hard woody branches or the foliage; but when the teeth are partly decayed by age, and the roots more firmly fixed, the great exertions of the animal in this practice causes them to break short. At Kamalia I saw two teeth, one a very large one, which were found in the woods, and which were evidently broken off in this manner. Indeed, it is difficult otherwise to account for such a large proportion of broken ivory as is daily offered for sale at the different factories; for when the elephant is killed in hunting, unless he dashes himself over a precipice, the teeth are always extracted entire.

MUNGO PARK.

## 41

Reduce the following passage to not more than 175 words.

YOUNG Boulton seems to have engaged in business with much spirit. By the time he was seventeen he had introduced several important improvements in the manufacture of buttons, watch-chains, and other trinkets; and he had invented the inlaid steel buckles which shortly after became the fashion. These buckles were exported in large quantities to France, from whence they were brought back to England and sold as the most recent productions of French ingenuity. The elder Boulton having every confidence in his son's discretion and judgment, adopted him as a partner as soon as he came of age, and from that time forward he took almost the entire management of the concern. Although in his letters he signed "for

father and self", he always spoke in the first person of matters connected with the business. Thus, in 1757, we find him writing to Timothy Holles, London, as to the prices of "coat-link and vest buttons", intimating that to lower them would be to beat down price and quality until it became no business at all; "yet," said he, "as I have put myself to greater expense than anybody else in erecting the best conveniences and the completest tools for the purpose, I am not willing that any interlopers should run away with it." We find him at the same time carrying on a correspondence with Benjamin Huntsman, of Sheffield, the celebrated inventor of cast-steel. On the 19th January, 1757, he sends Huntsman "a parcel of goods of the newest patterns", and at the same time orders a quantity of Huntsman's steel. "When thou hast some of a proper size and quality for me, and an opportunity of sending it, thou may'st, but I should be glad to have it a little tougher than the last." He concludes—"I hope thy Philosophic Spirit still laboureth within thee, and may it soon bring forth Fruit useful to mankind, but more particularly to thyself, is the sincere wish of Thy Obligated Friend." With a view to economy, Boulton in course of time erected a steel-house of his own for the purpose of making steel; and he frequently used it to convert the cuttings and scraps of the small iron wares which he manufactured, into ordinary steel, afterwards melting and converting it into cast-steel in the usual way.

From the earliest glimpses we can get of Boulton as a man of business, it would appear to have been his aim to be at the top of whatsoever branch of manufacture he undertook. He endeavoured to produce the best possible articles in regard of design, material, and workmanship. Taste was then at a low ebb, and "Brummagem" had become a by-word for everything that was

gaudy, vulgar, and meretricious. Boulton endeavoured to get rid of this reproach, and aimed at raising the standard of taste in manufacture to the highest point. With this object, he employed the best artists to design his articles, and the cleverest artisans to manufacture them. Apart from the question of elevating the popular taste, there can be no doubt that this was good policy on his part, for it served to direct public attention to the superior quality of the articles produced by his firm, and eventually brought him a large accession of business.

SAMUEL SMILES.

## 42

Write a précis of the following passage, reducing it to about one-quarter of its length.

“MR. JESSOP, my good friend!”

“No, I haven’t got a friend in the world, or shall have not an hour hence. Oh! it’s you, Mr. Halifax?—You have not an account to close? You don’t hold any notes of mine, do you?”

John put his hand on the old man’s shoulder, and repeated that he only came as a friend.

“Not the first ‘friend’ I have received this morning. I knew I should be early honoured with visitors;” and the banker attempted a dreary smile. “Sir Herbert and half-a-dozen more are waiting for me up-stairs. The biggest fish must have the first bite—eh, you know?”

“I know,” said John, gloomily.

“Hark! those people outside will hammer my door down!—Speak to them Mr. Halifax—tell them I’m an old man—that I was always an honest man—always. If only they would give time—hark!—just hark! Heaven bless me! do they want to tear me in pieces?”

John went out for a few moments, then came back and sat down beside Mr. Jessop.

"Compose yourself,"—the old man was shaking like an aspen leaf. "Tell me, if you have no objection to give me this confidence, exactly how your affairs stand."

With a gasp of helplessness, looking up in John's face, while his own quivered like a frightened child's—the banker obeyed. It seemed "that great as was his loss by W——'s failure, it was not absolute ruin to him. In effect, he was at this moment perfectly solvent, and by calling in mortgages, etc., could meet both the accounts of the gentry who banked with him, together with all his own notes now afloat in the county, principally among the humbler ranks, petty tradespeople, and such like, if only both classes of customers would give him time to pay them.

"But they will not. There will be a run on the bank, and then all's over with me. It's a hard case—solvent as I am—ready and able to pay every farthing—if only I had a week's time. As it is I must stop payment to-day. Hark! they are at the door again! Mr. Halifax, for God's sake quiet them!"

"I will; only tell me first what sum, added to the cash you have available, would keep the bank open, just for a day or two."

At once guided and calmed, the old man's business faculties seemed to return. He began to calculate, and soon stated the sum he needed: I think it was three or four thousand pounds.

"Very well; I have thought of a plan. But first—those poor fellows outside. Thank Heaven, I am a rich man, and everybody knows it. Phineas, that inkstand, please."

He sat down and wrote: curiously the attitude and manner reminded me of his sitting down and writing at



my father's table, after the bread riot—years and years ago. Soon a notice signed by Josiah Jessop, and afterwards by himself, to the effect that the bank would open, “without fail”, at one o'clock this day,—was given by him to the astonished clerk, to be posted in the window. A responsive cheer outside showed how readily those outside had caught at even this gleam of hope. Also—how implicitly they trusted in the mere name of a gentleman who all over the county was known for “his word being as good as his bond,”—John Halifax.

. . . As it neared one o'clock, I could see my old friend the Abbey clock with not a wrinkle in his old face, staring at me through the bare abbey trees. I began to feel rather anxious. I went into the deserted office; and thence, none forbidding, ensconced myself behind the sheltering blinds. The crowd had scarcely moved: a very honest, patient, weary crowd, dense in the centre, thinning towards the edges. . . . Dashing round the street corner, the horses all in a foam, came our Beechwood carriage. Mr. Halifax leaped out. Well might the crowd divide for him—well might they cheer him. For he carried a canvas bag—a great, ugly, grimy-coloured bag—a precious, precious bag, with the consolation—perhaps the life—of hundreds in it!

I knew, almost by intuition, what he had done—what, in one or two instances, was afterwards done by other rich and generous Englishmen during the crisis of this year.

The bank door flew open like magic. The crowd came pushing in; but when John called out to them, “Good people, pray let me pass!” they yielded and suffered him to go in first. He went right up to the desk which, flanked by a tolerable array of similar canvas bags, full of gold—but nevertheless waiting in mortal fear, and as white as his own neckcloth—the old banker stood.

"Mr. Jessop," John said, in a loud, distinct voice, that all might hear him, "I have the pleasure to open an account with you. I feel satisfied that in these dangerous times no credit is more safe than yours. Allow me to pay in to-day the sum of five thousand pounds."

MRS. CRAIK.

43

Write a *précis* of the following passage, in your own words, reducing it to about 185 words.

• READER, in thy passage from the Bank—where thou hast been receiving thy half-yearly dividends (supposing thou art a lean annuitant like myself)—to the Flower Pot, to secure a place for Dalston, or Shacklewell, or some other thy suburban retreat northerly,—didst thou never observe a melancholy-looking, handsome, brick and stone edifice, to the left—where Threadneedle-street abuts upon Billingsgate? I dare say thou hast often admired its magnificent portals ever gaping wide, and disclosing to view a grave court, with cloisters and pillars, with few or no traces of goers-in or comers-out—a desolation something like Balclutha's.

This was once a house of trade—a centre of busy interests. The throng of merchants was here—the quick pulse of gain—and here some forms of business are still kept up, though the soul be long since fled. Here are still to be seen stately porticoes; imposing staircases; offices roomy as the state apartments in palaces—deserted, or thinly peopled with a few straggling clerks; the still more sacred interiors of court and committee rooms, with venerable faces of beadles, door-keepers—directors seated in form on solemn days (to proclaim a dead dividend) at long worm-eaten tables, that have been mahogany, with tarnished gilt-leather coverings, sup-

porting massy silver inkstands long since dry;—the open wainscots hung with pictures of deceased governors, of Queen Anne, and the first two monarchs of the Brunswick dynasty; huge charts, which subsequent discoveries have antiquated;—dusty maps of Mexico, dim as dreams, —and soundings of the Bay of Panama!—The long passages hung with buckets, appended, in idle row, to walls, whose substance might defy any, short of the last, conflagration:—with vast ranges of cellarage under all, where dollars and pieces of eight once lay, an “unsunned heap”, for Mammon to have solaced his solitary heart, withal,—long since dissipated, or scattered into air at the blast of the breaking of that famous *Bubble*.

Such is the *South-Sea House*. At least, such it was forty years ago when I knew it,—a magnificent relic! What alterations may have been made in it since, I have had no opportunity of verifying. Time, I take for granted, has not freshened it. No wind has resuscitated the face of the sleeping waters. A thicker crust by this time stagnates upon it. The moths, that were then battenning upon its obsolete ledgers and daybooks, have rested from their depredations, but other light generations have succeeded, making fine fretwork among their single and double entries. Layers of dust have accumulated (a superfoetation of dirt!) upon the old layers, that seldom used to be disturbed, save by some curious finger, now and then, inquisitive to explore the mode of book-keeping in Queen Anne’s reign; or, with less hallowed curiosity, seeking to unveil some of the mysteries of that tremendous *hoax*, whose extent the petty peculators of our day look back upon with the same expression of incredulous admiration, and hopeless ambition of rivalry, as would become the puny face of modern conspiracy contemplating the Titan size of Vaux’s superhuman plot.

Peace to the manes of the *Bubble*! Silence and destitu-

tion are upon thy walls, proud house, for a memorial!

Situated as thou art, in the very heart of stirring and living commerce,—amid the fret and fever of speculation—with the Bank, and the 'Change, and the India-house about thee, in the hey-day of present prosperity, with their important faces, as it were, insulting thee, their poor neighbour out of business—to the idle and merely contemplative,—to such as me, old house! there is a charm in thy quiet: a cessation—a coolness from business—an indolence almost cloistral—which is delightful!

CHARLES LAMB.

#### 44

Reduce the following extract to a *précis* of about 190 words.

THE first subject on which I had to consult Traddles was this.—I had heard that many men distinguished in various pursuits had begun life by reporting the debates in Parliament. Traddles having mentioned newspapers to me, as one of his hopes, I had put the two things together, and told Traddles in my letter that I wished to know how I could qualify myself for this pursuit. Traddles now informed me, as the result of his inquiries, that the mere mechanical acquisition necessary, except in rare cases, for thorough excellence in it, that is to say, a perfect and entire command of the mystery of shorthand writing and reading, was about equal in difficulty to the mastery of six languages; and that it might perhaps be attained, by dint of perseverance, in the course of a few years. Traddles reasonably supposed that this would settle the business; but I, only feeling that here indeed were a few tall trees to be hewn down, immediately resolved to work my way on to Dora through this thicket, axe in hand.

"I am very much obliged to you, my dear Traddles!" said I. "I'll begin to-morrow."

Traddles looked astonished, as he might well; but he had no notion as yet of my rapturous condition.

"I'll buy a book," said I, "with a good scheme of this art in it; I'll work at it at the Commons, where I haven't half enough to do; I'll take down the speeches in our court for practice—Traddles, my dear fellow, I'll master it!"

"Dear me," said Traddles, opening his eyes, "I had no idea that you were such a determined character, Copperfield!"

I don't know how he should have had, for it was new enough to me. I passed that off, and . . .

I did not allow my resolution, with respect to the Parliamentary Debates, to cool. It was one of the irons I began to heat immediately, and one of the irons I kept hot, and hammered at, with a perseverance I may honestly admire. I bought an approved scheme of the noble art and mystery of stenography (which cost me ten and sixpence), and plunged into a sea of perplexity that brought me, in a few weeks, to the confines of distraction. The changes that were rung upon dots, which in such a position meant such a thing, and in such another position something else, entirely different; the wonderful vagaries that were played by circles; the unaccountable consequences that resulted from marks like flies' legs; the tremendous effects of a curve in a wrong place; not only troubled my waking hours, but reappeared before me in my sleep. When I had groped my way, blindly, through these difficulties, and had mastered the alphabet, which was an Egyptian Temple in itself, there then appeared a procession of new horrors called arbitrary characters; the most despotic characters I have ever known; who insisted, for instance, that a thing like the beginning of a cobweb, meant expectation, and that a pen-and-ink sky-

rocket stood for disadvantageous. When I had fixed these wretches in my mind, I found that they had driven everything else out of it; then beginning again, I forgot them; while I was picking them up, I dropped the other fragments of the system; in short, it was almost heart-breaking.

It might have been quite heart-breaking, but for Dora, who was the stay and anchor of my tempest-driven bark. Every scratch in the scheme was a gnarled oak in the forest of difficulty, and I went on cutting them down, one after another, with such vigour, that in three or four months I was in a condition to make an experiment on one of our crack speakers in the Commons. Shall I ever forget how the crack speaker walked off from me before I began, and left my imbecile pencil staggering about the paper as if it were in a fit!

This would not do, it was quite clear. I was flying too high, and should never get on, so. I reported to Traddles for advice; who suggested that he should dictate speeches to me, at a pace, and with occasional stoppages, adapted to my weakness. Very grateful for this friendly aid, I accepted the proposal; and night after night, for a long time, we had a sort of private Parliament in Buckingham Street, after I came home from the Doctor's. . . .

Often and often we pursued these debates until the clock pointed to midnight, and the candles were burning down. The result of so much good practice was, that by-and-by I began to keep pace with Traddles pretty well, and should have been quite triumphant if I had had the least idea what my notes were about. But, as to reading them after I had got them, I might as well have copied the Chinese inscriptions on an immense collection of tea-chests, or the golden characters on all the great red and green bottles in the chemists' shops.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Condense the following passage into approximately one-third of its length.

SUB-EDITORS are a race apart. They are men who see all and say everything. They have the fate of reputations in their hands. An inaccurate statement allowed to pass into print without checking may start an international crisis. Sub-editors are the natural enemies of the reporter. It is the secret urge of any newspaper reporter to let himself go on paper. He gets a chance of showing what he can do in the way of descriptive writing and covers 'page after page with words which he is confident will ring through a million homes in the morning. With a sigh of triumph he hands in his copy to the Chief Sub-Editor. He can hardly wait till the paper comes out. When the paper does come out he sees that his saga had been reduced to three paragraphs by a disillusioned sub-editor, and degutted with a razor-edged knife. The Chief Sub throwing over the copy to a minion has said, "Just give the facts if you can find them. Cut out all the balderdash stuff. It's all in the evening papers anyway."

Reporters regard the subs as blood-sucking vampires, soulless and caring for no man. The sub regards the reporter as a curse and an offence to mankind, who inflicts his appalling hand-writing upon them, is always late with a story and when the story does arrive, it is found to be a tale told by an idiot, signifying nothing.

By the right elbow of each sub-editor is a "Spike". On this spike wads and wads of copy are transfixed. Reporters see what they consider their masterpieces pressed down on this sharp gadget. The Spike is a great breaker of hearts and has deprived many a man of a superiority complex.

Sub-editors on London newspapers are highly paid

men. Their knowledge has to be wide and their judgment dead right. In a flash, at a peak hour, they have to turn out a coherent story out of a mass of sheets of copy-paper, take in the essential facts in a glance, delete all repetition material and write vivid headlines. It is most unusual for a raw journalist to begin as a sub-editor on a big newspaper. I was lucky there . . . but it is no wonder that I felt sadly out of my depth.

I found myself wishing that they would not take life so seriously, these men. They never smiled round that horse-shoe table. Their backs were bowed and their brows furrowed. They never "let up" for a moment. These were the slaves who fed the mighty machine . . . taking care that no material which was unsuitable or dangerous should get into the wheels and cogs.

While the reporters went out north, south, east and west, there, sitting waiting at the desk, were the sub-editors. Waiting for the fruit of the reporter's art to be handed to them . . . then to be pounced upon, torn asunder, re-written, re-spelled, and generally rendered unrecognizable to the vendors thereof.

COLLIE KNOX.

## 46

Write a précis of the following passage, reducing it to about 150 words.

INDIVIDUALS and groups of individuals "own", that is, enjoy property rights over land, factories, houses, household goods, and a host of other concrete, tangible objects, as well as intangible things, such as the use of a patent, or the goodwill of a business. At one time, indeed, people owned men and women, who were then called slaves. It should be observed, first, that such rights are in fact legal rights, that is, they exist in law, and are protected



by law and the force that lies behind law. If we take another man's sheep we are guilty of theft, and, if convicted, we are punished: at one time the punishment was death. Although the right exists in law, its justification lies elsewhere. Nor does that lie in the origin of private property, which is found in seizure and user. It started among hunting tribes with moveable objects, such as weapons, which "naturally" belonged to those who could make best use of them. When at a later stage, tribes acquired fixed abodes and cultivated the soil, property in land and dwellings appeared, from which fact there emerged the theory of property based upon occupation, a theory still recognized by nations in their dealings with each other. As society became more complex and the most suitable land was fully occupied, the objects over which property rights were exercised multiplied in number and variety, and the "occupation" theory failed to fit the facts, with the result that it was urged that everyone had a right to what he produced. But this "labour" theory was found wanting when group production and exchange became characteristic features of economic society, and "incorporeal" property, such as goodwill, also acquired importance.

Private property has now been sanctified by age. It is so much taken for granted that the people rarely reflect upon its justification. Just as the instinct of self-preservation is assumed to constitute a "natural right" to live, so, too, the instinct to claim "one's own" is regarded as a "natural right". There is, however, no "natural right" of ownership. Private property is not a "law of nature", unless we define the natural as the customary or as the ideal. Nature, in the sense of the original or prehistoric, was cruel, and recognized no right beyond that of might. And the origin of property is found partly in seizure, not only of waste land, but of the valued pos-

sessions of other people. Private property, in the sense of right, is a development; it was recognized first by custom and afterwards by law.

J. H. JONES.

47

Reduce the following passage to about 190 words.

It is an old remark, that boys who shine at school do not make the greatest figure when they grow up and come out into the world. The things, in fact, which a boy is set to learn at school, and on which his success depends, are things which do not require the exercise either of the highest or the most useful faculties of the mind. Memory (and that of the lowest kind) is the chief faculty called into play in conning over and repeating lessons by rote in grammar, in languages, in geography, in arithmetic, etc., so that he who has the most of this technical memory, with the least turn for other things, which have a stronger and more natural claim upon his childish attention, will make the most forward school-boy. The jargon containing the definitions of the parts of speech, the rules for casting up an account, or the inflections of a Greek verb, can have no attraction to the tyro of ten years old, except they are imposed as a task upon him by others, or from his feeling the want of sufficient relish or amusement in other things. A lad with a sickly constitution and no very active mind, who can just retain what is pointed out to him, and has neither sagacity to distinguish nor spirit to enjoy for himself, will generally be at the head of his form. An idler at school, on the other hand, is one who has high health and spirits, who has the free use of his limbs, with all his wits about him, who feels the circulation of his blood and the motion of his heart, who is ready to laugh and cry in a breath, and who had rather chase a ball

or a butterfly, feel the open air in his face, look at the fields or the sky, follow a winding path, or enter with eagerness into all the little conflicts and interests of his acquaintances and friends, than doze over a musty spelling-book, repeat barbarous distichs after his master, sit so many hours pinioned to a writing-desk, and receive his reward for the loss of time and pleasure in paltry prize-medals at Christmas and Midsummer. There is indeed a degree of stupidity which prevents children from learning the usual lessons, or ever arriving at these puny academic honours. But what passes for stupidity is much oftener a want of interest, of a sufficient motive to fix the attention and force a reluctant application to the dry and unmeaning pursuits of school-learning. The best capacities are as much above this drudgery as the dullest are beneath it. Our men of the greatest genius have not been most distinguished for their acquirements at school or at the university.

. . . The most sensible people to be met with in society are men of business and of the world, who argue from what they see and know, instead of spinning cobweb distinctions of what things ought to be. Women have often more of what is called "good sense" than men. They have fewer pretensions; are less implicated in theories; and judge of objects more from their immediate and involuntary impression on the mind, and, therefore, more truly and naturally. They cannot reason wrong; for they do not reason at all. They do not think or speak by rule; and they have in general more eloquence and wit, as well as sense, on that account. By their wit, sense, and eloquence together, they generally contrive to govern their husbands. Their style, when they write to their friends (not for the booksellers), is better than that of most authors.—Uneducated people have most exuberance of invention and the greatest freedom from

prejudice. Shakespear's was evidently an uneducated mind, both in freshness of his imagination and in the variety of his views; as Milton's was scholastic in the texture both of his thoughts and feelings. Shakespear had not been accustomed to write themes at school in favour of virtue or against vice. To this we owe the unaffected but healthy tone of his dramatic morality. If we wish to know the force of human genius we should read Shakespear. If we wish to see the insignificance of human learning we may study his commentators.

WILLIAM HAZLITT.

48

Reduce the following passage to about one-quarter of its length.

AMONG the artists that had been allured into the happy valley, to labour for the accommodation and pleasure of its inhabitants, was a man eminent for his knowledge of the mechanic powers, who had contrived many engines both of use and recreation.

The artist was sometimes visited by Rasselas, who was pleased with every kind of knowledge, imagining that the time would come when all his acquisitions should be of use to him in the open world. He came one day to amuse himself in his usual manner, and found the master busy in building a sailing chariot; he saw that the design was practicable upon a level surface, and with expressions of great esteem solicited its completion. The workman was pleased to find himself so much regarded by the prince, and resolved to gain yet higher honours. "Sir," said he, "you have seen but a small part of what the mechanic sciences can perform. I have been long of opinion, that instead of the tardy conveyance of ships and chariots, man might use the swifter migration of wings; that the

fields of air are open to knowledge, and that only ignorance and idleness need crawl upon the ground."

This hint rekindled the prince's desire of passing the mountains; having seen what the mechanist had already performed, he was willing to fancy that he could do more; yet resolved to inquire further, before he suffered hope to afflict him by disappointment. "I am afraid," said he to the artist, "that your imagination prevails over your skill, and that you now tell me rather what you wish, than what you know. Every animal has his element assigned to him; the birds have the air, and man and beasts the earth." "So," said the mechanist, "fishes have the water, in which yet beasts can swim by nature, and men by art. He that can swim needs not despair to fly."

"But the exercise of swimming," said the prince, "is very laborious; the strongest limbs are soon wearied; I am afraid the art of flying will be yet more violent, and wings will be of no great use, unless we can fly further than we can swim."

"The labour of rising from the ground," said the artist, "will be great, as we see it in the heavier domestic fowls, but as we mount higher, the earth's attraction, and the body's gravity, will be gradually diminished, till we shall arrive at a region where the man will float in the air without any tendency to fall: no care will then be necessary but to move forwards, which the gentlest impulse will effect. You, sir, whose curiosity is so extensive, will easily conceive with what pleasure a philosopher furnished with wings, and hovering in the sky, would see the earth, and all its inhabitants, rolling beneath him. How easily shall we then trace the Nile through all his passage; over to distant regions, and examine the face of nature from one extremity of the earth to the other!"

"All this," said the prince, "is much to be desired;

but I am afraid that no man will be able to breathe in these regions of speculation and tranquillity."

"Nothing," replied the artist, "will ever be attempted, if all possible objections must be first overcome. If you will favour my project I will try the first flight at my own hazard. I have considered the structure of all volant animals, and find the folding continuity of the bat's wings most easily accommodated to the human form. Upon this model I shall begin my task to-morrow, and in a year expect to tower into the air beyond the malice and pursuit of man. But I will work only on this condition, that the art shall not be divulged, and that you shall not require me to make wings for any but ourselves."

The prince promised secrecy, and waited for the performance, not wholly hopeless of success. He visited the work from time to time, observed its progress, and remarked many ingenious contrivances to facilitate motion, and unite levity with strength. The artist was ever more certain that he should leave vultures and eagles behind him, and the contagion of his confidence seized upon the prince.

In a year the wings were finished, and, on a morning appointed, the maker appeared furnished for flight on a little promontory: he waved his pinions a while to gather air, then leaped from his stand, and in an instant dropped into the lake. His wings, which were of no use in the air, sustained him in the water, and the prince drew him to land, half dead with terror and vexation.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

## 49

Write a *précis* of the following passage, giving the substance in about 190 words.

It has been said again and again, that the five taxes were repealed on commercial principles. It is said in the paper

in my hand; a paper which I constantly carry about; which I have often used, and shall often use again. What is got by this paltry pretense of commercial principles I know not; for if your government in America is destroyed by the *repeal of taxes*, it is of no consequence upon what ideas the repeal is grounded. Repeal this tax too upon commercial principles if you please. These principles will serve as well now as they did formerly. But you know, either your objection to a repeal from these supposed consequences has no validity, or that this pretense never could remove it. This commercial motive was believed by any man, either in America, which this letter is meant to soothe, or in England, which it is meant to deceive. It was impossible it should. Because every man, in the least acquainted with the detail of commerce, must know, that several of the articles on which the tax was repealed, were fitter objects of duties than almost any other articles that could possibly be chosen; without comparison more so, than the tea that was left taxed; as infinitely less liable to be eluded by contraband. The tax upon red and white lead was of this nature. You have, in this kingdom, an advantage in lead, that amounts to a monopoly. When you find yourself in this situation of advantage, you sometimes venture to tax even your own export. You did so, soon after the last war; when, upon this principle, you ventured to impose a duty on coals. In all the articles of American contraband trade, who ever heard of the smuggling of red lead, and white lead? You might, therefore, well enough, without danger of contraband, and without injury to commerce (if this were the whole consideration), have taxed these commodities. The same may be said of glass. Besides, some of the things taxed were so trivial, that the loss of the objects themselves, and their utter annihilation out of American commerce, would have been comparatively as nothing.

But is the article of tea such an object in the trade of England, as not to be felt, or felt but slightly, like white lead and red lead, and painters' colours? Tea is an object of far other importance. Tea is perhaps the most important object, taking it with its necessary connections, of any in the mighty circle of our commerce. If commercial principles had been the true motives to the repeal, or had they been at all attended to, tea would have been the last article we should have left taxed for a subject of controversy.

Sir, it is not a pleasant consideration; but nothing in the world can read so awful and so instructive a lesson, as the conduct of ministry in this business, upon the mischief of not having large and liberal ideas in the management of great affairs. Never have the servants of the state looked at the whole of your complicated interests in one connected view. They have taken things by bits and scraps, some at one time and one pretense, and some at another, just as they pressed, without any sort of regard to their relations or dependencies. They never had any kind of system, right or wrong; but only invented occasionally some miserable tale for the day, in order meanly to sneak out of difficulties, into which they had proudly strutted. And they were put to all these shifts and devices, full of meanness and full of mischief, in order to pilfer piece-meal a repeal of an act, which they had not the generous courage, when they found and felt their error, honourably and fairly to disclaim. By such management, by the irresistible operation of feeble councils, so paltry a sum as threepence in the eyes of a financier, so insignificant an article as tea in the eyes of a philosopher, have shaken the pillars of a commercial empire that circled the whole globe.

EDMUND BURKE.



Give the substance of the following passage in about 180 words.

IN the internal decoration, if not in the external architecture of their residences, the English are supreme. The Italians have but little sentiment beyond marbles and colours. In France, "*meliora probant deteriora sequuntur*"—the people are too much of a race of gadabouts to maintain those household proprieties of which, indeed, they have a delicate appreciation, or at least the elements of a proper sense. The Chinese and most of the Eastern races have a warm but inappropriate fancy. The Scotch are poor decorists. The Dutch have perhaps an indeterminate idea that a curtain is not a cabbage. In Spain they are all curtains—a nation of hangmen. The Russians do not furnish. The Hottentots and Kickapoos are very well in their way. The Yankees alone are preposterous.

How this happens is not difficult to see. We have no aristocracy of blood, and having therefore as a natural, and indeed as an inevitable thing, fashioned for ourselves an aristocracy of dollars, the display of wealth has here to take the place and perform the office of the heraldic display in monarchical countries. By a transition readily understood, and which might have been as readily foreseen, we have been brought to merge in simple show our notions of taste itself.

To speak less abstractedly. In England, for example, no mere parade of costly appurtenances would be so likely as with us, to create an impression of the beautiful in respect to the appurtenances themselves—or of taste as regards the proprietor:—this for the reason, first, that wealth is not, in England, the loftiest object of ambition as constituting a nobility; and secondly, that there, the

true nobility of blood, confining itself within the strict limits in which a parvenu rivalry may at any time be successfully attempted. The people *will* imitate the nobles, and the result is a thorough diffusion of the proper feeling. But in America the coins current being the sole arms of the aristocracy, their display may be said, in general, to be the sole means of aristocratic distinction; and the populace, looking always upward for models, are insensibly led to confound the two entirely separate ideas of magnificence and beauty. In short, the cost of an article of furniture has at length come to be with us nearly the sole test of its merit in a decorative point of view—and this test, once established, has led the way to many analogous errors, readily traceable to the one primitive folly.

There could be nothing more directly offensive to the eye of an artist than the interior of what is termed in the United States—that is to say, in Appalachia—a well-furnished apartment. Its most usual defect is a want of keeping. We speak of the keeping of a room as we would of the keeping of a picture—for both the picture and the room are amenable to those undeviating principles which regulate all varieties of art; and very nearly the same laws by which we decide on the higher merits of a painting, suffice for decision on the adjustment of a chamber.

A want of keeping is observable sometimes in the character of the several pieces of furniture, but generally in their colours or modes of adaptation to use. *Very* often the eye is offended by their inartistical arrangement. Straight lines are too prevalent—too uninterruptedly continued—or clumsily interrupted at right angles. If curved lines occur, they are repeated into unpleasant uniformity. By undue precision, the appearance of many a fine apartment is utterly spoiled.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Give the substance of the following passage in about one-quarter of its length.

PLATT came to Polly, who was sorting up collar-boxes.

"O' Man's doing his Blooming Window."

"What window?"

"What he said."

Polly remembered.

He went on with his collar-boxes with his eye on his senior, Mansfield. Mansfield was presently called away to the counting-house, and instantly Polly shot by the street door, and made a rapid transit along the street front past the Manchester window, and so into the silk-room door. He could not linger long, but he gathered joy, a swift and fearful joy, from his brief inspection of Parsons' unconscious back. Parsons had his tail-coat off, and was working with vigour; his habit of pulling his waist-coat straps to their utmost brought out all the agreeable promise of corpulence in his youthful frame. He was blowing excitedly and running his fingers through his hair, and then moving with all the swift eagerness of a man inspired. All about his feet and knees were scarlet blankets, not folded, not formally unfolded but—the only phrase is—shied about. And a great bar sinister of roller towelling stretched across the front of the window on which was a ticket, and the ticket said in bold black letters: "LOOK!"

So soon as Mr. Polly got into the silk department and met Platt he knew he had not fingered nearly long enough outside.

"Did you see the boards at the back?" said Platt.

Mr. Polly hadn't. "The High Egrugious is fairly on," he said, and dived down to return by devious subterranean routes to the outfitting department.

Presently the street door opened and Platt, with an air of intense devotion to business assumed to cover his adoption of that unusual route, came in and made for the staircase down to the warehouse. He rolled up his eyes at Polly. "Oh Lor!" he said, and vanished.

Irresistible curiosity seized Polly. Should he go through the shop to the Manchester department, or risk a second transit outside?

He was impelled to make a dive at the street door.

"Where are you going?" asked Mansfield.

"Lill dog," said Polly, with an air of lucid explanation, and left him to get any meaning he could from it.

Parsons was worth the subsequent trouble. Parsons really was extremely rich. This time Polly stopped to take it in.

Parsons had made a huge asymmetrical pile of thick white and red blankets twisted and rolled to accentuate their woolly richness heaped up in a warm disorder, with large window tickets inscribed in blazing red letters: "Cosy Comfort at Cut Prices", and "Curl up and Cuddle below Cost". Regardless of the daylight, he had turned up the electric light on that side of the window to reflect a warm glow upon the heap, and behind, in pursuit of contrasted bleakness, he was now hanging long strips of grey silesia and chilly-coloured linen dustering.

It was wonderful, but——

Mr. Polly decided that it was time he went in. He found Platt in the silk department, apparently on the verge of another plunge into the exterior world. "Cosy Comfort at Cut Prices," said Mr. Polly. "Allitritions Artful Aid."

He did not dare go into the street for the third time, and he was hovering feverishly near the window when he saw the governor, Mr. Garvice—that is to say, the

managing director of the Bazaar—walking along the pavement after his manner, to assure himself all was well with the establishment he guided.

H. G. WELLS.

52

Reduce the following passage to about 100 words.

THE beautiful grisette rose up when I said this, and, going behind the counter, reached down a parcel, and untied it: I advanced to the side over-against her: they were all too large. The beautiful grisette measured them one by one across my hand,—it would not alter the dimensions.—She begged I would try a single pair, which seemed to be least.—She held it open;—my hand slipped into it at once.—It will not do, said I, shaking my head a little.—No, said she, doing the same thing.

There are certain looks of simple subtlety—where whim, and sense, and seriousness, and nonsense, are so blended that all the languages of Babel let loose together, could not express them—they are communicated and caught so instantaneously that you can scarce say which party is the infector. I leave it to your men of words to swell pages about it,—it is enough in the present to say, again, the gloves would not do; so, folding our hands within our arms, we both loll'd upon the counter;—it was narrow, and there was just room for the parcel to lay between us.

The beautiful grisette looked sometimes at the gloves, then sideways to the window, then at the gloves—and then at me. I was not disposed to break silence;—I followed her example: so I looked at the gloves, then to the window, then at the gloves, and then at her—and so on alternately.

I found I lost considerably in every attack;—she had

a quick black eye, and shot through two such long and silken eye-lashes with such penetration that she looked into my very heart and veins.—It may seem strange; but I could actually feel she did.

It is no matter, said I, taking up a couple of the pairs next me, and putting them into my pocket.

I was sensible the beautiful grisette had not asked above a single livre above the price. I wished she had asked a livre more: and was puzzling my brains how to bring the matter about.—Do you think, my dear Sir, said she, mistaking my embarrassment, that I could ask a sou too much of a stranger—and of a stranger whose politeness, more than his want of gloves, has done me the honour to lay himself at my mercy?—*M'en croyez capable?*—Faith! not I, said I; and if you were, you are welcome. So, counting the money into her hand, and with a lower bow than one generally makes to a shop-keeper's wife, I went out; and her lad with his parcel followed me.

LAURENCE STERNF.

### 53

Reduce the following passage to about one-third of its length.

NAPOLÉON declared the British Isles to be in a state of blockade: any intercourse with that country was henceforth to be a crime; all her citizens found in any country in alliance with France to be prisoners; every article of English produce or manufacture, wherever discovered, to be confiscated. In a word, wherever France had power, the slightest communication with England was henceforth to be treason against the majesty of Napoleon; and every coast of Europe was to be lined with new armies of douaniers and gens-d'armes, for the purpose of carry-

ing into effect what he called " the continental system ".

He had long meditated the organization of this system, and embraced as a favourable opportunity for its promulgation, the moment which saw him at length predominant in the North of Germany, and thus, in effect, master of the whole coasts of Europe from the mouth of the Oder round to the Adriatic Gulf. The system, however, could not be carried into effect, because from long habit the manufactured goods and colonial produce of Britain had come to be necessities of life among every civilized people of the world; and consequently every private citizen found his own domestic comforts invaded by the decree, which avowedly aimed only at the revenues of the English crown. Every man, therefore, was under continual temptation, each in own sphere and method, to violate the decrees of Berlin. The custom-house officers were exposed to bribes which their virtue could not resist. Even the most attached of Napoleon's own functionaries connived at the universal spirit of evasion—his brothers themselves, in their respective dominions, could not help sympathizing with their subjects, and winking at the methods of relief to which they were led by necessity, the mother of invention. The severe police, however, which was formed everywhere as a necessary part of the machinery for carrying these edicts into execution—the insolence of the innumerable spies and informers whom they set in motion—and the actual deprivation of usual comforts, in so far as it existed—all these circumstances conspired to render the name of the Berlin decrees odious throughout Europe and in France itself. It may be added that the original conception of Napoleon was grounded on a mistaken opinion, to which, however, he always clung—namely, that England derives all her strength from her foreign commerce. Great as that commerce was, and great as, in spite of him, it continued

to be, it never was anything but a trifle when compared with the internal traffic and resources of Great Britain—a country not less distinguished above other nations for its agricultural industry, than for its commercial.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

54

Give the substance of the following passage in about 110 words.

ALL. I would endeavour to show, is, that the income of the whole people is a very great sum, compared to all public wants! and that it, in all probability, amounts to considerably more than an hundred millions.

Now can any one with reason assert, that this income is too small for the levy of such taxes as may be requisite for the public service. Is there any reason for the melancholy representations of this kingdom, which we have heard and read of late? Have we reason to dread a just naval war with any of the potentates of the world? Does this short and unexaggerated picture tell us, that we should submit to injury and contempt, rather than engage in measures for which we cannot find the supplies?

But it is said that all these are ideas, visions, figures, calculations; not facts. It is true, in this general view I have dealt in suppositions, but I draw them from clear and indisputable facts: I may have erred in many particulars, but the probable errors are not on the exaggerated side; all these incomes undoubtedly exist, and must amount to vast sums, though not precisely those which I have minuted: However, the most common observation confirms the general truth of these calculations. Throw your eye around the sphere of agriculture, manufactures, commerce, and general expense: Does not the view present the picture of a rich and flourishing state?



Does not each class of the people find money for all purposes? Are not the amazing expenses of the age common topics of conversation? And certainly expense does not exist without income. View the improvements of husbandry everywhere carried on: see the buildings, the palaces I might say, erected in almost every village of the kingdom: who wants money when a park is to be ornament, temples to be raised, or valleys floated with water? View the navigations, the roads, the harbours, and all other public works: take notice of the spirit with which manufactures are carried on. What part of the commerce of this kingdom feels a languor that speaks a general decay? Move your eye on which side you will, you behold nothing but great riches, and yet greater resources. To what corner we must fly to seek the signs of a declining state, I know not. In every part where I have been, I have seen none but the strongest marks of a rich, a happy, and a flourishing people.

ARTHUR YOUNG.

## 55

Write a précis of the following, and limit your attempt to about one-quarter of the original.

AND now she hovered over a lilac with yellow spots, while I pulled out a quiet sage-green that had faded into insignificance under the more brilliant colours, but which was nevertheless a good silk in its humble way. Our attention was called off to our neighbour. He had chosen a shawl of about thirty shillings' value; and his face looked broadly happy, under the anticipation, no doubt, of the pleasant surprise he should give to some Molly or Jenny at home; he had tugged a leathern purse out of his breeches-pocket, and had offered a five-pound note in payment for the shawl, and for some parcels which

had been brought round to him from the grocery counter; and it was just at this point that he attracted our notice. The shopman was examining the note with a puzzled, doubtful air.

"Town and County Bank! I am not sure, sir, but I believe we have received a warning against notes issued by this bank only this morning. I will just step and ask Mr. Johnson, sir; but I'm afraid I must trouble you for payment in cash, or in a note of a different bank."

I never saw a man's countenance fall so suddenly into dismay and bewilderment. It was almost piteous to see the rapid change.

"Dang it!" said he, striking his fist down on the table, as if to try which was the harder, "the chap talks as if notes and gold were to be had for the picking up."

Miss Matty had forgotten her silk gown in her interest for the man. I don't think she had caught the name of the bank, and in my nervous cowardice I was anxious that she should not; and so I began admiring the yellow-spotted lilac gown that I had been utterly condemning only a minute before. But it was of no use.

"What bank was it? I mean, what bank did your note belong to?"

"Town and County Bank."

"Let me see it," said she quietly to the shopman, gently taking it out of his hand, as he brought it back to the farmer.

Mr. Johnson was very sorry, but from information he had received, the notes issued by that bank were little better than waste paper.

"I don't understand it," said Miss Matty to me in a low voice. "That is our bank, is it not?—the Town and County Bank?"

"Yes," said I. "This lilac silk will just match the ribbons in your new cap, I believe," I continued, holding

up the folds so as to catch the light, and wishing that the man would make haste and be gone, and yet having a new wonder, that had only just sprung up, how far it was wise or right in me to allow Miss Matty to make this expensive purchase, if the affairs of the bank were really so bad as the refusal of the note implied.

But Miss Matty put on the soft dignified manner peculiar to her, rarely used, and yet which became her so well, and laying her hand gently on mine, she said,—

“Never mind the silks for a few minutes, dear. I don’t understand you, sir,” turning to the shopman, who had been attending to the farmer. “Is this a forged note?”

“Oh, no, ma’am. It is a true note of its kind; but you see, ma’am, it is a joint-stock bank, and there are reports out that it is likely to break. Mr. Johnson is only doing his duty, ma’am, as I am sure Mr. Dobson knows.”

But Mr. Dobson could not respond to the appealing bow by any answering smile. He was turning the note absently over in his fingers, looking gloomily at the parcel containing the lately-chosen shawl.

“It’s hard upon a poor man,” said he, “as earns every farthing with the sweat of his brow. However, there’s no help for it. You must take back your shawl, my man; Lizzie must do on with her cloak for a while. And yon figs for the little ones—I promised them to ’em—I’ll take them; but the ’bacco, and the other things . . .”

“I will give you five sovereigns for your note, my good man,” said Miss Matty. “I think there is some great mistake about it, for I am one of the shareholders, and I’m sure they would have told me if things had not been going on right.”

. . . The next morning news came, both official and otherwise, that the Town and County Bank had stopped payment. Miss Matty was ruined.

MRS. GASKELL.

Express the gist of the following in about 125 words.

AGAIN, as the name implies, this system makes use of two metals, usually gold and silver. In the Middle Ages both these metals were comparatively scarce, and they therefore acquired a certain value in themselves and were used almost indiscriminately for monetary purposes. The development of economic science not having reached the stage where accurate observation and deduction could be made, the effects of variations in the supply of and demand for each metal went unchecked. Until 1717, England possessed a Silver Standard Currency but gold coins also circulated, and in that year a definite Bi-metallic System was introduced. The continual comparative cheapness of silver caused Gresham's Law to operate, and constant difficulty was experienced in maintaining full-weight gold coins in circulation as, in spite of continual legal changes in the fixed ratio of the value of gold and silver, there was nearly always a profit in the melting down or exporting of full-weight gold coins, and only the worn and clipped coins were passed on. After a century of ineffective legislation to combat this evil, the Bi-metallic Standard was finally abandoned in this country and a Gold Standard was introduced in 1816.

France also made many attempts to maintain a Bi-metallic Currency, and her efforts continued from the middle of the eighteenth century until 1880. The ratio of gold to silver was constantly being changed, but it was found, after long experience, that the under-valued metal was exported while the over-valued metal was imported. Thus from 1820 to 1850, when the market value was *below* the legal value, i.e. silver was over-valued internally, silver was imported into France and gold was exported. Following the great discoveries in California

and Australia from 1850 to 1866, the value of gold cheapened while that of silver rose, and during this period the market value of silver was *above* the legal value, i.e. it was under-valued internally, and large amounts of silver were consequently exported while gold was imported. Several neighbouring countries having also adopted a Bi-metallic Standard and having also experienced the same ill-effects of variations in the supply of the two metals, the prospect of a greatly increased supply of gold led to concerted action being taken by the countries interested to preserve the Bi-metallic System. In 1865, what was known as the "Latin Union" was formed by France, Belgium, Switzerland and Italy, and was joined by Greece in 1868.

H. E. EVITT.

## 57

Write a *précis* of the following, giving the substance in about 165 words.

SATURDAY at noon is indeed the very time to see Belford, which in general has the fault, not uncommon in provincial towns, of wanting bustle. The old market-place, always picturesque from its shape (an unequal triangle), its size, the diversified outline and irregular architecture of the houses, and the beautiful Gothic church by which it is terminated, is then alive with the busy hum of traffic, the agricultural wealth and the agricultural population of the district. From the poor farmer with his load of corn, up to the rich mealman and the great proprietor, all the "landed interest" is there, mixed with jobbers and chapmen of every description, cattle-dealers, millers, justices going to the Bench, constables and overseers following to be sworn, carriers, carters, errand-boys, tradesmen, shopmen, apprentices, gentlemen's servants,

and gentlemen in their own persons, mixed with all the riff-raff of the town, and all the sturdy beggars of the country, and all the noisy urchins of both.

Noise indeed is the prime characteristic of the Belford market-day—noise of every sort from the heavy rumbling of so many loaded wagons over the paved market-place, to the crash of crockeryware in the narrow passage of Princes' Street, as the stall is knocked down by the impetus of a cart full of turnips, or the squall of the passengers of the Southton caravan, upset by the irresistible momentum of the Hadley-mill team.

But the noisiest, and perhaps the prettiest places, were the Piazza at the end of Saint Nicholas' church, appropriated by long usage to the female vendors of fruit and vegetables, where certain old women, as well known to the "habitués" of the market as the church-tower, were wont to "flyte" at each other, and at their customers, with the genius for vituperation for which ladies of their profession have long been celebrated; and a detached spot called the butter-market, at the back of the market-place proper, where the more respectable basket-women, the daughters and wives of farmers, and the better order of the female peasantry, used to bring eggs, butter, and poultry for sale on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

A pretty and a diversified place was the butter-market; for besides the commodities, dead and alive, brought by the honest countrywomen, a few stalls were set out with straw hats, and caps and ribbons, and other feminine gear, to tempt them in return; and here and there an urchin of the more careful sort would bring *his* basket of tame rabbits, or wood-pigeons, or young ferrets, or squeaking guinea-pigs, or a nest of downy owls or gaping jackdaws, or cages of linnets and thrushes, to tempt the townsfolk. Nay, in the season, some thoughtful little maid of eight or ten would bring nosegays of early prim-

roses or sweet violets, or wall-flowers, or stocks, to add a few pence to the family store.

A pleasant sight was the butter-market, with its comely country wives, its modest lasses and neat children—pleasant and cheerful, in spite of the din of so many women, buyers and sellers, all talking together, and the noise of turkeys, geese, ducks, chickens, guinea-pigs; but the pleasantest sight there was a young damsel famous for eggs and poultry, and modest beauty, known by the name of “pretty Bessy”.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

## 58

Reduce the following passage to about one-third of its length.

THE tea was good, as were the prawns and eggs, and George brought a second muffin, at the very moment that the Yorkshireman had finished the last piece of the first, so that by the time he had done his breakfast and drawn on his boots, which were dryer and pleasanter than the recent damp weather had allowed of their being, he felt completely at peace with himself and all the world, and putting on his hat, sallied forth with the self-satisfied air of a man who had eat a good breakfast, and yet not too much.

Newmarket was still uppermost in his mind, and as he sauntered along in the direction of the Strand, it occurred to him that perhaps Mr. Jorrocks might have no objection to accompany him. On entering that great thoroughfare of humanity, he turned to the east, and having examined the contents of all the caricature shops in the line, and paid threepence for a look at the *York Herald*, in the Chapter Coffee-house, St. Paul's Churchyard, about noon he reached the corner of St. Botolph Lane. Before Jorrocks & Co.'s warehouse, great bustle and

symptoms of brisk trade were visible. With true city pride, the name on the doorpost was in small dirty-white letters, sufficiently obscure to render it apparent that Mr. Jorrocks considered his house required no sign; while, as a sort of contradiction, the covered-cart before it, bore "JORROCKS & CO.'S WHOLESALE 'TEA WAREHOUSE", in great gilt letters on each side of the cover, so large that "he who runs might read", even though the errand-cart were running too. Into this cart, which was drawn by the celebrated rat-tail hunter, they were pitching divers packages for town delivery, and a couple of light porters nearly upset the Yorkshireman as they bustled out with their loads. The warehouse itself gave evident proof of great antiquity. It was not one of your fine, light, lofty, mahogany-countered, banker-like establishments of modern times, where the stock-in-trade often consists of books and empty canisters, but a large, roomy, gloomy, dirty, dingy sort of cellar above ground, full of hogsheads, casks, flasks, sugar-loaves, jars, bags, bottles and boxes.

The floor was half an inch thick, at least, with dirt, and was sprinkled with rice, currants, and raisins, as though they had been scattered for the purpose of growing. A small corner seemed to have been cut off, like the fold of a Leicestershire grazing-ground, and made into an office in the centre of which was a square or two of glass that commanded a view of the whole warehouse. "Is Mr. Jorrocks in?" inquired the Yorkshireman of a porter, who was busy digging currants with a wooden spade. "Yes, sir, you'll find him in the counting-house," was the answer; but on looking in, though his hat and gloves were there, no Jorrocks was visible. At the farther end of the warehouse a man in his shirt-sleeves, with a white apron round his waist and a brown paper cap on his head, was seen under a very melancholy-looking skylight,



holding his head over something as if his nose were bleeding. The Yorkshireman groped his way up to him, and asking if Mr. Jorrocks was in, found he was addressing the grocer himself. He had been leaning over a large trayful of little white cups—with teapots to match—trying the strength, flavour, and virtue of a large purchase of tea, and the beverage was all smoking before him. “My vig,” exclaimed he, holding out his hand, “who’d have thought of seeing you in the city, this is something unkimmon! However, you’re werry welcome in St. Botolph Lane, and as this is your first visit, why, I’ll make you a present of some tea——”

ROBERT S. SURTEES.

## 59

Reduce the following passage to one-quarter of its length.

ENVELOPED in dark cloaks and wearing black masks, a conical cap of the same colour adding to their considerable height, each held a torch. They stood in silence -- two awful sentries.

Their appearance appalled, their stillness terrified, Mick: he remained with his mouth open and the lamp in his extended arm. At length, unable any longer to sustain the solemn mystery, and plucking up his natural audacity, he exclaimed, “I say, what do you want?”

All was silent.

“Come, come,” said Mick much alarmed; “none of this sort of thing. I say, you must speak though.”

The figures advanced: they stuck their torches in a niche that was by; and then they placed each of them a hand on the shoulder of Mick.

“No, no; none of that,” said Mick, trying to dis-embarrass himself.

But, notwithstanding this fresh appeal, one of the silent masks pinioned his arms; and in a moment the eyes of the helpless friend of Devilsdust were bandaged.

Conducted by these guides, it seemed to Mick that he was traversing interminable rooms, or rather galleries, for once stretching out his arm, while one of his supporters had momentarily quitted him to open some gate or door, Mick touched a wall. At length one of the masks spoke, and said, "In five minutes you will be in the presence of the SEVEN—prepare."

At this moment rose the sound of distant voices singing in concert, and gradually increasing in volume as Mick and the masks advanced. One of these attendants now notifying to their charge that he must kneel down, Mick found he rested on a cushion, while at the same time, his arms still pinioned, he seemed to be left alone.

The voices became louder and louder; Mick could distinguish the words and burthen of the hymn; he was sensible that many persons were entering the apartment; he could distinguish the measured tread of some solemn procession. Round the chamber, more than once, they moved with slow and awful step. Suddenly that movement ceased; there was a pause of a few minutes; at length a voice spoke. "I denounce John Briars."

"Why?" said another.

"He offers nothing but piece-work; the man who does piece-work is guilty of less defensible conduct than a drunkard. The worst passions of our nature are enlisted in support of piece-work. Avarice, meanness, cunning, hypocrisy, all excite and feed upon the miserable votary who works by the task and not by the hour. A man who earns by piece-work forty shillings per week, the usual wages for day-work being twenty, robs his fellows of a week's employment; therefore I denounce John Briars."

"Let it go forth," said the other voice; "John Briars is denounced. If he receive another week's wages by the piece, he shall not have the option of working the week after for time. No. 87, see to John Briars."

"I denounce Claughton and Hicks," said another voice.

"Why?"

"They have removed Gregory Ray from being a superintendent, because he belonged to this lodge."

"Brethren, is it your pleasure that there shall be a turn-out for ten days at Claughton and Hicks?"

"It is our pleasure," cried several voices.

"No. 34, give orders to-morrow that the works at Claughton and Hicks stop till further orders."

"Brethren," said another voice, "I propose the expulsion from this Union of any member who shall be known to boast of his superior ability, as to either quantity or quality of work he can do, either in public or private company. Is it your pleasure?"

"It is our pleasure."

"Brethren," said a voice that seemed a presiding one, "before we proceed to the receipt of the revenue from the different districts of this lodge, there is, I am informed, a stranger present, who prays to be admitted into our fraternity. Are all robed in the mystic robe? Are all masked in the secret mask?"

"All!"

"Then let us pray!" And thereupon, after a movement which intimated that all present were kneeling, the presiding voice offered up an extemporary prayer of great power and even eloquence. This was succeeded by the Hymn of Labour, and at its conclusion the arms of the neophyte were unpinioned, and then his eyes were unbandaged.

Mick found himself in a lofty and spacious room lighted with many tapers. Its walls were hung with

black cloth; at a table covered with the same material were seated seven persons in surplices and masked, the president on a loftier seat; above which on a pedestal was a skeleton complete. On each side of the skeleton was a man robed and masked, holding a drawn sword; and on each side of Mick was a man in the same garb holding a battle-axe. On the table was the sacred volume open, and at a distance, ranged in order on each side of the room, was a row of persons in white robes and white masks, and holding torches.

“Michael Radley,” said the President, “do you voluntarily swear in the presence of Almighty God and before these witnesses, that you will execute with zeal and alacrity, as far as in you lies, every task and injunction that the majority of your brethren, testified by the mandate of this grand committee, shall impose upon you, in furtherance of our common welfare, of which they are the sole judges; such as the chastisement of Nobs, the assassination of oppressive and tyrannical masters, or the demolition of all mills, works and shops that shall be deemed by us incorrigible. Do you swear this in the presence of Almighty God and before these witnesses?”

“I do swear it,” replied a tremulous voice.

“Then rise and kiss that book.”

Mick slowly rose from his kneeling position, advanced with a trembling step, and bending, embraced with reverence the open volume.

Immediately every one unmasked; Devilsdust came forward, and taking Mick by the hand led him to the President, who received him, pronouncing some mystic rhymes. He was covered with a robe and presented with a torch, and then ranged in order with his companions. Thus terminated the initiation of Dandy Mick into a Trades Union.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

Write in the third person past tense, a précis of the following, in about 175 words.

PORTIA

A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:  
'The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

SHYLOCK

Most rightful judge! A sentence! Come, prepare!

PORTIA

'Tarry a little; there is something else.  
'This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;  
'The words expressly are "a pound of flesh":  
'Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;  
But, in the cutting, if thou dost shed  
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods  
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate  
Unto the state of Venice.

GRATIANO

O upright judge! Mark, Jew: O learned judge!

SHYLOCK

Is that the law?

PORTIA

Thyself shalt see the act:  
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured  
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

GRATIANO

O learned judge! Mark, Jew: a learned judge!

SHYLOCK

I take this offer, then; pay the bond thrice  
And let the Christian go.

BASSANIO

Here is the money.

PORTIA

Soft!

The Jew shall have all justice; soft! no haste:  
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

GRATIANO

O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

PORTIA

Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.  
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less nor more  
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more  
Or less than just a pound, be it but so much  
As makes it light or heavy in the substance  
Or the division of the twentieth part  
Of one poor scruple, nay, if the scale do turn  
But in the estimation of a hair,  
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

GRATIANO

A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!  
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

PORTIA

Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

SHYLOCK

Give me my principal, and let me go.

BASSANIO

I have it ready for thee; here it is.

PORTIA

He hath refused it in the open court:  
He shall have merely justice and his bond.

GRATIANO

A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!  
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

SHYLOCK

Shall I not have barely my principal?

PORTIA

T'hou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,  
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

SHYLOCK

Why, then the devil give him good of it!  
I'll stay no longer question.

PORTIA

Tarry, Jew:  
'The law hath yet another hold on you.  
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,  
If it be proved against an alien  
That by direct or indirect attempts  
He seek the life of any citizen,  
'The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive  
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half  
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;  
And the offender's life lies in the mercy  
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.  
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;  
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,  
'That indirectly and directly too  
'Thou hast contrived against the very life  
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd  
'The danger formerly by me rehearsed.  
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

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### PART III

## ADVANCED EXERCISES

### 61

Write a précis of the following passage.

WHEN Byron had conceived the idea of his "Sardanapalus"—the germ was discovered in Juvenal's description of Otho—he proceeded to develop it in a manner of which he gives a somewhat detailed account in his Diary.

Jan. 13, 1821.—Saturday. Sketched the outline and "drams. pers." of an intended tragedy of "Sardanapalus" which I have for some time meditated. Took the names from Diodorus Siculus (I know the history of Sardanapalus, and have known it since I was twelve years old); and read over a passage in the ninth volume octavo of Mitford's *Greece*, where he rather vindicates the memory of this last of the Assyrians.

Jan. 14, 1821.—Turned over Seneca's tragedies. Wrote the opening lines of the intended tragedy of "Sardanapalus". Rode out some miles into the forest. Misty and rainy. Returned—dined—and wrote some more of my tragedy. Read Diodorus Siculus—turned over Seneca, and some other books. Wrote some of the tragedy. Took a glass of grog.

Feb. 15, 1821.—Last night finished the first act of "Sardanapalus".

Ravenna, May 28, 1821.—Since my last of the 26th and 25th I have dashed off my fifth act. . . . But now comes



the copying over, which may prove heavy work—heavy to the writer as to the reader.

Here the stimulus comes from various quarters: Diodorus Siculus, Mitford's *Greece*, but chiefly from the tragedies of Seneca. The reading of such authors focuses attention in such a way as to create *atmosphere*: this, in its turn, brings the *mood* in which there is ease of recollection and a surprising facility in forming associations leading to unity of conception. George Eliot said that she might admit all Rousseau's erroneous views, and yet "it would not be less true that Rousseau's genius has sent the electric thrill through my intellectual and moral frame, which has awakened me to new perceptions—and which has made man and nature a fresh world of thought and feeling to me; not by teaching me any new belief. It is simply that the rushing mighty wind of his inspiration has so quickened my faculties that I have been able to shape more definitely for myself ideas which had previously dwelt in dim Ahnungen in my soul."

These examples have their counterpart in the life of every man whose vocation requires fertility of idea: he needs something to stimulate his invention, and he usually finds it in work of an analogous character—which he purposely seeks. But very often the right stimulus comes unsought. Life is one vast field of hetero-suggestion, not merely in the invitations to buy the goods of those who sell, or in the tendency to imitate social customs, or to conform to public opinion, but in the variety of ideas that assail us. These ideas are often of a fugitive character, but their effectiveness is not necessarily impaired on that account. The right stimulus may come as we read the newspaper, talk with a friend, walk the street, or motor through the country. Only the man with more than average sensitiveness to external impressions responds to the unsought stimuli that bring inspiration.

The stimuli classified as secondary were defined as those composed of objects, positions, or general surroundings which foster the creative mood. Ibsen used to keep a number of little images on his writing desk: they helped him in the work of composition, he said, but declined to say *how*, adding: "That is my secret." Similarly, Kant used a certain tower, visible from his study window, as a sort of mental focus for thinking out his categories; and when, in the course of time, some trees grew up and hid the tower, he wrote to the City Council asking them to cut down the trees so that he might once more see the tower, *and think*. The story goes that the City Fathers complied. Buffon's eccentricities are well known, the chief among which was his inability to think to good purpose except in full dress. Shelley found that munching bread was helpful in composing, just as Addison and Sheridan liked to have a bottle of wine handy, and Schiller a flask of Old Rhenish—also rotten apples in his desk. Gautier said: "It is only the smell of printer's ink that can make me move." Dr. Johnson needed a purring cat, and orange peel and tea within reach. Jokai could not write unless he had violet ink: black and blue ink would make work impossible—it had to be either violet ink or a lead pencil. Thomas Hardy, prior to beginning work, always removes his boots or slippers. Charles Lamb's sister says that Elia could do nothing in a room with bare and white-washed walls; that was the kind of room in which Stevenson could work to advantage. The contrasts in habit are as striking as it is possible to imagine; for whilst Rousseau liked to think out his pages bare-headed in the sun, Bossuet preferred to work in a cold room, his head wrapped in furs; and Zola pulled down the blinds at midday because he found more stimulus in artificial light. Ribot remarks that "some require motor excitation;

they work only when walking or else prepare for work by physical exercise." And yet there are others who, like Milton, Descartes, Leibnitz, and Rossini, find the horizontal position more advantageous.

To the average man, especially the practical man of business, or the city lawyer, these facts are mere oddities of character and have nothing whatever to do with fostering the mood in which poets, dramatists and others discover their best thoughts. But we cannot say so much as that. Immediate surroundings have a great deal to do with mental processes: witness the healthy and muscular farmer who, seldom if ever away from home, cannot sleep in a strange room. His consciousness needs a certain accustomed environment just as his body requires a position that must be "just so"; otherwise sleep will not come. The eccentricities of the writing fraternity are proverbial; they have a long and curious history and we are compelled to admit that, so far from being artificialities or affectations, they are a real part of the psychology of composition. The banker who has discovered that to walk from Charing Cross to the City (whenever he has a problem to solve) is to see daylight on a difficult situation, can be assured that his case is no different from that of poet and "litterateur": he has set up a well-marked topographical association between difficulty and solution.

T. SHARPER KNOWLSON.

## 62

Write a *précis* of the following passage.

I WENT to see and explore the Pyramids.

Familiar to one from the days of early childhood are the forms of the Egyptian Pyramids, and now, as I approached them from the banks of the Nile, I had no

print, no picture before me, and yet the old shapes were there; there was no change: they were just as I had always known them. I straightened myself in my stirrups, and strived to persuade my understanding that this was real Egypt, and that those angles which stood up between me and the West were of harder stuff, and more ancient than the paper pyramids of the green portfolio. Yet it was not till I came to the base of the great Pyramid, that reality began to weigh upon my mind. Strange to say, the bigness of the distinct blocks of stones was the first sign by which I attained to feel the immensity of the whole pile. When I came, and trod, and touched with my hands, and climbed, in order that by climbing, I might come to the top of one single stone, then, and almost suddenly, a cold sense and understanding of the Pyramid's enormity came down, overcasting my brain.

Now try to endure this homely, sick-nursish illustration of the effect produced upon one's mind by the mere vastness of the great Pyramid. When I was very young (between the ages, I believe, of three and five years old), being then of delicate health, I was often in time of night the victim of a strange kind of mental oppression. I lay in my bed perfectly conscious, and with open eyes, but without power to speak or to move, and all the while my brain was oppressed to distraction by the presence of a single and abstract idea—the idea of solid immensity. It seemed to me in my agonies, that the horror of this visitation arose from its coming upon me without form or shape—that the close presence of the direst monster ever bred in hell would have been a thousand times more tolerable than that simple idea of solid size; my aching mind was fixed and riveted down upon the mere quality of vastness, vastness, vastness; and was not permitted to invest it with any particular object. If I could have done so, the torment would have ceased. When at last I was

roused from this state of suffering, I could not of course in those days (knowing no verbal metaphysics, and no metaphysics at all, except by the dreadful experience of an abstract idea)—I could not of course find words to describe the nature of my sensations; and even now I cannot explain why it is that the forced contemplation of a mere quality, distinct from matter, should be so terrible. Well, now my eyes saw and knew, and my hands and my feet informed my understanding, that there was nothing at all abstract about the great Pyramid—it was a big triangle, sufficiently concrete, easy to see, and rough to the touch; it could not of course affect me with the peculiar sensation I have been talking of, but yet there was something akin to that old nightmare agony in the terrible completeness with which a mere mass of masonry could fill and load my mind.

And Time too; the remoteness of its origin, no less than the enormity of its proportions, screens an Egyptian pyramid from the easy and familiar contact of our modern minds. At its base the common earth ends, and all above is a world—one not created of God—not seeming to be made by men's hands, but rather the sheer giant-work of some old dismal age weighing down this younger planet.

Fine sayings! But the truth seems to be, after all, that the Pyramids are quite of this world; that they were piled up into the air for the realisation of some kingly crotchets about immortality—some priestly longing for burial fees; and that as for the building—they are built like coral rocks by swarms of insects—by swarms of poor Egyptians, who were not only the abject tools and slaves of power, but who also ate onions for the reward of their immortal labours! The Pyramids are quite of this world.

I of course ascended to the summit of the great Pyramid, and also explored its chambers; but these I need

not describe. The first time that I went to the Pyramids of Ghizeh, there were a number of Arabs hanging about in its neighbourhood, and wanting to receive presents on various pretences: their sheik was with them. There was also present an ill-looking fellow in soldier's uniform. This man on my departure claimed a reward, on the ground that he had maintained order and decorum amongst the Arabs. His claim was not considered valid by my dragoman, and was rejected accordingly. My donkey-boys afterwards said they had overheard this fellow propose to the sheik to put me to death whilst I was in the 'interior of the great Pyramid, and to share with him the booty. Fancy a struggle for life in one of those burial chambers, with acres and acres of solid masonry between one's self and the daylight! I felt exceedingly glad that I had not made the rascal a present.

I visited the very ancient Pyramids of Aboukir and Sakkara. There are many of these, differing the one from the other in shape as well as size; and it struck me that taken together they might be looked upon as showing the progress and perfection (such as it is) of pyramidal architecture. One of the pyramids at Sakkara is almost a rival for the full-grown monster at Ghizeh; others are scarcely more than vast heaps of bricks and stone; and these last suggested to me the idea that after all the Pyramid is nothing more nor less than a variety of the sepulchral mound so common in most countries (including, I believe, Hindostan, from whence the Egyptians are supposed to have come). Men accustomed to raise these structures for their dead kings or conquerors would carry the usage with them in their migrations; but arriving in Egypt, and seeing the impossibility of finding earth sufficiently tenacious for a mound, they would approximate as nearly as might be to their ancient custom by raising up a round heap of stones, in short conical

pyramids. Of these there are several at Sakkara, and the materials of some are thrown together without any order or regularity. The transition from this simple form to that of the square angular pyramid was easy and natural; and it seemed to me that the gradations through which the style passed from infancy up to its mature enormity could plainly be traced at Sakkara.

And near the Pyramids, more wondrous and more awful than all else in the land of Egypt, there sits the lonely Sphinx. Comely the creature is, but the comeliness is not of this world: the once worshipped beast is a deformity and a monster to this generation; and yet you can see that those lips, so thick and heavy, were fashioned to some ancient mould of beauty—some mould of beauty now forgotten—forgotten because that Greece drew forth Cytherea from the flashing foam of the Aegean and in her image created new forms of beauty, and made it a law among men that the short and proudly-wreathed lip should stand for the sign and the main condition of loveliness through all generations to come. Yet still there lives on the race of those who were beautiful in the fashion of the elder world; and Christian girls of Coptic blood will look on you with the sad, serious gaze, and kiss your charitable hand with the big pouting lips of the very Syphinx.

Laugh and mock if you will at the worship of stone idols; but mark ye this, ye breakers of images, that in one regard, the stone idol bears awful semblance of Deity—unchangefulness in the midst of change—the same seeming will and intent for ever and ever inexorable! Upon ancient dynasties of Ethiopian and Egyptian kings—upon Greek and Roman, upon Arab and Ottoman conquerors—upon Napoleon dreaming of an Eastern empire—upon battle and pestilence—upon the ceaseless misery of the Egyptian race—upon keen-eyed travellers

—Herodotus yesterday, and Warburton to-day—upon all and more this unworldly Sphinx has watched, and watched like a Providence with the same earnest eyes, and the same sad, tranquil mien. And we, we shall die, and Islam will wither away; and the Englishman, straining far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile and sit in the seats of the Faithful, and still that sleepless rock will lie watching and watching the works of the new busy race, with those same sad earnest eyes, and the same tranquil mien everlasting. You dare not mock at the Sphinx.

A. W. KINGLAKE.

### 63

Write a *précis* of the following passage.

THE next day opened a new scene at Longbourn. Mr. Collins made his declaration in form. Having resolved to do it without loss of time, as his leave of absence extended only to the following Saturday, and having no feelings of diffidence to make it distressing to himself even at the moment, he set about it in a very orderly manner, with all the observances which he supposed a regular part of the business. On finding Mrs. Bennet, Elizabeth, and one of the younger girls together, soon after breakfast, he addressed the mother in these words: "May I hope, madam, for your interest with your fair daughter Elizabeth, when I solicit for the honour of a private audience with her in the course of this morning?"

Before Elizabeth had time for anything but a blush of surprise, Mrs. Bennet instantly answered, "Oh dear!—Yes—certainly. I am sure Lizzy will be very happy—I am sure she can have no objection. Come, Kitty, I want you upstairs." And, gathering her work together, she was hastening away, when Elizabeth called out.



“Dear ma’am, do not go. I beg you will not go. Mr. Collins must excuse me. He can have nothing to say to me that anybody need not hear. I am going away myself.”

“No, no, nonsense, Lizzy. I desire you will stay where you are.” And upon Elizabeth’s seeming really, with vexed and embarrassed looks, about to escape, she added, “Lizzy, I *insist* upon your staying and hearing Mr. Collins.”

Elizabeth could not oppose such an injunction—and a moment’s consideration making her also sensible that it would be wisest to get it over as soon and as quietly as possible, she sat down again, and tried to conceal, by incessant employment, the feelings which were divided between distress and diversion. Mrs. Bennet and Kitty walked off, and as soon as they were gone Mr. Collins began.

“Believe me, my dear Miss Elizabeth, that your modesty, so far from doing you any disservice, rather adds to your other perfections. You would have been less amiable in my eyes had there not been this little unwillingness; but allow me to assure you, that I have your respected mother’s permission for this address. You can hardly doubt the purport of my discourse, however your natural delicacy may lead you to dissemble; my attentions have been too marked to be mistaken. Almost as soon as I entered the house, I singled you out as the companion of my future life. But before I am run away with by my feelings on this subject, perhaps it would be advisable for me to state my reasons for marrying—and, moreover, for coming into Hertfordshire with the design of selecting a wife, as I certainly did.”

The idea of Mr. Collins, with all his solemn composure, being run away with by his feelings, made Elizabeth so near laughing, that she could not use the short pause he

allowed in any attempt to stop him further, and he continued:—

“ My reasons for marrying are, first, that I think it a right thing for every clergyman in easy circumstances (like myself) to set the example of matrimony in his parish; secondly, that I am convinced it will add very greatly to my happiness; and thirdly—which perhaps I ought to have mentioned earlier—that it is the particular advice and recommendation of the very noble lady whom I have the honour of calling patroness. 'Twice has she condescended to give me her opinion (unasked too!) on this subject; and it was but the very Saturday night before I left Hunsford between our pools at quadrille, while Mrs. Jenkinson was arranging Miss de Bourgh's footstool, that she said, 'Mr. Collins, you must marry. A clergyman like you must marry.—Choose properly, choose a gentlewoman for my sake; and for your own, let her be an active, useful sort of person, not brought up high, but able to make a small income go a good way. This is my advice. Find such a woman as soon as you can, bring her to Hunsford, and I will visit her.' Allow me, by the way, to observe, my fair cousin, that I do not reckon the notice and kindness of Lady Catherine de Bourgh as among the least of the advantages in my power to offer. You will find her manners beyond anything I can describe; and your wit and vivacity, I think, must be acceptable to her, especially when tempered with the silence and respect which her rank will inevitably excite. Thus much for my general intention in favour of matrimony; it remains to be told why my views were directed to Longbourn instead of my own neighbour, where I assure you there are many amiable young women. But the fact is, that being, as I am, to inherit this estate after the death of your honoured father (who, however, may live many years longer), I could not satisfy myself

without resolving to choose a wife from among his daughters, that the loss to them might be as little as possible, when the melancholy event takes place—which, however, as I have already said, may not be for several years. 'This has been my motive, my fair cousin, and I flatter myself it will not sink me in your esteem. And now nothing remains for me but to assure you in the most animated language of the violence of my affection. To fortune I am perfectly indifferent, and I shall make no demand of that nature on your father, since I am well aware that it could not be complied with; and that one thousand pounds in the 4 per cents., which will not be yours till after your mother's decease, is all that you may ever be entitled to. On that head, therefore, I shall be uniformly silent; and you may assure yourself that no ungenerous reproach shall ever pass my lips when we are married."

It was absolutely necessary to interrupt him now.

"You are too hasty, sir," she cried. "You forget that I have made no answer. Let me do it without further loss of time. Accept my thanks for the compliment you are paying me. I am very sensible of the honour of your proposals, but it is impossible for me to do otherwise than decline them."

"I am not now to learn," replied Mr. Collins, with a formal wave of the hand, "that it is usual with young ladies to reject the addresses of the man whom they secretly mean to accept, when he first applies for their favour; and that sometimes the refusal is repeated a second or even a third time. I am therefore by no means discouraged by what you have just said, and shall hope to lead you to the altar ere long."

JANE AUSTEN.

Write a précis of the following passage.

DISSIMULATION is but a faint kind of policy or wisdom; for it asketh a strong wit and a strong heart to know when to tell truth and to do it. Therefore it is the weaker sort of politicians that are the great dissemblers.

Tacitus saith, "Livia harmonised well with the arts of her husband and dissimulation of her son;" attributing arts or policy to Augustus and dissimulation to Tiberius. And, again, when Mucianus encourageth Vespasian to take arms against Vitellius, he saith, "We rise not against the piercing judgment of Augustus nor the extreme caution or closeness of Tiberius." These properties of arts or policy, and dissimulation or closeness, are indeed habits and faculties several, and to be distinguished. For if a man have that penetration of judgment as he can discern what things are to be laid open and what to be secreted, and what to be showed at half-lights, and to whom and when (which, indeed, are arts of state and arts of life, as Tacitus well calleth them), to him a habit of dissimulation is a hindrance and a poorness. But if a man cannot obtain to that judgment, then it is left to him, generally, to be close and a dissembler. For where a man cannot choose or vary in particulars, there it is good to take the safest and variest way in general; like the going softly by one that cannot well see. Certainly the ablest men that ever were have had all an openness and frankness of dealing, and a name of certainty and veracity; but then they were like horses, well trained; for they could tell passing well when to stop or turn. And at such times, when they thought the case indeed required dissimulation, if then they used it, it came to pass that the former opinion spread abroad of their good faith and clearness of dealing made them almost invisible.

There be three degrees of this hiding and veiling of a man's self. The first, closeness, reservation, and secrecy, when a man leaveth himself without observation, or without hold to be taken what he is. The second, dissimulation in the negative, when a man lets fall signs and arguments that he is not that he is. And the third, simulation in the affirmative, when a man purposely and expressly feigns and pretends to be that he is not.

For the first of these, secrecy: it is indeed the virtue of a confessor; and assuredly the secret man heareth many confessions, for who will open himself to a blab or a babbler? But if a man be thought secret it inviteth discovery, as the more close air sucketh in the more open. And as in confession the revealing is not for worldly use, but for the ease of a man's heart, so secret men come to the knowledge of many things in that way; while men rather discharge their minds than impart their minds. In few words, mysteries are due to secrecy. Besides, to say truth, nakedness is uncomely as well in mind as body; and it addeth no small reverence to men's manners and actions, if they be not altogether open. As for talkers and loquacious persons, they are commonly vain and credulous withal. For he that talketh what he knoweth, will also talk what he knoweth not. Therefore set it down that an habit of secrecy is both politic and moral. And in this part it is good that a man's face and his words agree. For the discovery of a man's self by the traits of his countenance is a great weakness and betraying, by how much it is many times more marked and believed than a man's words.

For the second, which is dissimulation, it followeth many times upon secrecy by necessity; so that he that will be secret must be a dissembler in some degree. For men are too cunning to suffer a man to keep an indifferent carriage between both, and to be secret, without swaying

the balance on either side. They will so beset a man with questions, and draw him on, and pick it out of him, that, without an unreasonable silence, he must show an inclination one way; or if he do not, they will gather as much by his silence as by his speech. As for equivocations or oracular speeches, they cannot hold out long. So that no man can be secret, except he give himself little scope of dissimulation, which is, as it were, but the skirts or train of secrecy.

But for the third degree, which is simulation and false profession: that I hold more culpable and less politic, except 'it be in great and rare matters. And therefore a general custom of simulation, which is this last degree, is a vice rising either of a natural falseness or fearfulness, or of a mind that hath some main faults; which, because a man must needs disguise, it maketh him practise simulation in other things, lest his hand should be out of use.

FRANCIS BACON.

## 65

Write a *précis* of the following passage.

"WELL, James, we're all in it now. 'T'lease is signed and we take over t'place next week. Hope we shall be able to make a go of it this time. Most of us can't afford to lose any brass. We are not all as well off as you, James."

James Smithies, the rather stout, genial-looking man at the opposite side of the table, pushed back his chair, rose and stood with his back to the fire. For a few moments he stroked his short beard and looked down in silence at his worried friend.

"Listen, William Cooper. I know we are trying to do something that other men have attempted and failed. I know we have only a total capital of twenty-eight pounds, that we have taken a lease on the Toad Lane

shop and the rooms above. I realize that we are going to open on Saturday next, December 21st, 1844, with a stock the local grocers will laugh at. Even our shareholders may be afraid to come and buy for fear of their bosses getting to hear of it. They know they might lose their jobs, or that other tradesmen may stop their credit and refuse to supply them with things we can't sell at present. We have been ridiculed already. We shall have far worse to put up with before long.

"I know all this, but I believe, as sure as I am standing here on my own hearth, that on Saturday night when we take down the shutters of our little shop, we shall be starting a movement that will grow and grow until it spreads over the whole world. Wherever working folks toil and sweat there will be a co-operative society to supply their daily needs. Members will be numbered in millions. Co-operative factories will make food and clothes and furniture. Co-operative ships will sail the seven seas. I tell you, William, we are lighting a spark here in Rochdale which will become a shining beacon to working men and women the world over."

"I only hope you are right, James," replied Cooper. "Anyhow, we shall soon see what happens to the spark. Well, I must be getting along home. It's late." He rose, put on his hat and coat, and they walked to the door.

When Cooper had left, James Smithies drew up his armchair to the fire. Of the twenty-eight social reformers who had resolved to put their democratic opinions to the test of practical experience, he was the most confident and optimistic. He smiled at the doubts and fears of some of his friends and settled himself comfortably to enjoy a brief relaxation before going to bed.

The small, simply furnished room was cosily warm. The hanging oil lamp cast a soft circle of light on the red plush tablecloth, whilst the austere lines of the horsehair

sofa and dark oak dresser were softened by restful shadows. The old grandfather clock in the corner, whose age-faded dial was only dimly visible, chimed ten. Then silence, except for the quiet "tick-tock" of the passing seconds and the sighing of the wind in the wide chimney.

His mind wandered over the events of the past few months. He thought of the many gatherings in that very room. He could see the angry faces of Charles Howarth, Miles Ashworth and his son Samuel, John Scowcroft, Sam Tweedale, John Bent, and the rest as they gave examples of the ruthless exploitation of poor working folk by grasping tradesmen and heartless employers. He recalled their discussions on the appalling conditions of the common people in town and country.

He could hear the ringing note of challenge as one after another of his artisan friends put forward their ideas and proposals for the little co-operative trading venture from which they hoped so much. For their aim was not merely to obtain for their fellow-workers good quality food and clothing at prices they could afford to pay. They had far wider aspirations. They saw in the applications of co-operative principles to their daily lives the prospect of building a brighter and better world. The little store they were about to open was, to them, but the first tangible step towards a new way of life for all mankind.

His thoughts drifted towards a gradually widening future of happiness and progress for working people everywhere.

Being a practical man of business, plans for accomplishing the high hopes of his friends and himself filled his virile mind. Looking ahead, he foresaw the urgent need of uniting all the small and vulnerable retail co-operative societies which he was sure would soon emulate the Rochdale venture in a central organization empowered



to buy all their varied requirements in the open market.

He knew that, individually, small groups of men and women, often inexperienced in business, could not hope to compete with their astute and powerful competitors. Manufacturers and wholesalers would not welcome their incursions into the field of "legitimate" trade, and would refuse to supply their needs. Without their own collective wholesale buying federation local retail societies would fail. He was convinced that with such an organization eventually they would also be able to build factories to manufacture their own goods. "

He began to nod drowsily. Gradually his tired brain ceased to function and objects in the small lamp-lit room receded into the distance. His head fell forward and he was fast asleep.

James Smithies looked around in surprise. He was in a large panelled room and a table calendar gave the date as July, 11th, 1939. A company of men sat round a great horseshoe table, the chairman in his carved high-backed chair at their centre. They were engaged in a business meeting, and as Smithies listened to their discussion he became aware that these men were concerned with vast sums of money involved in a highly complex variety of important commercial transactions.

He was witnessing a meeting of directors of the Co-operative Wholesale Society Limited. This spacious, well-appointed board-room, high above the noisy streets of Manchester, was the centre of administration of the largest democratic trading organization in the world.

Here, surrounded by more than four acres of multi-storeyed offices, warehouses, and salesrooms, twenty-eight men, democratically elected by their fellow co-operators, conduct business representing millions of pounds per week. Regularly they meet to report and

deliberate upon the detailed operations of all the variety of manufacturing and wholesaling activities with which each is personally in daily contact.

Vital questions of general policy are duly considered and subjected to majority vote. Current business trends are carefully examined. New schemes of development are prepared for submission to the Society's members. Important details of the Society's business are discussed and courses of immediate action decided upon.

Thus this vast organization which in every accounting period reckons its transactions in terms of millions of pounds is controlled by the democratic vote of its constituent members.

THE C.W.S. PUBLICITY DEPT.

## 66

Write a *précis* of the following passage.

HENCE it is that it is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. 'This description is both refined and, as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him; and he concurs with their movements rather than takes the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature, like an easy chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue, though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them. The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast—all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make every one at their ease and at home.

He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favours while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort, he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults, he is too well employed to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing, and resigned, on philosophical principles; he submits to pain, because it is inevitable, to bereavement, because it is irreparable, and to death, because it is his destiny. If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, though less educated minds; who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it. He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candour, consideration, indulgence: he throws himself into the minds of his opponents, he

accounts for their mistakes. He knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its province and its limits. If he be an unbeliever, he will be too profound and large-minded to ridicule religion or to act against it; he is too wise to be a dogmatist or fanatic in his infidelity. He respects piety and devotion; he even supports institutions as venerable, beautiful, or useful, to which he does not assent; he honours the ministers of religion, and he is contented to decline its mysteries without assailing or denouncing them. He is a friend of religious toleration, and that, not only because his philosophy has taught him to look on all forms of faith with an impartial eye, but also from the gentleness and effeminacy of feeling, which is the attendant on civilization.

Not that he may not hold a religion too, in his own way, even when he is not a Christian. In that case his religion is one of imagination and sentiment; it is the embodiment of those ideas of the sublime, majestic, and beautiful, without which there can be no large philosophy. Sometimes he acknowledges the being of God, sometimes he invests an unknown principle or quality with the attributes of perfection. And this deduction of his reason, or creation of his fancy, he makes the occasion of such excellent thoughts, and the starting-point of so varied and systematic a teaching, that he even seems like a disciple of Christianity itself. From the very accuracy and steadiness of his logical powers, he is able to see what sentiments are consistent in those who hold any religious doctrine at all, and he appears to others to feel and to hold a whole circle of theological truths which exist in his mind no otherwise than as a number of deductions.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

Write a *précis* of the following passage.

ON drawing near to the “tianguéz”, or great market, the Spaniards were astonished at the throng of people pressing towards it, and on entering the place their surprise was still further heightened by the sight of the multitudes assembled there, and the dimensions of the enclosure, thrice as large as the celebrated square of Salamanca. Here were met together traders from all parts, with the products and manufactures peculiar to their countries: the goldsmiths of Azcapozalco; the potters and jewellers of Cholula, the painters of Tezcuco, the stonecutters of Tenajocan, the hunters of Xilotepec, the fishermen of Cuitlahuac, the fruiterers of the warm countries, the mat and chair makers of Quauhtitlan, and the florists of Xochimilco,—all busily engaged in recommending their respective wares and in chaffering with purchasers.

The market-place was surrounded by deep porticoes, and the several articles had each its own quarter allotted to it. Here might be seen cotton piled up in bales, or manufactured into dresses and articles of domestic use, as tapestry, curtains, coverlets, and the like. The richly stained and nice fabrics reminded Cortes of the “alcayceria”, or silk-market, of Granada. There was the quarter assigned to the goldsmiths, where the purchaser might find various articles of ornament or use formed of the precious metals, or curious toys, such as we have already had occasion to notice, made in imitation of birds and fishes, with scales and feathers alternately of gold and silver, and with movable heads and bodies. These fantastic little trinkets were often garnished with precious stones, and showed a patient, puerile ingenuity in the manufacture, like that of the Chinese.

In an adjoining quarter were collected specimens of pottery coarse and fine, vases of wood elaborately carved, varnished or gilt, of curious and sometimes graceful forms. There were also hatchets made of copper alloyed with tin, the substitute, and, as it proved, not a bad one, for iron. The soldier found here all the implements of his trade: the casque fashioned into the head of some wild animal, with its grinning defences of teeth, and bristling crest dyed with the rich tint of the cochineal; the "escaupil" or quilted doublet of cotton, the rich surcoat of feather-mail, and weapons of all sorts, copper-headed lances and arrows, and the broad "maquahuitl", the Mexican sword, with its sharp blades of "itztli". Here were razors and mirrors of this same hard and polished mineral, which served so many of the purposes of steel with the Aztecs. In the square were also to be found booths occupied by barbers, who used these same razors in their vocation. For the Mexicans, contrary to the popular and erroneous notions respecting the aborigines of the New World, had beards, though scanty ones. Other shops or booths were tenanted by apothecaries, well provided with drugs, roots, and different medicinal preparations. In other places, again, blank books or maps for the hieroglyphical picture-writing were to be seen folded together like fans, and made of cotton, skins, or more commonly the fibres of the agave, the Aztec papyrus.

Under some of the porticoes they saw hides raw and dressed, and various articles for domestic use made of the leather. Animals, both wild and tame, were offered for sale, and near them, perhaps, a gang of slaves, with collars round their necks, intimating they were likewise on sale,—a spectacle unhappily not confined to the barbarian markets of Mexico, though the evils of their condition were aggravated there by the consciousness that

a life of degradation might be consummated at any moment by the dreadful doom of sacrifice.

The heavier materials for building, as stone, lime, timber, were considered too bulky to be allowed a place in the square, and were deposited in the adjacent streets on the borders of the canals. It would be tedious to enumerate all the various articles, whether for luxury or daily use, which were collected from all quarters in this vast bazaar. I must not omit to mention, however, the display of provisions, one of the most attractive features of the "tianguetz"; meats of all kinds, domestic poultry, game from the neighbouring mountains, fish from the lakes and streams, fruits in all the delicious abundance of these temperate regions, green vegetables, and the unfailing maize. There was many a viand, too, ready dressed, which sent up its savoury steams provoking the appetite of the idle passenger; pastry, bread of the Indian corn, cakes, and confectionery. Along with these were to be seen cooling or stimulating beverages, the spicy foaming "chocolatl" with its delicate aroma of vanilla, and the inebriating "pulque", the fermented juice of the aloe. All these commodities, and every stall and portico, were set out, or rather smothered with flowers, showing—on a much greater scale, indeed—a taste similar to that displayed in the markets of modern Mexico. Flowers seem to be the spontaneous growth of this luxuriant soil; which, instead of noxious weeds, as in other regions, is ever ready, without the aid of man, to cover up its nakedness with this rich and variegated livery of Nature.

. . . The exchanges were conducted partly by barter, but more usually in the currency of the country. This consisted of bits of tin stamped with a character like a T, bags of cacao, the value of which was regulated by their size, and, lastly, quills filled with gold dust. Gold was

part of the regular currency, it seems, in both hemispheres. In their dealings it is singular that they should have had no knowledge of scales and weights. The quantity was determined by measures and number.

The most perfect order reigned throughout this vast assembly. Officers patrolled the square, whose business it was to keep the peace, to collect the duties imposed on the different articles of merchandise, to see that no false measures or fraud of any kind were used, and to bring offenders at once to justice. A court of twelve judges sat in one part of the "tianguetz", clothed with those ample and summary powers which in despotic countries are often delegated even to petty tribunals. The extreme severity with which they exercised these powers, in more than one instance, proves that they were not a dead letter.

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

## 68

Write a précis of the following passage.

I AM glad you approve and applaud my design, of withdrawing myself from all the tumult and business of the world; and consecrating the little rest of my time to those studies, to which Nature had so motherly inclined me, and from which Fortune, like a stepmother, has so long detained me. But nevertheless (you say) you would advise me not to precipitate that resolution, but to stay a while longer with patience and complaisance, till I had gotten such an estate as might afford me (according to the saying of that person whom you and I love very much, and would believe as soon as another man) *cum dignitate otium*.\* This were excellent advice to Joshua, who could bid the sun stay too. But there's no fooling with life when it is once turned beyond forty. The seeking for a

\* "Leisure with dignity."



fortune then, is but a desperate after-game, 'tis a hundred to one, if a man fling two sixes and recover all; especially if his hand be no luckier than mine. There is some help for all the defects of fortune, for if a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes, he may have his remedy by cutting of them shorter. Epicurus writes a letter to Idomeneus (who was then a very powerful, wealthy, and, it seems, bountiful person) to recommend him to who had made so many men rich, one Pythocles, a friend of his, whom he desired might be made a rich man too; but I entreat you that you would not do it just the same way as you have done to many less deserving persons, but in the most gentlemanly manner of obliging him, which is not to add anything to his estate, but to take something from his desires. The sum of this is, that for the uncertain hopes of some conveniences we ought not to defer the execution of a work that is necessary, especially, when the use of those things which we would stay for, may otherwise be supplied, but the loss of time, never recovered: nay, further yet, though we were sure to obtain all that we had a mind to, though we were sure of getting never so much by continuing the game, yet when the light of life is so near going out, and ought to be so precious, *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*, the play is not worth the expense of the candle: after having been long lost in a tempest, if our masts be standing, and we still have sail and tackling enough to carry us to our port, it is no matter for want of streamers and top-gallants; *utere velis, totos pande sinus*.\* A gentleman in our late Civil Wars, when his quarters were beaten up by the enemy, was taken prisoner, and lost his life afterwards, only by staying to put on a band, and adjust his periwig: he would escape like a person of quality, or not at all, and died the noble martyr of ceremony and gentility.

\* "Use the sails. spread all the canvas."

I think your counsel of *festina lente*\* is as ill to a man who is flying from the world, as it would have been to that unfortunate well-bred gentleman, who was so cautious as not to fly undecently from his enemies, and therefore I prefer Horace's advice before yours. *Sapere aude, incipe*——. Begin; the getting out of doors is the greatest part of the journey. Varro teaches us the Latin proverb, *Portam itineri longissimam esse*; but to return to Horace:

Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise;  
He who defers this work from day to day,  
Does on a river's bank expecting stay,  
Till the whole stream, which stopt him, should be gone,  
That runs, and as it runs, forever will run on.

Cæsar (the man of expedition above all others) was so far from this folly, that whensoever, in a journey, he was to cross any river, he never went one foot out of his way for a bridge, or a ford, or a ferry, but flung himself into it immediately, and swam over; and this is the course we ought to imitate, if we meet with any stops in our way to happiness. Stay till the waters are low, stay till some boats come by to transport you, stay till a bridge be built for you; you had even as good stay till the river be quite past. Persius (who, you used to say you do not know whether he be a good poet or no, because you cannot understand him, and whom therefore, I say, I know not to be not a good poet) has an odd expression for these procrastinators, which, methinks, is full of fancy.

Our yesterday's to-morrow now is gone,  
And still a new to-morrow does come on,  
We by to-morrows draw up all our store  
Till the exhausted well can yield no more.

And now, I think, I am even with you, for your *otium cum dignitate*, and *festina lente*, and three or four other

\* "Hasten slowly."

more of your new Latin sentences: if I should draw upon you all my forces out of Seneca and Plutarch upon this subject, I should overwhelm you, but I leave those as triary for your next charge. I shall only give you now a light skirmish out of an epigrammatist, your special good friend, and so *Vale*.

To-morrow you will live, you always cry;  
In what far country does this morrow lie,  
That 'tis so mighty long 'ere it arrive?  
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?  
'Tis so far fetcht this morrow that I fear  
'Twill be both very old and very dear.  
To-morrow I will live, the fool does say;  
To-day itself's too late, the wise lived yesterday.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

## 69

Write a précis of the following passage.

MEN of warm imaginations and towering thoughts are apt to overlook the goods of fortune which are near them, for something that glitters in the sight at a distance; to neglect solid and substantial happiness, for what is showy and superficial; and to condemn that good which lies within their reach, for that which they are not capable of attaining. Hope calculates its schemes for a long and durable life; presses forward to imaginary points of bliss; and grasps at impossibilities: and consequently very often ensnares men into beggary, ruin, and dishonour.

What I have here said may serve as a moral to an Arabian fable, which I find translated into French by Monsieur Galland. The fable has in it such a wild, but natural simplicity, that I question not but my reader will be as much pleased with it as I have been, and that he will consider himself, if he reflects on the several

amusements of hope which have sometimes passed in his mind, as a near relation to the Persian glass-man.

Alnaschar, says the fable, was a very idle fellow, that never would set his hand to any business during his father's life. When his father died he left him to the value of an hundred drachmas in Persian money. Alnaschar, in order to make the best of it, laid it out in glasses, bottles, and the finest earthenware. These he piled up in a large open basket, and having made choice of a very little shop placed the basket at his feet, and leaned his back upon the wall, in expectation of customers. As he sate in this posture with his eyes upon the basket, he fell into a most amusing train of thought, and was overheard by one of his neighbours, as he talked to himself in the following manner: "This basket," says he, "cost me at the wholesale merchant's an hundred drachmas, which is all I have in the world. I shall quickly make two hundred of it, by selling it in retail. These two hundred drachmas will in a very little while rise to four hundred, which of course will amount in time to four thousand. Four thousand drachmas cannot fail of making eight thousand. As soon as by this means I am master of ten thousand, I will lay aside my trade of a glass-man and turn jeweller. I shall then deal in diamonds, pearls, and all sorts of rich stones. When I have got together as much wealth as I can well desire, I will make a purchase of the finest house I can find, with lands, slaves, eunuchs, and horses. I shall then begin to enjoy myself, and make a noise in the world. I will not, however, stop there, but still continue my traffic till I have got together an hundred thousand drachmas. When I have thus made myself master of an hundred thousand drachmas, I shall naturally set myself on the foot of a prince, and will demand the Grand Vizier's daughter in marriage, after having represented to that minister the information which

I have received of the beauty, wit, discretion, and other high qualities which his daughter possesses. I will let him know, at the same time, that it is my intention to make him a present of a thousand pieces of gold on our marriage night. As soon as I have married the Grand Vizier's daughter, I'll buy her ten black slaves, the youngest and best that be got for money. I must afterwards make my father-in-law a visit with a great train and equipage. And when I am placed at his right hand, which he will do of course, if it be only to honour his daughter, I will give him the thousand pieces of gold which I promised him, and afterwards, to his great surprise, will present him another purse of the same value, with some short speech, as 'Sir, you see I am a man of my word. I always give more than I promise.'

"When I have brought the princess to my house I shall take particular care to breed in her a due respect for me, before I give the reins to love and dalliance. To this end I shall confine her to her own apartment, make her a short visit, and talk but little to her. Her women will represent to me that she is inconsolable by reason of my unkindness, and beg me with tears to caress her, and let her sit down by me; but I shall still remain inexorable, and will turn my back upon her all the first day. Her mother will then come and bring her daughter to me, as I am seated upon my sofa. The daughter, with tears in her eyes, will fling herself at my feet, and beg of me to receive her into my favour. Then will I, to imprint in her a thorough veneration for my person, draw up my legs and spurn her from me with my foot, in such a manner that she shall fall down several paces from the sofa."

Alnaschar was entirely swallowed up in this chimerical vision, and could not forbear acting with his foot what he had in his thoughts: so that unluckily striking his basket of brittle ware, which was the foundation of all

his grandeur, he kicked his glasses to a great distance from him into the street, and broke them into ten thousand pieces.

JOSEPH ADDISON. (*Adapted.*)

## 70

Write a précis of the following passage.

He added, That he had heard too much upon the subject of war, both in this, and some former discourses. 'There was another point which a little perplexed him at present: I had said, that some of our crew left their country on account of being ruined by Law: That I had already explained the meaning of the word; but he was at a loss how it should come to pass, that the Law which was intended for every man's preservation, should be any man's ruin. Therefore he desired to be further satisfied what I meant by Law, and the dispensers thereof, according to the present practice in my own country: because he thought, Nature and Reason were sufficient guides for a reasonable animal, as we pretended to be, in shewing us what we ought to do, and what to avoid.

I assured his Honour, that Law was a science wherein I had not much conversed, further than by employing advocates, in vain, upon some injustices that had been done me. However, I would give him all the satisfaction I was able.

I said there was a society of men among us, bred up from their youth in the art of proving by words multiplied for the purpose, that White is Black, and Black is White, according as they are paid. To this society all the rest of the people are slaves.

For example. If my neighbour hath a mind to my cow, he hires a Lawyer to prove that he ought to have my cow from me. I must then hire another to defend

my right; it being against all rules of Law that any man should be allowed to speak for himself. Now in this case, I who am the true owner lie under two great disadvantages. First, my Lawyer, being practised almost from his cradle in defending falsehood, is quite out of his element when he would be an advocate for justice, which as an office unnatural, he always attempts with great awkwardness, if not with ill-will. The second disadvantage is, that my Lawyer must proceed with great caution: or else he will be reprimanded by the judges, and abhorred by his brethren, as one who would lessen the practice of the Law. And therefore I have but two methods to preserve my cow. The first, is to gain over my adversary's Lawyer with a double fee; who will then betray his client, by insinuating that he hath justice on his side. The second way is for my Lawyer to make my cause as unjust as he can; by allowing the cow to belong to my adversary; and this if it be skilfully done, will certainly bespeak the favour of the Bench.

Now, your honour is to know, that these judges are persons appointed to decide all controversies of property, as well as for the trial of criminals; and picked out from the most dextrous Lawyers who are grown old or lazy; and having been biassed all their lives against truth and equity, lie under such a fatal necessity of favouring fraud, perjury and oppression; that I have known some of them to have refused a large bribe from the side where justice lay, rather than injure the Faculty, by doing anything unbecoming their nature or their office.

It is a maxim among these Lawyers, that whatever hath been done before, may legally be done again: and therefore they take special care to record all the decisions formerly made against common justice and the general reason of mankind. These, under the name of precedents, they produce as authorities to justify the most iniquitous

opinions; and the judges never fail of directing accordingly.

In pleading, they studiously avoid entering into the merits of the cause; but are loud, violent and tedious in dwelling upon all circumstances which are not to the purpose. For instance, in the case already mentioned: they never desire to know what claim or title my adversary hath to my cow; but whether the said cow were red or black; her horns long or short; whether the field I graze her in be round or square; whether she were milked at home or abroad; what diseases she is subject to, and the like. After which they consult precedents, adjourn the cause, from time to time, and in ten, twenty, or thirty years come to an issue.

It is likewise to be observed, that this society hath a peculiar cant and jargon of their own, that no other mortal can understand, and wherein all their Laws are written, which they take special care to multiply; whereby they have wholly confounded the very essence of truth and falsehood, of right and wrong; so that it will take thirty years to decide whether the field, left me by my ancestors for six generations, belong to me, or to a stranger three hundred miles off.

In the trial of persons accused for crimes against the state, the method is much more short and commendable: the judge first sends to sound the disposition of those in power; after which he can easily hang or save the criminal, strictly preserving all the forms of Law.

Here my Master interposing, said it was a pity, that creatures endowed with such prodigious abilities of mind as these Lawyers, by the description I gave of them must certainly be, were not rather encouraged to be instructors of others in wisdom and knowledge. In answer to which I assured his Honour, that in all points out of their own trade, they were usually the most ignorant and stupid



generation among us, the most despicable in common conversation, avowed enemies to all knowledge and learning; and equally disposed to pervert the general reason of mankind, in every other subject of discourse, as in that of their own profession.

JONATHAN SWIFT. (*Adapted.*)

PART IV

EXAMINATION PAPERS

71 \*

Write a summary of the following passage in about 100 words (a third of the original). At the head of your version give a title. At the end say how many words you have used.

THE preparation of the compound named DDT<sup>1</sup> was first described as far back as 1874, but for many years little was known of it. Then in 1912 during the war a vast programme of research was drawn up, and it soon became apparent that DDT<sup>1</sup> was a unique and powerful insecticide, and that it was a safe and certain measure for controlling many insect pests which would undoubtedly be the direct cause of heavy casualties to armies in the field.

It was shown to be efficacious against the mosquito, louse, and fly. DDT<sup>1</sup> was responsible for stopping the dangerous outbreak of typhus in Naples in 1943. For the first time in the history of medical science a typhus epidemic was stopped in mid-winter and with almost miraculous speed. Work on the louse-proofing of garments with DDT<sup>1</sup> for use by the armed forces was undertaken in this country, and impregnated shirts were issued to our front-line troops. They had proved extraordinarily effective the more so as they could withstand several

\* College of Preceptors: Senior Certificate Examination.

laundryings without noticeable loss of effectiveness. Indeed our troops were virtually louse-free: a striking contrast to German prisoners of war, who, when brought in, were generally found to be heavily infested.

It was generally conceded by those best able to judge that the use of DDT, coupled with vaccine, would in future so greatly reduce the incidence of typhus in every part of the world as to ensure freedom from virulent epidemics of the disease. Also the common house-fly in this country, and similar species in the tropics, which carried dysentery and other disease, were readily killed by a DDT spray. The discovery of DDT heralds a new era in the ceaseless fight waged by man against disease.

## 72 \*

Write a summary of the following passage in about 100 words. At the head of your version give a title. At the end say how many words you have used.

It had been arranged with my four Arab camel-men that they were to bring food for themselves during the crossing of the Desert. We rested at the end of the first day's journey by an Arab encampment, where these camel-men found all they required for that night in the tents of their own brethren. On the second evening my Arabs announced to my interpreter Dthemetri that they had not brought one atom of food, and that they looked to my supplies for their daily bread. This was awkward intelligence. I had brought no more bread than was necessary for myself and my European attendants. Believing, however, that the Arabs had mistaken the terms of the arrangement, I told Dthemetri to inform them that my bread should be equally shared with all. Dthemetri

\* College of Preceptors: Senior Certificate Examination.

did not approve: he assured me that they had understood the arrangement, and had placed themselves in this strait in order to better their bargain by the value of a few paras' worth of bread. This made me see the affair in a new light. They seemed to be trying the extent of my softness. I realized the danger of letting such a trial result in a conclusion that I was one that might easily be managed. I therefore instructed Dthemetri to acquaint them that they should touch no bread of mine.

The Arabs came to me and prayed for bread. I refused them.

"Then we die."

"God's will be done."

They looked hard upon my face, but they found no hope there. So at last they retired—as they pretended, to lay them down and die.

In about ten minutes I found that the Arabs were busily preparing bread. Their statement of having brought no food was false, and was only invented for the purpose of saving it. They had a good bag of meal, which they had contrived to stow away under the baggage upon one of the camels in such a way as to escape notice.

### 73 \*

Write in your own words, a summary of the following passage in not more than 100 words. State at the foot of your summary the number of words you have used.

THE importance of disseminating our books abroad is unquestionable. It is fully recognized by those concerned with spreading the influence of Britain; and large sums of public money are being used to this end.

\* College of Preceptors: Senior Certificate Examination.

We have been urged to export, and we have responded to such effect that the annual value of books sent overseas has actually increased since the war began, notwithstanding the loss of almost the whole European market. And the export of books has this difference from other exports—it depends on initial success at home. Without the home market export practically ceases. Yet, in spite of all this, war-time restrictions are being allowed to operate in such a way as to jeopardize book production.

It should be unnecessary to say that publishers are as ready as any other body to carry their share of hardship in the national emergency. They are doing so; but they are entitled to emphasize the consequences that would arise from their virtual suppression, particularly as so little is required to enable them to survive. Is it generally realized, for instance, that books absorb only one-and-a-quarter per cent. of the total of the country's paper usage, and that publishers have already economized their book-production to such a degree that a mere 2,000 tons of additional paper each quarter (for the whole trade) would enable them to carry on? It has been refused, with the result that further reductions in the quality of our books are being proposed.

## 74 \*

Write a précis of the following passage, reducing it to about one-quarter of its length.

OF political wisdom, indeed, in its larger and more generous sense, Elizabeth had little or none; but her political tact was unerring. She seldom saw her course at a glance, but she played with a hundred courses, fitfully and discursively, as a musician runs his fingers over

\* The Chartered Institute of Secretaries: Preliminary Examination.

the keyboard, till she hit suddenly upon the right one. Such a nature was essentially practical and for the present. Her notion of statesmanship lay in watching how things turned out around her, and in seizing the moment for making the best of them. A policy of this limited, practical, tentative order was not only best suited to the England of her day, to its small resources and the changing character of its religious and political belief, but it was one specially suited to Elizabeth's peculiar powers. It was a policy of detail, and in details her wonderful readiness and ingenuity found scope for their exercise. "No War, my Lords," the queen used to cry imperiously at the council board, "No War!" but her hatred of war sprang less from hatred of bloodshed or of expense, real as was her hatred of both, than from the fact that peace left the field open to the diplomatic manœuvres and intrigues in which she excelled. It was her delight in the realization of her ingenuity which broke out in a thousand freaks, freaks in which one can see hardly any purpose. She revelled in "bye-ways" and "crooked ways". She played with grave Cabinets as a cat plays with a mouse, and with much of the same cat-like delight in the embarrassment of her victims. When she was weary of puzzling foreign statesmen she turned to find fresh sport in puzzling her own ministers. Had Elizabeth written the story of her reign, she would have prided herself, not on the triumph of England or the ruin of Spain, but on the skill with which she had hoodwinked and outwitted every statesman in Europe in fifty years of reign. Nor was her trickery without political value. Ignoble, wearisome as the Queen's diplomacy seems to us now, tracing it as we do through a thousand despatches, it succeeded in its main end. It gained time, and every year that was gained doubled Elizabeth's strength. Nothing is more revolting in the Queen, but nothing is more characteristic, than her

shameless lying. It was an age of political lying, but in the profusion of her lies Elizabeth stood without an equal in Christendom. A falsehood was to her simply an intellectual means of meeting a difficulty; and the ease with which she asserted or denied whatever suited her purpose was only equalled by the indifference with which she met the exposure of her lies as soon as their purpose was answered.

## 75 \*

Write a *précis* of the following passage, reducing it about one-quarter of its length.

THE religious sect called Hill-men or Cameronians, was at that time noted for austerity and devotion, in imitation of Cameron their founder, of whose beliefs Old Mortality became a most strenuous supporter. He made frequent journeys into Galloway to attend their meetings and occasionally carried with him gravestones from his quarry, to keep in remembrance the righteous whose dust had been gathered to their fathers. Old Mortality was not one of those religious devotees, who, although one eye is seemingly turned towards heaven, keep the other fixed on some earthly object. As his enthusiasm increased, his journeys into Galloway became more frequent; and he gradually neglected even the common duty of providing for his offspring. From about the year 1758, he neglected wholly to return from Galloway to his wife and five children, which induced her to send her eldest son Walter, then only twelve years of age, in search of his father. After traversing nearly the whole of an extensive district, he found him at last working on the Cameronian monuments in an old Kirkyard on the west

\* The Chartered Institute of Secretaries: Preliminary Examination.

side of the Dee opposite the town of Kirkcudbright. The little wanderer used all the influence in his power to induce his father to return to his family; but in vain. The mother sent even some of her female children into Galloway in search of their father for the same purpose of persuading him to return home; but without any success. At last, in the summer of 1768, she removed to a little upland village, where, upon the small pittance derived from keeping a little school, she supported her numerous family in a respectable manner. There is a small monumental stone in a farm in Wigtonshire which is highly venerated as being the first erected by Old Mortality, to the memory of several persons who fell at that place in defence of their religious beliefs in the civil war, in the reign of Charles the Second. From this spot the labours of Old Mortality, in the course of time, spread over nearly all the Lowlands of Scotland. There are few churchyards in Ayrshire, Galloway or Dumfriesshire, where the work of his chisel is not to be seen. It is easily distinguished from the work of any other artist by the primitive rudeness of the emblems of death and of the inscriptions which adorn the ill-formed blocks of his erection. This task of repairing and erecting gravestones, practised without fee or reward, was the only ostensible employment of this singular person for upwards of forty years.

## 76 \*

Write a *précis*, of not more than 100 words, of the following passage.

THE docks of London are worthy of the oldest river port in the world, the port of the town with a population

\* Union of Lancashire and Cheshire Institutes, General Commercial and Clerical Courses: First Year Examination.



greater than that of some commonwealths. The growth of London as a well-equipped port has been slow, but not unworthy of a great centre of distribution. It must not be forgotten that London has not the backing of great industrial districts or great fields of natural exploitation. In this it differs from Liverpool, from Cardiff, from Newcastle, from Glasgow; and therein the Thames differs from the Mersey, from the Tyne, from the Clyde. It is an historical river; it is a romantic stream flowing through the centre of great affairs, and for all the criticism of the river's administration, my contention is that its development has been worthy of its dignity. For a long time the stream itself could accommodate quite easily the oversea and coasting traffic: when the trade had grown too big for the river there came the St. Katherine's Docks and the London Docks, magnificent undertakings answering to the need of their time, and forerunners of others equally magnificent. Nor can an absence of picturesqueness be laid to the charge of the docks opening into the Thames; each dock or group of docks has its own individual attractiveness. Beginning with the cosy little St. Katherine's Dock, lying overshadowed and black like a quiet pool amongst rocky crags, through the venerable and sympathetic London Docks, with not a single line of rails in the whole of their area and the aroma of spices lingering between its warehouses, with their far-famed wine-cellar—down through the interesting group of West India Docks, the fine docks at Blackwall, on past the Galleons Reach entrance of the Victoria and Albert Docks, right down to the vast gloom of the great basins in Tilbury, each of those places of harbourage for ships has its own peculiar physiognomy, its own expression. And what makes them unique and attractive is their common trait of being romantic in their usefulness. The labour of this imperial waterway goes on from generation

to generation, goes on day and night. Nothing ever arrests its sleepless industry but the coming of a heavy fog, which clothes the teeming stream in a mantle of impenetrable stillness

77 \*

Write a *précis*, of not more than 100 words, of the following passage.

ADVERTISEMENTS are only offensive when out of place. Newspapers, railway stations, and urban hoardings are their proper habitat, and any advertiser who strays outside the generous accommodation so provided risks the displeasure of the more enlightened public. Roadside placards or other unacceptable displays certainly produce a very definite reaction against the goods it is sought to popularize, an established psychological phenomenon that the old-fashioned advertiser seems not yet to have discovered. The more progressive tyre and petrol firms have realized this and have withdrawn all their advertisements throughout the country, to its very great gain and their own profit. The way in which many of our larger towns have allowed their approaches to be devastated by advertising is truly surprising. Some of them devote large sums of money to the maintenance of civic dignity at their centres, but leave their boundaries to be as tatterdemalion and slattern as they please. London itself is particularly dishonoured by the vulgar babel along the Bath road almost to Maidenhead. Shrewsbury, in many ways well-mannered, falls sadly from grace on the road out towards Wales, along which hotels and garages clamour for one's notice. In fact, there seems to be no road immune from this vulgar affront. Not only is

\* Union of Lancashire and Cheshire Institutes, General Commercial and Clerical Courses: First Year Examination.

it in bad taste, it is also bad business, if we may judge by the considerable resentment expressed by those for whom the advertisements were intended, the travelling public. Garages and hotels might easily arrange to adopt appropriate, well-designed, and standardized signs or symbols for roadside display. The form and colour of the conventional sign would at once proclaim what was being offered; the name would appear in good clear lettering on a tablet; the quality and standing of the establishment might be impartially proclaimed by an appropriate number of stars, as in guide-books. So might expense be reduced, and offence removed.

## 78 \*

Write a *précis*, of not more than 90 words, of the following speech in the House of Commons on the Export Trade. Introduce your *précis* with the words —“ Mr. Stanley, President of The Board of Trade, in the Debate on our Export Trade, stated that . . .”

The actual word length of your *précis*, exclusive of these introductory words, which are not to be counted in the 90 words, is to be stated at the end of your *précis*.

“EXPORT licences are necessary restrictions. Certain articles and raw materials are so urgently needed for purposes of national defence that we cannot afford to export them in large quantities, and limitations must be imposed. Without export licences, how can we prevent exports from this country reaching the enemy and so helping them in their war effort?

At the beginning of the scheme, I admit, there was serious delay, but the department has adapted itself to

\* Union of Lancashire and Cheshire Institutes, General Commercial and Clerical Courses: First Year Examination.

an entirely new job with great skill. In the week ended December 2 the department received just over 1,300 applications and issued just under 1,200 licences.

I do not think anyone is going to challenge the idea that with reference to a number of raw materials there must be some form of control. It would be quite an impossible situation if you had the Government and industry struggling for a limited supply of raw materials which they both require.

It is agreed that for a large variety of exports markets are not the difficulty. They are increasing. The difficulty is more likely to be one of supply.

The Government wants to do everything they can to remove obstacles in the way of exports, but they can do that only if, in return, the manufacturers are prepared to give up some of the safe Government or home orders in order to share in the risk of the export trade.

The various departments have all the powers necessary to make the kind of bargain needed with any neutral country, but the real problem is to see that these powers are collated. This function is assigned to a sub-committee of the Economic Policy Committee. Should the Prime Minister decide to appoint a Minister to co-ordinate economic efforts, he will not be in substitution for the system of committees now set up, but in addition to them.

I believe that the export trade to-day is a great deal better than is generally believed, but that does not relieve us of the necessity of trying to maintain and increase it."

Read this passage carefully and answer the questions which follow.

"No, no; he found it. Its owner is unknown. I beg that you will look upon it, not as a battered billy-cock, but as an 'intellectual problem'. And, first, as to how it came here. It arrived upon Christmas Day, in company with a good fat goose, which is, I have no doubt, roasting at this moment in front of Peterson's fire. The facts are these. About four o'clock on Christmas morning. Peterson, who, as you know is a very honest fellow, was returning from some small jollification, and was making his way homewards down Tottenham Court Road. In front of him he saw, in the gaslight, a tallish man, walking with a slight stagger, and carrying a white goose slung over his shoulder. As he reached the corner of Goodge Street, a row broke out between this stranger and a little knot of roughs. One of the latter knocked off the man's hat, on which he raised his stick to defend himself, and, swinging it over his head, smashed the shop window behind him. Peterson had rushed forward to protect the stranger from his assailants, but the man, shocked at having broken the window, and seeing an official-looking person in uniform rushing towards him, dropped his goose, took to his heels, and vanished amid the labyrinth of small streets which lie at the back of Tottenham Court Road. The roughs had also fled at the appearance of Peterson, so that he was left in possession of the field of battle, and also of the spoils of victory in the shape of this battered hat and a most unimpeachable goose."

"Which surely he returned to the owner?"

"My dear fellow, there lies the problem. It is true

\* Union of Educational Institutions: S1 Examination.

that 'For Mrs. Henry Baker' was printed upon a small card which was tied to the bird's left leg, and it is also true that the initials 'H.B.' are legible upon the lining of the hat; but, as there are some thousands of Bakers, and some hundreds of Henry Bakers, in this city of ours, it is not easy to restore lost property to any one of them."

(a) Write down a suitable title for this passage.

(b) Summarize in not more than 60 words what Peterson saw. Begin with the words, "Peterson saw before him . . .".

## 80 \*

Read this passage carefully and answer the questions which follow.

THE great ship was escorted into quarantine by a cloud of aeroplanes and a shoal of smaller craft. The noise, already deafening, gave a mild foretaste of the bedlam to come. We seemed hardly sharing the element with the trim yachts pitching and tossing far below our steady tranquil decks. The sun shone and the ship's gay flags flew bravely in the pleasant breeze. The yellow-winged army and coastguard aeroplanes skimmed level with the lower decks, then soared, banking steeply, just forward of the foremast, hung for a moment above, then shot away in the middle distance, soon to repeat the manœuvre. From a tug alongside us a commentator, with eyes popping out and frantically moving lips, broadcast to the millions a whale's-eye view of the arrival in American waters of civilization's newest toy. The sirens of the craft following feebly but hospitably competed with the aeroplane's pervasive roaring.

The Battery was thronged with a mass of humanity too densely packed to be able to see what was coming.

\* Union of Education Institutions: S I Examination.

Off it a fireboat saluted with gracefully leaping jets from her hoses which for a moment blotted out the Battery with a fan-shaped screen of white spray. As we drew level pandemonium broke loose as if the world had gone mad, and we seemed doomed to follow it if the din had persisted. Sirens, whistles, bells, aeroplane engines let fly a tornado of noise through which we were intermittently conscious of cheering from innumerable voices. All the available roof-space on the sky-scrapers showed a solid rampart of spectators, and the dockside all the way up the river was no less thickly crowded. From Broadway office windows a gentle blizzard of torn paper appeared in the great canyons between the buildings, bursting on the hot summer air as suddenly and decoratively as a flight of pigeons. Real pigeons swept hither and thither in panic-stricken flocks. . . .

At the quarantine station the Chairman of Messrs. John Brown and Co. stated that they were completely satisfied with the *Queen Mary's* performance and were confident that she could meet any claims made on her.

- (a) Write down a suitable title for this passage.
- (b) Give in your own words the substance of paragraph two.

## 81 \*

Read carefully the passage below and then answer the questions which follow.

"AFTER the war we shall not be satisfied, thinks the B.B.C.'s Chief Announcer, with only two nation-wide broadcast programmes, and he hopes another wavelength may be made available for a third contrasting programme. Furthermore, he puts in a plea for the setting

\* Union of Educational Institutions: S1 Examination.

aside of one wave-length for educational purposes, also with a nation-wide radius.

" We do not know how far his suggestions are based on new technical possibilities that may have come about as a result of scientific progress during the war. Nor can any idea be formed at present of the post-war allocation of wave-lengths in Europe. If, however, national broadcasts are confined to the long and medium wave-lengths, as in the past, the competition for channels, both between different countries and between different programmes in this country, certainly will not be less than before the war.

" A question that will occur to many listeners is where room can be found for the regional programmes we all hope to hear re-established and developed when peace comes. Technical limitations in the early days gave us the ' regionals '. Those limitations grew less in time, but regional sentiments had struck roots, and other parts of the country were not content to take their programmes from London. Broadcasting House has shown sympathy with regional aspirations. The Chief Announcer says that a third national programme would go far towards solving many of our programme difficulties; no doubt, but the convenience of programme-builders would be purchased at too high a price if it led to a further cramping of regional activities.

" The B.B.C., in common with older and more august institutions, has to reckon with the stubborn local patriotisms of these islands and the healthy distaste of all sections of the community for standardization on a metropolitan model."

(a) Who are " we " and " he ", and what is the main point made by each?

(b) Write out in your own words the full and exact meaning of the final sentence of the passage.



Read the following passage carefully and then write a summary in your own words. You should not use more than 160 words; at the end of your summary state the number of words used.

THE importance and influence of a nation in world affairs is explained as being dependent on two factors; the position of the country in which the people live and the climate.

Since the world consists of certain large and, on the whole, well defined continents or land masses, it is clear that, as the need for trade grows ever greater, those parts of the continents through which the main trade routes pass acquire an importance which is often in direct contrast to their size. Consider, for example, the British Isles. Five hundred years ago our islands were the remote outposts of Europe, situated away from the main trade routes and not sufficiently large or important to attract many merchants from overseas. The Englishmen were the receivers at second hand of civilization and culture from the more favoured, the more centrally situated nations and cities of the Mediterranean. The discovery of America changed the situation almost immediately and, in spite of their apparent slowness, no one was quicker to recognize this than the inhabitants of these islands. At first they realized the possibilities of plundering the trade which began to flow, but soon that trade began to be diverted to their own islands.

As time went on, the English began to take an interest in other continents and the next step which they took was to acquire for themselves a dominant interest in as

\* Northern Counties Technical Examinations Council: Commercial S1 Examination.

many of the "bottle-necks" of the world as possible. The Straits of Dover, Gibraltar, the Suez Canal, the Persian Gulf, Singapore, and several other "half-way houses" and stopping places for travellers came under British influence. The coming of the age of coal and iron served only to strengthen the position of the empire. The volume of trade was increased and the flow was speeded, but the routes were unchanged. It mattered little whether ships travelled at five or at twenty-five knots; the bottle-necks, or if the metaphor be preferred, the turnpike gates of the world remained the same.

From this there arises the interesting question whether the advent of large and powerful aeroplanes carrying merchandise will affect the situation. That such aeroplanes, capable of transporting serviceable loads of merchandise at great heights and at great speeds, will become part of the regular mechanism of trade seems fairly certain. If they do, which routes will they choose and what will be the position of the British Isles with regard to these routes? It is interesting in this connexion to note that while the sea route from Leningrad to New York passes close to our islands, the shortest air route is by way of the frozen North. Ice and snow, seas and mountain ranges will not affect the strato-planes. Stopping places or refuelling bases will be determined by the range and power of the machines and not by geographical features.

### 83 \*

Read the following passage and then write a summary in about 150 words. State the number of words used at the end of the summary. The passage is part of a speech made in the House of Commons.

\* Northern Counties Technical Examinations Council: Commercial S1 Examination.

MRS. CAZALET KEIR (Islington, East): I should like to congratulate the hon. Lady (Dr. Summerskill) on her interesting and lucid speech. She always knows what she means to say and always says it well. I, like her, am very glad indeed of the opportunity that this Debate gives us of speaking about a few of those subjects which concern my sex. It is true that the war has made undreamed-of demands on women in almost every sphere of life, and it is equally true that they have not failed to meet those demands in the factories, in the fields, in the Services, and in the home. There is no doubt that as a result of the war women will have developed a keenness and a real capacity to take part in the adventures of reconstruction. This will not only apply to those women who remain in employment, but also, I feel sure, to those who return to their homes. The home is a question that seems to be worrying the minds of a good many people. They are afraid that women's wartime emancipation and economic freedom will have an adverse effect on the homes of the future. Let me say one effect it will have. They will never again tolerate the bad housing conditions of the past, because they know that good houses make good homes, and good homes are the foundation of good citizenship. It is also important to remember that improvement in housing is just as essential for men as for women, because with bad housing the most progressive woman becomes a slave and a drudge, and that makes it impossible for her to be a real companion to her husband inside or outside the home. Also, of course, bad homes fail to give children the proper start that they should have in life.

There can be no argument about the fact that the home is woman's most specialized sphere—we would not have it otherwise—but surely the right and the modern conception of the home is that it should always be the centre,

but never the boundary, of a woman's life. After the war the vast majority of women who return home will want to spend some of their time on citizenship. They will want to go into different forms of local government and serve on social service committees, which directly affect them and their children. I hope very much that many of the new services which have been started in the war, such as British Restaurants and school meals and the big increase in nursery schools, will all continue into the peace, because all these things are not only excellent in themselves, but they release the housewife and the mother for a certain amount of public service and leisure. In addition to working in the home and performing some public service, there must be some leisure for the housewife. Women are opposed to over-organization of leisure, because they believe that most people have it within themselves to create for a part of the day an environment in which the inner life can flourish and where recreation is really re-creation and not just some form of escapism. If the war has taught us one thing, it is this: that spiritual values and human freedom must be safeguarded at all costs.

## 84 \*

Read the following passage carefully, and then write a summary in your own words. You should use not more than 120 words. At the end of your summary state the number of words used.

HITHERTO, men have always gone to the animal and vegetable worlds for their clothes, their blankets, and their curtains. In 1939, however, a new substance was made from the mineral coal, combined with air and

\* Northern Counties Technical Examinations Council: Commercial S1 Examination.

water. Whatever else may be said about this substance, nylon, it certainly is not expensive to obtain the raw materials. There is, naturally, some expense in changing these raw materials into the finished product. From the coal is extracted a rather unpleasant substance called phenol; from the air is produced oxygen; and the other necessity, ammonia, is obtained by combining the nitrogen of the air with the hydrogen from the water. These three things, cleverly combined, produce the new substance.

In modern life, one of the most important problems about dress material and household fabrics is how to reduce all possible risks of fire, and here again nylon is extremely useful. It melts, but it is not inflammable. If your wardrobe catches fire, any clothes made of nylon will melt—but that is all. Should you be unfortunate enough to fall into a river, or into the sea, you need not fear that your clothes will be spoilt, if they are made of nylon. They will stand far more soaking than clothes made from ordinary fabrics, and they will stand far more rubbing and rough wear. One further interesting quality about nylon is that insects of all kinds dislike it.

Nobody knows what mankind will next do with nylon. Every day new processes are patented, new uses discovered. From America comes the news that nylon can now be “crimped” to resemble wool, and that the curls thus produced are firm and strong. Thus one and the same artificial product is rivalling at once the silkworm and the sheep for textiles, and the pig for toothbrush bristles, and this product is less than a year old.

## 85 \*

Make a careful summary of the following passage in about 120 to 125 words. Use words and phrases of

\* University of Durham School Certificate Examination.

your own rather than those used in the original.  
State the number of words you use.

THE lack of public interest in typography\* is really astonishing. It is an art with which every one of us is in daily contact, even if it is only in reading the newspapers or an income-tax form, and yet very few of us are even conscious that it is an art. There is, of course, a fairly large public that expects print to be legible, but they do not go beyond that. Legibility is, of course, the "sine qua non" † of a good type. It should go without saying. It is as elementary and vital a consideration as that the wheels of a car should be round or that a house should have a door.

But in order that a type should be "fit for its purpose and pleasant in use" it must be more than easy to read: it must be agreeable to read. It must not merely, in a negative way, avoid strain on our eyes; it must also, in a positive way, give them pleasure. This visual pleasure results from a number of things harmoniously combined, such things as the actual form of the letters, the spacing of lines and words, the relationship of printed area to margins, the colour and texture of the paper and its relation to the colour and quality of the ink, the interrelation of various types of capitals and lower-case letters, or romans and italics, of bold, light and normal types, and so on and so on. It is a very complex and very subtle affair, this rhythm of the well-printed page. And yet how often even the intelligent reader is contented merely to recognize a book as well or badly "got up" without any attempt to analyse and savour the exact art of typography.

It is this subtlety of difference between one type and another, this difficulty to the casual reader of quickly

\* printing.

† essential quality.

recognizing any particular type, as they quickly recognize Gothic in architecture or Chippendale in furniture, and this fine distinction, often a matter of millimetres, between a well-balanced and badly-balanced page, that prevent typography from being a "popular" art. Its appreciation calls for too precise and sensitive observation of form, quality and texture. It is, in fact, too "quiet" an art to be heard among the drums and trumpets of those arts where a revolutionary form is expected and justified.

## 86 \*

Summarize, in 110 to 120 of your own words, the main thought of the following passage. State the number of words you use.

THE greatest danger confronting British agriculture in the near future is not that nothing will be done, but that the wrong thing will be done. Deplorable as would be a reversion to the former policy of indifference, a policy of industrialization might, in the long run, be worse.

The industrialization of agriculture is open to some serious objections. The chief objection is that farming is not an industry and never can be. An industrial system depends for its success on the standardization of techniques, materials, working conditions and products. It can mechanize up to the hilt because it is itself a mechanism.

But nothing in farming can be standardized. It is true that certain loose formulæ have been worked out for such things as feeding, sowing and so on. But these are only guides, and if they are applied rigidly they will produce not efficiency but inefficiency; for every plant, every animal, every acre of soil, is alive, and being alive has its

\* University of Durham School Certificate Examination.

own individuality. Nor can the weather be standardized; what may be right one day may be wrong the next.

Farming, in short, though it is perforce also a business, is primarily an art—the art of constantly adapting methods to infinitely variable circumstances. It is therefore essentially a personal undertaking. Nor is it owing to backwardness that the average size of farms in this country, where both soils and climates are exceptionally diverse, is well under a hundred acres. We have had, it is true, and still have, some quite successful large farms; but these have nearly always owed their success to the outstanding ability of an individual farmer, or farming family.

Moreover, it is pertinent to inquire just how the factory-farm is to achieve its greater “efficiency”. Machinery and organization can in themselves do nothing to raise the fertility of the soil, though they may for a time increase the pace at which that fertility is converted into produce—by no means a desirable thing unless it is accompanied by sound husbandry.

## 87 \*

Summarize the following passage in 125 to 135 words, using phrases of your own as far as possible rather than phrases taken from the passage itself.

State the number of words you use.

As to appearance. The main material used for the pre-fabricated house is wood, treated in various ways. “Cemesto board” is one material used a great deal for the exterior. The walls are about two inches thick—just enough to support the roof and provide insulation. They are very strong and have a low heat conductivity; they are thin and therefore less expensive. Windows of all

\* University of Durham School Certificate Examination.



shapes can be prefabricated, and some of these houses are "demountable" and can be moved about. These cost no more than the other prefabricated ones. The shape of the prefabricated house should remain an individual matter, since walls, floor, ceiling can be purchased by measure. That is, as individual as anything can be within the compass of the ready-made. For the purpose of producing easily manufactured, easily set-up post-war houses in great number, prefabrication clearly seems to be the answer. The houses have all interior comforts and can be heated or cooled at little cost.

The main criticism of the appearance of these mass-produced houses is that "they will all look alike". But so do the houses of famous architectural terraces, the "gems" of the connoisseur. Repetition is no barrier to good appearance, provided it is discreetly handled and tempered by variety of styles to suit various sites. Quality and quantity can be allies in the speedy service of great social need.

Next, durability. The peace-time prefabricated houses were built to last a lifetime. The special war-time ones are built to last five to ten years. The industry can fix the lifetime of its products. The prefabrication *idea* is a good one and has a great future if it can guarantee low cost combined with good architectural design and durability.

## 88 \*

Write a summary of the following passage in about 100 words—one-third of the original. At the head of your version give a title to it. At the end of it state how many words you have used.

THE scene of the defeat of the Spanish Armada was in the English Channel, a few miles off Dunkirk. The

\* Royal Society of Arts Examinations: S2—Intermediate.

English fireships had scattered half of the Spanish fleet. On the remaining and stronger half Drake dashed as the falcon swoops upon its prey. A chance had fallen to him not merely of carrying prizes into English ports, nor of capturing a banner to be hung in Westminster Abbey, but so to handle the Armada that it should never be seen again in English waters, and deal such a blow at Philip that the Spanish Empire should reel with it. The English ships had a superiority over the galleons that steamers now have over sailing ships, with faster speed and greater power of manœuvre. Sweeping round at short length, yet never giving them an opportunity to grapple, they hurled in their shot. The hours went on, and still the battle raged, if battle it could be called where the blows were all dealt from one side and the suffering was all on the other. Never did the Spaniards show themselves worthier of their great name than on that day. But from the first they could do nothing. It was said afterwards that the Duke of Medina Sidonia showed the white feather, and charged his pilot to keep him out of harm's way. The Duke had faults, but cowardice was not one. As for being out of harm's way, the standard at the mast-head of the flagship drew the hottest of the fire upon him. Her deck was a slaughter-house; half the crew were killed or wounded; and no more would have been heard or seen of the *San Martin* or her commander had not two other Spanish ships pushed in to the rescue and enabled him to creep away under their cover.

## 89 \*

Write a summary of the following passage in about 100 words—one-third of the original. Give a title to

\* Royal Society of Arts Examinations: S2—Intermediate.

the summary, and at the end state how many words you have used.

MOST of us, if we were asked the occasion on which passengers or goods were first transported over rails, would probably say that this happened when the first steam railway was opened. That was in 1830. Our idea has been formed by our having seen an often reproduced picture of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway: 'that delightful drawing, with its first and second class coaches, and its conductor—or guard as one would call him to-day—perched precariously on the roof of the leading carriage. As a matter of fact, we should be wrong. It is indeed true that 1830 was the date of the beginning of passenger transport by steam. Before that, however, rails had been used, though not for steam-driven vehicles, both for goods and passengers. As regards goods, a manuscript far back in the reign of Elizabeth employs the word "rails" in connection with a track used for transport in the mining industry. As regards passengers, in 1807—that is to say nearly a quarter of a century before the formal opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, to which reference has been made—a private contractor—one Mr. Benjamin French—provided a passenger railway, with waggons drawn by horses, which ran round the curve of Swansea Bay. The waggon was described as consisting of a very long carriage, supported on four low iron wheels, carrying sixteen persons exclusive of the driver, drawn by one horse, and rolling "over an iron railroad at the rate of five miles an hour". March 27th, 1807, was the date on which this conveyance of passengers by rail first began in England, and probably in the world.

Write a summary of the following passage in about 100 words—one-third of the original. Give a title to the summary, and at the end of your version state how many words you have used.

ALTHOUGH it was to the enrichment and glory of the Spanish empire that Christopher Columbus was to discover the New World, he was not a Spaniard, but an Italian from Genoa. It may seem strange that this sailor of broad vision found no encouragement in his own country, but we must remember that, while Italy was then a great maritime nation, yet her interests were in the development of trade to the east by eastern routes, and the idea of western travel did not accord with this policy. So it was that Columbus went to Spain where he received a sympathetic hearing from Queen Isabella, and after many vicissitudes obtained the help that enabled him to prepare his expedition. Ships and provisions had to be bought; men to be engaged.

At last Columbus set sail from the port of Palos. Day after day his small ship—the flag-ship of his fleet: the *Santa Maria*—travelled westwardly across what must have seemed to the sailors a limitless expanse of water. At one stage the men came to the verge of mutiny. Under the inducement of promises they were prevailed on to continue the voyage, and one day evidence of land was forthcoming in the form of tree branches and seaweed floating in the sea, and shore birds flying in the air.

The aim of the adventurer had been to find a way to the wealth of the Indies by westward travel. He had no idea that first a vast continent—America—and then a

vast ocean--the Pacific--lay westwards between Europe and Asia. When therefore his course led him to land, he imagined this was indeed the Indies that he had sought, and consequently he named the natives there Indians. The land on which he set foot we now know as the Island of San Salvador.

91 \*

Write a *précis* of the following passage.

It may seem a paradox, but I cannot help being of opinion that the plays of Shakespeare are less calculated for performance on a stage than those of almost any other dramatist whatever. Their distinguished excellence is a reason that they should be so. There is so much in them, which comes not under the province of acting, with which eye, and tone, and gesture, have nothing to do. The glory of scenic art is to personate passion, and the turns of passion; and the more coarse and palpable it is, the more hold upon the eyes and ears of the spectators of the performer obviously possesses. For this reason, scolding scenes where two persons talk themselves into a fit of fury, and then in a surprising manner talk themselves out of it again, have always been the most popular upon our stage. And the reason is plain, because the spectators are here most palpably appealed to. They are the proper judges in this war of words, they are the legitimate ring that should be formed round such "intellectual prize-fighters". Talking is the direct object of the imitation here. But in the best dramas, and in Shakespeare above all, how obvious it is, that the form

\* The Chartered Institute of Secretaries: Intermediate Examination.

of speaking, whether it be in soliloquy or dialogue, is only a medium, and often a highly artificial one, for putting the reader or spectator into possession of that knowledge of inner structure and workings of mind in a character, which he could otherwise never have arrived at in that form of composition by any gift short of intuition. The character of Hamlet is perhaps that by which, since the days of Betterton, a succession of popular performers have had the greatest ambition to distinguish themselves. The length of the part may be one of their reasons. But for the character itself, we find it in a play, and therefore we judge it a fit subject of dramatic representation. The play itself abounds in maxims and reflections beyond any other, and therefore we consider it as a proper vehicle for conveying moral instruction. But Hamlet himself—what does he suffer meanwhile, by being dragged forth as a public schoolmaster, to give lectures to the crowd! Why, nine parts in ten of what Hamlet does, are transactions between himself and his moral sense, they are the effusions of his solitary musings, which he retires to holes and corners and the most sequestered parts of the palace to pour forth; or rather they are the silent meditations with which his bosom is bursting, reduced to words for the sake of the reader, who must else remain ignorant of what is passing there. These profound sorrows, these light-and-noise-abhorring ruminations, which the tongue scarce dares to utter to deaf walls and chambers, how can they be represented by a gesticulating actor, who comes and mouths them out before an audience, making four hundred people his confidants at once? I say not that it is the fault of the actor so to do; he must pronounce them “ore rotundo”, he must accompany them with his eye, he must insinuate them into his auditory by some trick of eye, tone or gesture, or he fails. He must be thinking all the while of his

appearance, because he knows that all the while the spectators are judging of it. And this is the way to represent the shy, negligent, retiring Hamlet.

92 \*

Write a précis of the following passage.

It is an inherent condition of human affairs, that no intention however sincere, of protecting the interests of others, can make it safe or salutary to tie up their own hands. Still more obviously true is it, that by their own hands only can any positive and durable improvement of their circumstances in life be worked out. Through the joint influence of these two principles, all free communities have both been more exempt from social injustice and crime, and have attained more brilliant prosperity, than any others, or than they themselves after they lost their freedom. Contrast the free states of the world, while their freedom lasted, with the contemporary subjects of monarchical or oligarchical despotism: the Greek cities with the Persian satrapies; the Italian republics, and the free towns of Flanders and Germany, with the feudal monarchies of Europe; Switzerland, Holland and England, with Austria and ante-revolutionary France. Their superior prosperity was too obvious ever to have been gainsaid: while their superiority in good government and social relations, is proved by the prosperity, and is manifest in every page of history. If we compare, not one age with another, but the different governments which co-existed in the same age, no amount of disorder which exaggeration itself can pretend to have existed amidst the

\* The Chartered Institute of Secretaries: Intermediate Examination.

publicity of the free states, can be compared for a moment with the contemptuous trampling upon the mass of the people which pervaded the whole life of the monarchical countries, or the disgusting individual tyranny which was of more than daily occurrence under the systems of plunder which they called fiscal arrangements, and in the secrecy of their frightful courts of justice.

It must be acknowledged that the benefits of freedom, so far as they have hitherto been enjoyed, were obtained by the extension of its privileges to a part only of the community; and that a government in which they are extended impartially to all is a desideratum still unrealized. But though every approach to this has an independent value, and in many cases more than an approach could not, in the existing state of general improvement, be made, the participation of all in these benefits is the ideally perfect conception of free government. In proportion as any, no matter who, are excluded from it, the interests of the excluded are left without the guarantee accorded to the rest, and they themselves have less scope and encouragement than they might otherwise have to that exertion of their energies for the good of themselves and of the community to which the general prosperity is always proportioned.

JOHN STUART MILL.

### 93 \*

Write in your own continuous prose, and in indirect speech, a summary of the following passage. Not more than 185 words should be used. Précis exceeding this length are liable to be penalized.

\* Institute of Bankers: Associate Examination.



The précis should be given an appropriate heading. The words of the heading will not be counted.

THE natives also trusted Rhodes completely, and from first to last he exercised a strong personal influence over them, whether they were soft Cape Hottentots or the war-loving Matabele of the north. He had a natural and unfeigned sympathy with their point of view and always championed their interests when they were threatened. He was once questioned by the coloured community as to the real meaning of his favourite slogan of "equal rights for every civilized man south of the Zambezi". His reply, scribbled on a scrap of newspaper, was unhesitating and unambiguous. "What is a civilized man? A man, whether white or black, who has sufficient education to write his name, has some property, or works; in fact, is not a loafer."

With loafers of any colour or description Rhodes had no patience. He even went so far as to provide in his Will that no male descendant of his own family should be qualified to inherit his English estate unless he should have spent, or being under age would agree to spend, at least ten years in the active pursuit of some useful profession or business—the Army not being allowed to count for this purpose as work! Rhodes always hated fighting and disliked military officers. That he should be held responsible, even in the remotest degree, for the tragic war (the South African War) which broke out five years after he had resigned office is one of the ironies of modern history.

It has sometimes been suggested that Rhodes was somewhat lacking in physical courage. That he shrank from physical violence is certain. He never hunted big game. Once, and once only, when on trek he shot a zebra and immediately hated himself for having done it. Of

lions he was quite frankly afraid, and more than once took to his heels to avoid an encounter. But beside this simple timidity must be set such incidents as his famous meeting with the Matabele chieftains in the Matopo Hills. The war against these descendants of the Zulus had been protracted, and he was sick of it. So—in spite of the opposition of General Carrington, commanding the British force—he arranged to go with a small party of seven to meet the chiefs in the hills four miles from the British camp. Both sides were to be unarmed. He arrived safely at the appointed place, and found the men he sought waiting for him, but the next moment his party was surrounded by several hundred natives fully armed with guns and assegais. His chief companion, Colenbrander, shouted, “Keep on your horses”—contemplating perhaps some desperate deed of valour with a forlorn hope of escape. The party obeyed him, all except Rhodes, who jumped off his horse and ran straight towards the chiefs and their advancing ring of spears, upbraiding them in their own tongue (of which, by the way, he was no master) for their breach of faith, and saying that he would speak no word to them as long as one man had a gun in his hand. In three minutes the guns had disappeared, and in three hours the essentials of peace were agreed upon. Evidently, if he lacked physical courage he possessed a substitute for it good enough to deceive a great fighting race. Probably if he had been asked about the matter he would have said: “I understand Matabeles; I do not understand lions.”

CLIFFORD SHARPE.

(From an essay on Cecil Rhodes in  
*The Great Victorians.*)

Write in your own continuous prose, and in indirect speech, a summary of the following passage. Not more than 175 words should be used. Précis exceeding this length are liable to be penalized.

The précis should be given a heading under which it might be filed. The words of the heading will not be counted.

“ I HAVE spoken of the origin and meaning of United Nations Day. I wish to add a few words in reference to what we in South Africa and our African continent owe to the United Nations. That debt will remind us of what United Nations Day means for us in particular. To-day, after more than three years of war on this continent and of most harassing ups and downs, in the course of which our continent has been freed of the enemy, the tide of war has been rolled back to another continent. This, therefore, is not only a day of remembrance but of deep gratitude for us. We have been blessed above all other continents of the old world. Two great aggressor Powers have done their worst against Africa and been eliminated from it, bag and baggage, and, we trust, for good.

“ For us this is also a day of rejoicing, of thanksgiving for a great and saving mercy. But let us also remember that this deliverance was, under Providence, the work of the United Nations. Those South Africans who have queer notions of isolation and neutrality should ponder that fact. Alone we would have been lost in the storm which was bound to cover the whole world, Africa included. Neither South Africa nor all Africans could have saved us in that mortal storm. We did our share, and history will record it to our honour that we saw the

light and followed it. But final victory was not our work alone, but that of many of the United Nations. The brunt was borne by British and American forces by land, sea, and air. And besides we had the support not only of other African forces, but of Indians, Fighting French, Greeks, and Poles. It was the united heroism of the many United Nations that led to victory. And it is the united efforts of all of them that will lead to the final victory which will end this war on all continents.

“Our freedom and security from aggression on this continent is the gift of the United Nations to us, and that gift calls to us to fight with all our might by their sides until all of them enjoy the same freedom from aggression as ourselves. In gratitude we pledge ourselves to-day to do so to the very end.”

FIELD MARSHAL J. C. SMUTS.

(From a speech at Pretoria on  
United Nations Day.)

## 95 \*

Write in your own continuous prose, and in indirect speech, a summary of the following letter. Not more than 185 words should be used. Précis exceeding this length are liable to be penalized.

The précis should be given a heading under which it might be filed. The words of the heading will not be counted.

### TO THE EDITOR OF “THE TIMES”

SIR,—The crowds that assemble in Trafalgar Square may read on the base of Havelock’s statue these words:—  
“Soldiers, your labour, your privations, your sufferings, and your valour will not be forgotten by a grateful

\* Institute of Bankers: Associate Examination.

country." The soldiers whom Havelock addressed came home, those of them who did, to find that a red coat excluded them from admission to a theatre. Thousands of them were paid off from the Army to beg in the streets. The soldiers of a later generation, after being acclaimed as heroes in their turn, were demobilized with a gratuity, and, when that was spent, too many of them found that their country, for two decades, had nothing better to offer them than the dole. The present war engrosses industry as well as the forces; all are wanted—some for the first time in their lives—and all are comfortably off. A corrosive cynicism pervades wide sections of the population as to the future which peace holds for them. Why make haste to win the war?

The grand ideals of an Atlantic Charter are not felt to relate themselves directly to the needs of the plain man; they do not come home to men's business and their bosoms. What the plain man seeks is the vision of a society which will offer to him a fitting place; to whose common purpose his efforts can make an understandable contribution, in which unemployment will have been replaced by worthwhile leisure. He is little stirred by a negative programme looking merely to the abolition of poverty or privilege; he is singularly free from jealousy; he can be moved to the marrow by the positive prospect of a life in which a man may possess his soul in an atmosphere of fair play, of human kindness, of manly independence. For this prospect he will grudge no sacrifice; it holds the magic which can convert the cynic into the crusader.

It is the substance of statesmanship to-day to design the framework of a society in which it may be hoped that these simple ideals may be realized; to show how the fruits of science can be garnered and the energies of nature harnessed for the service of mankind at large in

peace as in war. To labour at this task is not to turn aside from the prosecution of the war but to fashion the way by which alone the war can be won; since the war will not be won until it is seen that the peace will be worth having.

I am, &c.,

1-4 Great Tower Street, E.C.3.

ERIC MACFADYEN.

## 96 \*

Make a *précis* in about 160 words of the following passage. State the number of words used at the end of your answer.

So ingrained is the habit of seeking romance only in the past that most persons see nothing extraordinary in the motor industry. It has become one of the accepted facts of our economic life, just as the motor-car itself is an accepted fact of social and business life. Yet the motor industry has sprung in the space of a single generation from infinitesimal beginnings to the fourth place in the British economy. In the swiftness of its rise it exceeds even the prodigious growth of the railways towards the middle of the last century. Its rapid development has falsified in one material point that glowing picture penned by Macaulay in 1830: "If we were to prophesy, that in 1930 a population of fifty millions, better fed, clad, and lodged than the English of our time, will cover these islands . . . that there will be no highways but railroads, no travelling but by steam . . . many people would think us insane." He meant to imply that the horse would soon be driven off the highway, and to that extent his prophecy has been—to the regret of many—almost wholly

\* Northern Counties Technical Examinations Council: Commercial S2 Examination.

fulfilled. But even his daring imagination did not see that before 1930 the railways would themselves be threatened by a new and powerful competitor, and steam be rivalled by oil.

An idea of the swift progress of the motor industry is given annually by "The Times Motor Number", of which the latest was issued yesterday. The lesson is reinforced by the inauguration of the new laboratories of the Institution of Automobile Engineers. They are to be opened by Lord Rutherford, whose presence will be a reminder of the close connexion between scientific theory and practice. The Institution is one of several examples of partnership in research between the State and private industry, for the income of its Research and Standardization Committee is provided in part by subscriptions from firms, in part by a grant from the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research. Such subscriptions and grants are an investment which will bring an ample return both to the State and to the industry; and, it may be remarked, the £10,000 or so invested in research each year by the Institution is a minute fraction of the annual turnover of this great industry. There are abundant problems clamouring for solution, as every motorist knows, and the opening of these splendid new laboratories on the Great West Road—a congenial site for such work—may give the additional impetus required. Chief among them are the eternal problems of wear and tear, affecting bearings and cylinders, brakes and gears. Pre-eminent also is the elimination of noise, and it is good to notice that the Institution is addressing itself, in a highly original way, to the "chorus of grunts and squeaks" which breaks forth at the changing of traffic lights. By solving this problem the Institution will earn the goodwill not only of the motorist but of the pedestrian.

Read the following passage, and make a précis in about 200 words. State the number of words used at the end of your answer.

IN addition to the great work done by the officials of each country, there are various joint actions which should be taken to improve Anglo-American relations. For example, one obvious method of improving relations is through workers' organizations, similar to what is being done between Great Britain and the Soviet Union. A Trades Union Congress delegation has already been to America at the invitation of the American Federation of Labour, but there has been no return visit. This is due to the civil war between the American Federation of Labour and the Congress of Industrial Organizations. The American Federation of Labour refuses to come to Britain in the company of the Congress of Industrial Organizations, so the T.U.C., loyal to the A.F. of L. because it is the older organization and because the C.I.O. was regarded as Communist influenced, will not invite the C.I.O.

In fact, a big increase in the number of people on official business passing between the two countries would seem immediately desirable. There is so much to be gained from the interchange of experience, knowledge, and talent in every phase of war activity.

An example of such interchange was seen in the visit at the end of 1941 to America of Mr. Lawrence F. Easterbrook, of the Ministry of Agriculture. Mr. Easterbrook covered that continent's agricultural areas pretty thoroughly, including many of the most remote localities. He made a good impression. Then he returned to this

\* Northern Counties Technical Examinations Council: Commercial S2 Examination.



country to initiate the Anglo-American News Service, the purpose of which is to facilitate the exchange of knowledge between farmers of the two countries. This is the type of activity which should be widely copied by the multitude of other industrial and mercantile interests common to both nations.

Moreover, we should not stop there. The same developments should take place on the cultural front as well as on the trade and business front. During 1941 several of America's leading publishers, such as George Baker of the *New York Post*, Eugene Meyer of the *Washington Post*, and Ralph Ingersoll, editor of New York's P.M., visited this country. So also did many distinguished U.S. foreign correspondents, like Vincent Sheean, Raymond Clapper, Raymond Gram Swing, Dorothy Thompson, and Erika Mann. On more or less official business came playwright Robert Ruskin, and urbane critic Alexander Woolcott. For the international P.E.N. Conference came Thornton Wilder and John Dos Passos. Such visits as these could, and perhaps did in effect, form a spearhead of a cultural mission. More visits of this type have taken place since. They should be encouraged even further. Moreover, we in our turn must send our own cultural leaders to the United States. To balance our own War Artists' work exhibited in the U.S. could be the arrival of a travelling exhibition of American painting, and American theatrical companies. A comprehensive interchange between democracies of personnel and the free expression of views can only strengthen their faith in each other and in themselves, thus ironing out foolish misconceptions and prejudices.

One factor which hindered this big increase in the interchange of personnel was the present lamentable paucity of transport which existed until recently. It used to be difficult for an official, unless he was of ex-

ceptionally high standing, to obtain an air reservation for crossing the Atlantic without several weeks' notice being given. Even then, it was more likely than not that his journey would be postponed because his place was given to a more eminent person at the last minute. More than one important U.S. official was left standing disappointed on the airfield in this way, to say nothing of many British.

The mail service also was little better, confidential reports sometimes taking several weeks to make the crossing. Nothing less than a daily service for both mail and passengers is required if the principle of pooling resources is to be fully implemented. The effect on our military effort of diverting from operational work the few long-range aeroplanes sufficient for this daily service over the Atlantic would be much more than offset by the stimulus and co-ordination which such facilities would bring to the basic planning of the joint war effort.

98 \*

Make a précis of the following correspondence in not more than 150 words. State the number of words used at the end of the précis.

Paragon Paint Works,  
Ledford.

19th January, 19—.

R. B. Robinson, Esq.,  
46 Robson Street,  
Denbury.

Dear Sir,

We thank you for your order of the 17th January, and wish to assure you that the goods will be sent as soon as possible.

\* Northern Counties Technical Examinations Council:  
Commercial S2 Examination.

We are at present out of stock of French Grey Varnish Paint, Quality B, and are awaiting delivery of the necessary raw materials. We hope, however, that this unavoidable delay will not inconvenience you.

Yours faithfully,

per pro A. Brownlow & Co., Ltd.,

S. SUTCLIFFE,

Managing Director.

46 Robson Street,

Denbury,

9th February, 19—.

Messrs. A. Brownlow & Co., Ltd.,

Paragon Paint Works,

Ledford.

Dear Sirs,

The tins of paint and varnish which I ordered on 17th January arrived only yesterday, in spite of the fact that I asked for quick delivery. I realize that you could not send the French Grey Paint, because you were out of stock, but I think that you could have sent the other goods earlier. I have had to disappoint several customers during the last fortnight, and I fear that I have lost their trade.

I have already had a complaint about the Oak Varnish. A customer has just returned a tin, saying that there is a certain amount of grit in it. I have examined it myself and verified his statement. As I cannot afford to jeopardize my business reputation by selling inferior goods, I am returning to you the remaining 35 tins of Oak Varnish, and ask you to be good enough to send me a credit note for the amount involved.

Yours faithfully,

R. B. ROBINSON.

Paragon Paint Works,  
Ledford.

R. B. Robinson, Esq.,  
46 Robson Street,  
Denbury.

16th February, 19—.

Dear Sir,

In reply to your letter of the 9th February, we wish to apologize for the delay in sending the goods. This was caused by the depletion of the staff in our packing department through illness. We found it quite impossible to send the goods earlier, and we are very sorry for any inconvenience that you may have suffered. We hope that you will appreciate that it was through no negligence on our part.

We have received the tins of Oak Varnish which you returned. We have examined them all, and have found the contents to be free from the defect you mentioned. We note that you did not return the tin which you alleged was faulty, and we have no alternative but to send the 35 tins back to you, and to charge the carriage to your account.

Yours faithfully,

per pro. A. Brownlow & Co., Ltd.,  
S. SUTCLIFFE,  
Managing Director.

### 99 \*

Write a *précis* of the following passage, giving all the essential facts and arguments. Your version must not exceed one-third the length of the original. Supply a title.

THE plan for the redevelopment of Manchester, which will be on view at the City Art Gallery for the next seven

\* Union of Lancashire and Cheshire Institutes, General Commercial and Clerical Courses: Second Year Examination.

weeks, is at once a vision and a challenge. The prevailing popular mood about town planning is one almost of cynicism and despair; the prospects of even the simplest rebuilding and replanning are so beclouded that it seems idealistic to be putting forward proposals for the complete transformation of the city as we have it. Yet everybody knows that, whatever the immediate pace, we must look forward to great changes over the coming decades, and if we are wise we must work to a plan, the bolder and more far-sighted the better. In the past we had no plan, and we now see in an inconvenient and unbeautiful city what the lack of one has cost us. The Manchester plan is essentially a basis for discussion. The City Council will not formally adopt an official scheme until it has considered the comments of the citizens on the proposals of the City Surveyor and his staff. To many they may seem visionary; so many landmarks disappear and the face of the city becomes radically different. But when the first shock of novelty has been withstood the critic must pay the plan the compliment of careful and imaginative study. Whatever may be said of it in detail—and town-planners are not an harmonious race—high tribute must be paid to its thoroughness. It rests, perhaps more than any other comparable plan, on close survey of past trends and present conditions and on a realistic appraisal of the probable lines of development in the next half-century. Any serious criticism must take it on its own ground—not on whether this street should be closed or widened, this block of buildings swept away or rebuilt, this cultural centre set up here or there, but on whether this sort of broad conception of the city of the future is what Manchester ought to work towards in the next two generations. Unless we are much mistaken, it will stand the test well.

The proposals make clear the radical difference be-

tween positive planning as it is nowadays conceived and the negative zoning control, combined with piecemeal redevelopment of isolated plots, which was all that could be attempted under pre-war conditions. Some planning authorities, while recognizing the need for a complete master plan, still shirk their obligation to prepare one on the pretext that the Government has not yet put at their disposal the necessary powers and resources to give it full effect, nor even assumed such control of the location of industry as would enable them to form reliable estimates of their future needs. It is true, of course, that the Manchester City Surveyor and his staff cannot know with certainty for how many people Manchester will have to provide at any future date. What they can do, however, and have done, is to forecast the probable size and family structure of the city's population on the assumption that current trends will persist, to work out the physical requirements of a representative cross-section of that population in terms of houseroom, garden space, schools, playing-fields, shops, community buildings, and other neighbourhood and district facilities, to calculate the industrial acreage required to give it full and balanced employment in good working conditions, and hence to determine what proportions of it can be accommodated within the present boundaries of Manchester in a manner consistent with healthy and agreeable standards of living. The land required to accommodate the remaining population, together with their work places and social institutions, must be found elsewhere. If in practice the population figures diverge from the projected trend, a corresponding adjustment can readily be made in the scale of the satellite community which must in any case be developed to house this "overspill".

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN.

Write a précis of the following passage, giving all the essential facts and arguments. Your version must not exceed one-third of the original. Supply a title.

WHEN the patriarch Noah (as tradition so asserts) utilized for the cementing and waterproofing of the Ark's timbers a peculiar brownish treacle-like material which sank into the interstices and joints of the woodwork and sealed them up, he little, one imagines, dreamt of the fact that he was employing a substance—bitumen—which thousands of years hence in a scientific and mechanized civilization would be used for fundamentally the same purpose as his own.

In the early Eastern civilizations naturally-occurring bitumen was widely made use of for its waterproofing and adhesive properties, records of its employment for such purposes going back as far as the Sumerian civilization of the thirtieth century B.C. In 1869 a rock asphalt roadway was laid in Threadneedle Street, London. About thirty years previously asphalt had been used to a slight extent in England as a surfacing material for footpaths, but it was not until the more extensive opening up of the rock asphalt mines in Europe and until the development of the Trinidad Lake deposits of bitumen took place that the large-scale manufacture of asphalt and other bituminous materials began. Asphalt rock is one of Nature's many remarkable creations, and, up to the present, it has not really been successfully imitated by the art of the chemist. It is this naturally occurring rock, European deposits of which were discovered at the be-

\* Union of Lancashire and Cheshire Institutes, General Commercial and Clerical Courses: Second Year Examination.

ginning of the last century, which laid the foundations of the modern asphalt industry, for the first asphaltic roadways were put down merely by the compressing of the heated and powdered rock on to the substratum of the road, whereby the rock asphalt became welded together into one uniform, water-resisting mass.

This early method of surfacing a road with "compressed rock asphalt" has, indeed, never actually been superseded in asphalt technology. Hence the not unfamiliar sight in our modern towns of a gang of roadmen busily engaged in scattering, raking, rolling, and tamping down on to the roadway a brown powder having a peculiar aromatic smell.

Properly laid, a compressed rock asphalt road surface is not only cleanly, hygienic, non-absorbent, enduring, and water-repellent, but it also possesses the very decided advantage of being slightly flexible. An asphalt road or road surface will take strains, mechanical and thermal alike, without cracking or other rupture owing to the inherent "give" which it possesses.

A still important product is "mastic asphalt", in the manufacture and properties of which many great improvements have been made within recent years. It is this material which is made use of for asphalt roofings, damp-courses, floorings, tank linings, and a host of miscellaneous structural devices, in addition to its employment for road constructional work.

Despite the competition of concrete for road-making and for other constructional purposes, the use of asphalt in its various forms is, in modern times, continually on the increase. Asphalt, indeed, is coming into its own in the constructional world, for, in consequence of the increased demand for this material, which has arisen well within the last decade, a cheaper and a better product is now everywhere available, and one whose varieties,



uses, and intrinsic properties are continually being added to.

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN COMMERCIAL.

101 \*

Read carefully the passage printed below and then in not more than 50 words write a *précis* of the paragraph beginning "almost all the flowers", and ending "age of the Antonines".

IN the more remote ages of antiquity, the world was unequally divided. The East was in the immemorial possession of arts and luxury; whilst the West was inhabited by rude and warlike barbarians, who either disdained agriculture, or to whom it was totally unknown. Under the protection of an established government, the productions of happier climates and the industry of more civilized nations were gradually introduced into the western countries of Europe; and the natives were encouraged, by an open and profitable commerce, to multiply the former as well as to improve the latter. It would be almost impossible to enumerate all the articles, either of the animal or the vegetable reign, which were successively imported into Europe from Asia and Egypt; but it will not be unworthy of the dignity and much less of the utility, of an historical work, slightly to touch on a few of the principal heads.

Almost all the flowers, the herbs, and the fruits that grow in our European gardens are of foreign extraction, which, in many cases, is betrayed even by their names: the apple was a native of Italy, and when the Romans had tasted the richer flavour of the apricot, the peach, the

\* Union of Educational Institutions: S2 Examination.

pomegranate, the citron, and the orange, they contented themselves with applying to all these new fruits the common denomination of apple, discriminating them from each other by the additional epithet of their country. In the time of Homer, the vine grew wild in the island of Sicily and most probably in the adjacent continent; but it was not improved by the skill, nor did it afford a liquor grateful to the taste, of the savage inhabitants. A thousand years afterwards, Italy could boast that, of the fourscore most generous and celebrated wines, more than two-thirds were produced from her soil. The blessing was soon communicated to the Narbonnese province of Gaul; but so intense was the cold to the north of the Cevennes, that in the time of Strabo, it was thought impossible to ripen the grapes in those parts of Gaul. This difficulty, however, was gradually vanquished; and there is some reason to believe that the vineyards of Burgundy are as old as the age of the Antonines.

The olive, in the western world, followed the progress of peace, of which it was considered the symbol. Two centuries after the foundation of Rome, both Italy and Africa were strangers to that useful plant; it was naturalized in those countries; and at length carried into the heart of Spain and Gaul. The timid errors of the ancients, that it required a certain degree of heat, and could only flourish in the neighbourhood of the sea, were insensibly exploded by industry and experience. The cultivation of flax was transported from Egypt to Gaul, and enriched the whole country, however it might impoverish the particular lands on which it was sown. The use of artificial grasses became familiar to the farmers, both of Italy and the provinces, particularly the lucerne, which derived its name and origin from Media. The assured supply of wholesome and plentiful food for the cattle during the winter multiplied the number of the

flocks and herds, which in their turn contributed to the fertility of the soil.

102 \*

Read carefully the passage printed below and then answer the questions that follow.

SOME lineaments of the character of the man were early discerned in the child. 'I'here remain letters written by his relations when he was in his seventh year; and from these letters it appears that, even at that early age, his strong will and fiery passions, sustained by a constitutional intrepidity which seemed hardly compatible with soundness of mind, had begun to cause uneasiness to his family. "Fighting," says one of his uncles, "to which he is out of measure addicted, gives his temper such fierceness and imperiousness that he flies out on every trifling occasion." The old people of the neighbourhood still remember to have heard from their parents how Bob Clive climbed to the top of the lofty steeple of Market Drayton, and with what terror the inhabitants saw him seated on a stone spout near the summit. They also relate how he formed all the idle lads of the town into a kind of a predatory army, and compelled the shopkeepers to submit to a tribute of apples and halfpence, in consideration of which he guaranteed the security of their windows. He was sent from school to school, making very little progress in his learning, and gaining for himself everywhere the character of a very naughty boy. One of his masters, it is said, was sagacious enough to prophesy that the idle lad would make a great figure in the world. But the general opinion seems to have been that poor Robert was a dunce, if not a reprobate. His family expected

\* Union of Educational Institutions: S2 Examination.

nothing good from such slender parts and such a head-strong temper. It is not strange, therefore, that they gladly accepted for him, when he was in his eighteenth year, a writership in the service of the East India Company, and shipped him off to make a fortune or to die of fever at Madras.

(a) In about eighty words write out your account of what Clive was like as a boy.

(b) Write out in your own words the exact meaning of the sentence beginning "They also relate how he formed . . .".

### 103 \*

Read carefully the passage below and then using not more than forty words write a summary in reported speech of the section beginning "These are the folk . . .", and ending "... consume a little more".

"SALUTE the Soldier," like "Warships" and "Wings for Victory" campaigns, has as its object not only to raise money at the moment, but to strengthen and invigorate the whole savings movement. Such invigoration is still needed—good work though the savings movement has already done. For years after the war there will be a shortage of consumer goods in this country, and indeed the world over. Great Britain, if she is to serve herself well either on a short-term or a long-term principle, must devote most of such resources as she has available, first to repair of war damage, and, second, to rebuilding of industry—industry on which her whole future depends.

It follows that, somehow or other, the war-time habit

\* Union of Educational Institutions: S2 Examination.

of saving instead of spending must be carried over into peace days. Otherwise no Treasury ingenuity or legislative measures will avail to avert inflation. The proper people to insist on this carry-over are the voluntary workers of the savings movement, who have already got from the nation voluntary savings of a magnitude that competent economists regarded as impossible.

These are the folk who are exhorted to increase rather than to relax their efforts. They will not be asked in vain. They are less prone than most to fall into the error of thinking the war is won because the news is good, and most of them realize, too, that to win the war is not to enjoy forthwith all the fruits of victory; that consolidation of success demands as much self-sacrifice as success itself. Yet the workers, for all their efforts, will not achieve what the Chancellor hopes unless the national mood is sympathetic.

Alike as producers and as consumers many of us nowadays are tempted to relax—to be content with producing a little less; to try and consume a little more. There is some excuse no doubt for this mood. The plain ordinary civilian in Britain has for nearly four years been under a strain few citizens of any nation could have endured. Without the stimulus of obvious imminent danger, he has had to endure some hardship and some privation. Without any spectacular success to encourage him he has had to work harder than ever before. Perhaps more fortunate than our Russian allies, we have never—save maybe for a few months after Dunkirk—really had civilian and fighting effort forcibly fused. That is our excuse for relaxation to-day. It does not, however, diminish the danger of such relaxation. For us it is as important that victory should be swift as that it should be sure. The spirit which will guarantee swift victory is the spirit which recognizes that a great

war is not won without great and long-continued efforts; nor a stable world after that war without continued and still great sacrifices.

## 104 \*

Make a *précis* (about one-third of the present length) of the following passage.

SCHOOL, as everyone knows, comes from a word which meant nothing else originally than leisure, and evidence is increasing to show that, if it is not recovering its primitive meaning, it is at least tending to be more and more associated with it. That children go to school not only to fit themselves for the work of life but also to learn how to support themselves in their leisure hours is no longer the secret of idealist schoolmasters, but a generally recognized truth. Leisure, indeed, has become that serious thing, a "problem"; especially if it is other people's leisure. An eight-hour day leaves sixteen hours to be got through without work, and, when the time necessary for travelling to and fro and for sleeping is deducted, the residue during which there is no work to be done is substantial enough. It was not so always; there were times when strong and healthy persons could and would willingly go on working round the clock day after day; they laboured for themselves and were happy to think that the longer they kept at it the more they made. For them, however, when a holiday did come, the reaction was often all the greater, and a rare leisure was spent in coarser amusements than are now countenanced when leisure is part of every day. According to a speaker at a recent conference, it is now this same

\* The London Chamber of Commerce: Commercial Education Certificate Examination.

leisure that does as much harm as anything else. The place he works in looks after him with every possible solicitude for his well-being; but home-life, or possibly the want of it, is the source of mischief. Too much money may be spent on devices for killing time during the hours of leisure, or amusements are not such as make for real bodily and mental refreshment. No sooner have work and its demands been reasonably, even scientifically, adjusted to the individual's power, than leisure proves to be an enemy.

THE TIMES.

105 \*

Make a *précis* (which should not exceed one hundred words) of the following passage. All that is required is the presentation, as a continuous narrative, of the main facts given in evidence.

"Mr. William Haines, are you a clerk in Howard's bank?"

"I am."

"On a certain Friday night in November, one thousand nine hundred and thirty-eight, did business occasion you to travel between London and Southampton by train?"

"It did."

"Were there any other passengers in your compartment?"

"Two."

"Did they both travel to Southampton?"

"They did."

"Mr. Haines, look upon the prisoner. Was he one of those two passengers?"

\* The London Chamber of Commerce: Commercial Education Certificate Examination.

"I cannot undertake to say that he was."

"Does he resemble either of those two passengers?"

"Both were well wrapped up in greatcoats and retained their wide-brimmed felt hats. Neither entered into any conversation."

"Mr. Haines, look again at the prisoner. Supposing him wrapped up as those two passengers were, is there anything in his bulk and stature to render it unlikely that he was one of them?"

"No."

"You will not swear, Mr. Haines, that he was not one of them?"

"No."

"So at least you say that he may have been one of them?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Haines, look once more upon the prisoner. Have you seen him, to your certain knowledge, before?"

"I have."

"When?"

"I was returning from France a few days afterwards, and, at Le Havre, the prisoner came aboard the ship in which I returned to England and made the voyage with me."

"Were you travelling alone, Mr. Haines, or with any companion?"

"With two companions, a lady and a gentleman. They are here."

"Had you any conversation with the prisoner?"

"Hardly any. The sea was rough and I went below deck within twenty minutes of leaving the French coast."



Make a *précis* (about one-third of the present length) of the following passage.

OF all countries in war-scarred Central, South-Eastern and possibly Western Europe, Czechoslovakia may be the first to restore her industry and agriculture.

Although the great industrial centre of Brno has been badly damaged and the Skoda works were also hit, in comparison the rest of the country's industrial plant has escaped lightly.

Already the Skoda works have begun manufacturing motor-cars, and the Czech glass industry is busy turning out 1,000,000 yards of window panes.

Furniture factories are ready to fulfil orders, and there are rumours that a British mission may visit Prague shortly to order furniture. With an eye to the post-war trade, too, other plants are turning out artificial jewellery, for which they were famed before the war.

In the country the peasants have harvested more than the average crop, and the sugar beet situation encourages hopes that Czechoslovakia will be able to export sugar this year.

Moreover, there is no man-power shortage, because the Germans, mindful of their experiences in the 1914 war, did not conscript Czechs.

#### CURRENCY PROBLEM

Two factors are retarding the country's final recovery. The first, and, in the opinion of many experts, the most serious, is the currency situation.

• The London Chamber of Commerce: Commercial Education Certificate Examination.

The people have been earning good wages without being able to spend them owing to shortage of consumer goods. Until purchases are available there is little incentive to earn more.

This problem is receiving the Government's serious consideration. It is not insuperable and there are many remedial measures which jump to mind including the French expedient of calling in notes.

The other difficulty is transport. There is a serious lack of lorries and rolling stock.

Everybody one meets explains the necessity for a close alliance with Russia. They are still nervous of future German aggression and feel that they must be able to count on immediate and effective help from a strong neighbour.

## 107 \*

Write a Précis of the following passage.

IN short, when navigation and piracy were almost synonymous terms, it was very natural for a people abounding with flocks, corn, wine and oil, those substantial and almost only articles of primitive opulence, to avoid an intercourse, by which they could gain little, and might lose much. For this reason, in those early days, when the law of nations was not advanced into that acknowledged and respectable system, which now countenances a more confidential communication among civilized nations, Egypt and other rich countries were jealous of strangers. Indeed the fate of the Troade has justified their fears upon this head: for notwithstanding all their precautions, they were thrice conquered and plundered before the time of Homer. And this was effected upon such

\* The London Chamber of Commerce: Higher Commercial Education Certificate Examination.

frivolous pretences that we may very reasonably suppose this would not have happened had they not been richer than their neighbours. The same temptation was probably the motive of the Æolic migration; a palliating term under which the Greek historians have thought proper to transmit their unjust invasion of this country. That the first migrations, which we find on record into this part of the world were made upon this principle of removing from poverty to plenty, will be easily conceived by the traveller who sails up the Hellespont. For he cannot but observe how much the Asiatic side exceeds that of the European both in fertility and beauty.

ROBERT WOOD.

(From *The Description of the Troade.*)

## 108 \*

Write a Précis of the following passage.

EVERYONE who considers the relation of liberty to the institutions of a State will, I think, find it difficult to resist the conclusion that without democracy there cannot be liberty. That is not an over-popular thesis in our time. A reaction against democratic ideas is the fashion, and the dictatorships which proliferate over half Europe are earnest in maintaining their obsolescence. Yet consider, for a moment, what democracy implies. It involves a frame of government in which, first, men are given the chance of making the government under which they live, in which, also, the laws that government promulgates are binding equally upon all. I do not think the average man can be made happy merely by living in a democracy: I do not see how he can avoid a sense of continuous frus-

\* The London Chamber of Commerce: Higher Commercial Education Certificate Examination.

tration unless he does. For if he does not share in making the government, if he cannot, where his fellows so choose, be himself made one of the rulers of the State, he is excluded from that which secures him the certainty that his experience counts. To read the history of England before the enfranchisement of the wage-earner is to realize that however small is the value of the franchise it still assures the attention of government to grievance. The right, therefore, to the franchise is essential to liberty; and a citizen excluded from it is unfree.

II. J. LASKI.

(From *Liberty in the Modern State*.)

109 \*

Write a Précis of the following passage.

DICTATORIAL governments distrust education which seeks to train the intelligence, precisely because it affords the mind of the ordinary man protection against those who would exploit it for their own purposes. Those whose function is to govern people for their alleged good do not desire that men and women should think for themselves, since those who think for themselves are liable to cause difficulties for the governors. Only the guardians, as Plato would say, are to think; the rest are to follow their leaders like a flock of sheep. Thus it is not surprising that those who profit most by the sheepishness of the public should desire to deprive the public of opportunities for that kind of education which, aiming primarily at the creation of intelligence, would train the mind in the capacity for independent thinking. While a critical and informed public opinion is a pre-requisite of democracy,

\* The London Chamber of Commerce: Higher Commercial Education Certificate Examination.

a docile and uncritically minded public is the tool of dictatorship. A government based upon force and maintaining itself through fear has every incentive to keep its citizens uneducated and, because uneducated, uncritical. Hence education under a dictatorship aims at substituting a readiness to accept the ideas of others for a capacity for forming one's own. Its object is to manufacture an outlook, not to develop a mind.

C. E. M. JOAD.

(From *Liberty To-Day*.)

### 110 \*

Write a summary of the following passage in about 150 words. At the end state the number of words you have used.

FOR all books are divisible into two classes, the books of the hour, and the books of all time. Mark this distinction—it is not one of quality only. It is not merely the bad book that does not last, and the good one that does. It is a distinction of species. There are good books for the hour, and good ones for all time; bad books for the hour, and bad books for all time. I must define the two kinds before I go farther.

The good book of the hour, then—I do not speak of the bad ones—is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you. Very useful often, telling you what you need to know; very pleasant often, as a sensible friend's present talk would be. These bright accounts of travels; good-humoured and witty discussions of question; lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novel; firm fact-telling, by the real agents concerned in the events of

\* Royal Society of Arts Examinations: S3 Advanced.

passing history;—all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar possession of the present age; we ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them. But we make the worst possible use if we allow them to usurp the place of true books; for, strictly speaking, they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print. Our friend's letter may be delightful, or necessary, to-day; whether worth keeping or not, is to be considered. The newspaper may be entirely proper at breakfast-time, but assuredly it is not reading for all day. So, though bound up in a volume, the long letter which gives you so pleasant an account of the inns, and roads, and weather, last year at such a place, or which tells you that amusing story, or gives you the real circumstances of such and such events, however valuable for occasional reference, may not be, in the real sense of the word, a "book" at all, nor in the real sense, to be read.

A book is essentially not a talking thing, but a written thing; and written, not with a view of mere communication, but of permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once; if he could, he would—the volume is mere multiplication of his voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India; if you could, you would; you write instead; that is mere conveyance of voice. But a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely but to perpetuate it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly and melodiously if he may; clearly at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to

him;—this, the piece of true knowledge, or sight, which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down forever; engrave it on rock, if he could; saying, “ This, if anything of mine, is worth your memory ”. . . . That is a “ Book ”.

JOHN RUSKIN.

(From *Sesame and Lilies*.)

111 \*

Read carefully through the following extract and then, in good English, write a summary of it not exceeding 150 words. State the number of words you have used.

OF all the men distinguished in this or any other age, Dr. Johnson has left upon posterity the strongest and most vivid impression, so far as person, manners, disposition, and conversation are concerned. We do but name him, or open a book which he has written, and the sound and action recall to the imagination at once his form, his merits, his peculiarities, nay, the very uncouthness of his gestures, and the deep impressive tone of his voice. We learn not only what he said, but form an idea how he said it; and have, at the same time, a shrewd guess of the secret motive why he did so, and whether he spoke in sport or in anger, in the desire of conviction, or from the love of debate.

Johnson's laborious and distinguished career terminated in 1783, when virtue was deprived of a steady supporter, society of a brilliant ornament, and literature of a successful cultivator. The latter part of his life was honoured with general applause, for none was more fortunate in obtaining and preserving the friendship of the wise and worthy. Thus loved and venerated, Johnson might have been pronounced happy. But Heaven permitted his

\* Royal Society of Arts Examinations: S3 Advanced.

faculties to be clouded occasionally with a morbid depression of spirit, which disgraced his talents by prejudices, and his manners by rudeness.

The cause of those deficiencies in temper and manners was no ignorance of what was fit to be done in society, or how far each individual ought to suppress his own wishes in favour of those with whom he associates; for, theoretically, no man understood the rules of good-breeding better than Dr. Johnson, or could act more exactly in conformity with them, when the high rank of those with whom he was in company for the time required that he should put the necessary constraint upon himself. But during the greater part of his life, he had been a stranger to the higher society, in which such restraint is necessary; and it may be fairly presumed, that the indulgence of a variety of little selfish peculiarities, which it is the object of good-breeding to suppress, became thus habitual to him. The consciousness of his own mental superiority in most companies which he frequented, contributed to his dogmatism; and when he had attained his eminence as a dictator in literature, like other potentates, he was not averse to a display of his authority; resembling in this particular Swift, and one or two other men of genius, who have had the bad taste to imagine that their talents elevated them above observance of the common rules of society. . . . He was, in a word, despotic, and despotism will occasionally lead the best dispositions into unbecoming use of power. It is not likely that any one will again enjoy, or have an opportunity of abusing, the unique degree of respect which was rendered to Johnson by all around him. The unreserved communications of friends, rather than the spite of his enemies, have occasioned his character being exposed in all its shadows, as well as its lights. But the former, when summed and counted, amount only to a few narrow-minded prejudices



concerning country and party, from which few ardent tempers are entirely free, an over-zeal in politics, which is an ordinary attribute of the British character, and some rudeness of manners, which left his talents, morals, and benevolence, alike irreproachable.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.  
(From *Lives of the Novelists.*)  
*Slightly adapted.*

## 112 \*

Read carefully through the following article and then, in good English, write a summary of it not exceeding 150 words. State the number of words you have used.

### THE MONOPOLY OF WONDER

FEW truths receive such publicity as the truth that the world is becoming ever smaller. Mechanically-minded men boast of it and fiction writers bemoan it, but all agree that the days of the traveller's tale are done. There is now a world directory with millions of names and numbers; it is already possible to ring up a respectable proportion of the human race, and it will not be long before any man of any colour and any country can be fetched to the end of the telephone. The modern traveller is careful not to embellish his story too imaginatively, knowing that at any moment one of his audience may slip from the room and check his statements. Even the wild beasts of the heart of Africa enjoy no privacy, are photographed close up, and are watched at their toilet from the air. And one of the last props of the sense of mystery, the North Pole, has been withdrawn by Dr. Stefansson. The North Pole, it seems, is quite an ordinary place, though on the cold side. It is off the main lines of traffic and there

\* Royal Society of Arts Examinations: S3 Advanced.

is not much to do there. It is not even situated where it ought to be, and its exposure seems richly deserved, for it has imposed upon men for too long.

'To travel, to go by sea and " behold the world so wide " is becoming less and less a satisfying ideal for the young athirst for incredible things. Foreign countries, from Chinese customs to Bantu ceremonies, are fed into the modern home in story and picture and broadcast so that the ordinary child knows pretty clearly what he would see if he took a far journey. 'The thinker, the student, the comparer of peoples finds his occupation vastly easier, and wonder of the reflective kind has little to complain of in the world, as it is being organized as a side-show to-day. But the more primitive sense of wonder, the pure gape, is no longer gratified. Too many people have been interested, either from altruism or for gain, in bringing to his village enough knowledge to damp the first sense of amazement, and to make sure that wherever he goes he will drop his chin inches less than if they had left him to himself.

The scientists and the inventors, who are chiefly to blame for the decline of geographical adventure, have, it is well known, opened up worlds of another sort. If the compass cannot thrill us the microscope can. The scientists have almost a monopoly of the traveller's tale to-day. They alone, after labours of specialized observation as tedious and as full of chances of harm in their way, as medieval wanderings on foot in Persia, can return with tales of lands about which they can speak as they please. Let a man push on sufficiently far beyond the level of ordinary information, and the tales he brings back will not be held against him should later travellers discard them. Men who have been deprived of their unicorns and barnacle geese, and whose sea-serpents seem to have died, deserve some atoms and electrons and some

space-time in exchange. The unending vistas opened up by the speculations of modern physics come as a godsend and a welcome promise that marvellous tales are still to be told of evening around the fire—or at any rate over the central heating pipes.

THE TIMES.

113 \*

As Secretary to the Managing Director of Northwestern Hotels, Ltd., prepare a précis of the following correspondence.

No. 1

The Managing Director,  
Northwestern Hotels, Ltd.,  
Grosvenor Street, London, W.C.2.

35 Charles Street,  
Birmingham,  
July 4th 19—.

Dear Sir,

I wish to complain of the unsatisfactory service at the Osborne Hotel, Malton, which is, I believe, under your management. During a recent visit there, I was subjected to the insolence of one of the waiters, who subsequently refused to disclose his name. I attempted to get into touch with the Manageress but this proved impossible as she was not in evidence and none of the staff appeared to know her whereabouts. As I had to catch a train, I left without seeing her, but left a note at the office, asking that she should investigate the matter. A week has passed and I have had no communication from the hotel. I am therefore writing to you to ask if you will remedy this discourtesy. I may add that as a regular traveller I have had considerable experience of

\* Northern Counties Technical Examinations Council:  
Commercial S3 Examination.

hotels, both at home and abroad, and never have I known of a parallel to this state of affairs.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

THOMAS ASHTON.

No. 2

Northwestern Hotels, Ltd.,  
Grosvenor Street, London, W.C.2.  
July 5th 19—.

Thos. Ashton, Esq.,  
35 Charles Street,  
Birmingham.

Dear Sir,

In reply to your letter of yesterday, may I say how very much I regret to hear of the annoyance caused to you during your visit to the Osborne Hotel, Malton. I am of course taking up the matter with the Manageress at once and will inform you in due course of the outcome.

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR MARKS,

Managing Director.

No. 3

Northwestern Hotels, Ltd.,  
Grosvenor Street, London, W.C.2.  
July 5th 19—.

Miss E. Fielding,  
Manageress,  
Osborne Hotel,  
Malton.

Dear Miss Fielding,

I enclose a copy of a letter sent to me by a Mr. Ashton who recently visited your hotel. Would you be good enough to enquire further into the matter and let

me have your explanation of this incident as soon as possible?

Yours faithfully,  
ARTHUR MARKS,  
Managing Director.

Encl.:

Copy of letter, dated July 4th 19—,  
from Mr. Thos. Ashton to the  
Managing Director, Northwestern  
Hotels, Limited.

No. 4

The Osborne Hotel, Malton.  
July 7th 19—.

The Managing Director,  
Northwestern Hotels, Ltd.,  
Grosvenor Street, W.C.2.

Dear Sir,

In reply to your letter of the 5th inst., relating to Mr. Ashton's complaint, I wish to state that I have made enquiries and find that the waiter concerned has left our employment since the date in question. At the time he was already under notice as the result of previous incompetence and may have been suffering from a sense of grievance. I have been unable to find out what was actually said, as there appear to have been no witnesses.

On June 26th, the evening in question, I was called away suddenly on urgent business and did not return until 9.30. In the meantime, I gave instructions for the booking clerk to answer all enquiries and the servants were informed of this. I cannot understand how this was not made clear to Mr. Ashton.

I regret the delay in replying to Mr. Ashton's note, but unfortunately the clerk with whom Mr. Ashton left his message overlooked it and did not inform me of the occurrence until to-day. I have of course spoken to him

strongly about his lapse. I may mention that usually he is most reliable.

Please inform me whether you wish me to communicate with Mr. Ashton direct.

Yours faithfully,  
EDNA FIELDING,  
Manageress.

No. 5

Northwestern Hotels, Ltd.,  
July 8th 19—.

Miss E. Fielding,  
Manageress,  
Osborne Hotel,  
Malton.

Dear Miss Fielding,

I have received your letter of July 7th and accept your explanation. It will not be necessary for you to write to Mr. Ashton, as I have sent him a personal letter. The whole thing is of course regrettable, and I must earnestly request you to see that nothing of the kind occurs in future.

Yours faithfully,  
ARTHUR MARKS,  
Managing Director.

No. 6

Northwestern Hotels, Ltd.,  
July 8th 19—.

Thos. Ashton, Esq.,  
35 Charles Street,  
Birmingham.

Dear Sir,

Further to my letter of July 5th, I am now able to inform you that I have made enquiries regarding your

complaint, and deeply regret to find that you were subjected to discourtesy whilst a guest at one of our hotels.

The waiter concerned has left our employment since the incident of which you complain; otherwise we would have dismissed him immediately. The absence of the manageress was regrettable, but I have satisfied myself that special circumstances made it unavoidable. I am also assured that arrangements were made for a competent substitute during her absence, but owing to a misunderstanding this was not made known to you.

The manageress asks me to convey her apologies to you, and I may assure you that nothing of the kind will mar a future visit to one of our hotels.

I wish to thank you for the trouble you have taken in lodging this complaint. The management appreciates any information calculated to maintain the high standard of efficiency established in our hotels.

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR MARKS,

Managing Director.

No. 7

35 Charles Street,  
Birmingham,  
July 10th 19—.

The Managing Director,  
Northwestern Hotels, Ltd.,  
Grosvenor Street, W.C.2.

Dear Sir,

I am in receipt of your letter of the 8th instant, and accept the explanation and apology it contains.

Yours faithfully,

THOMAS ASHTON.

Make a précis of the following report.

THE Chairman in the course of his speech said:

I told you last year that the government of Southern Rhodesia had paid us the compliment of deciding that the great bridge over the Sabi river, constructed by the Beit Trustees, should be called by the name of your president. The "Birchenough Bridge" was opened by his excellency the governor with appropriate ceremonies in December last and amid demonstrations of great popular satisfaction at so important an increase in the means of communication.

You should be glad to see in your balance sheet the considerable sum of over £2,250,000 invested in British government securities. It is an assurance to you as shareholders that the company has sufficient funds invested to enable it to take a worthy share in the provision of any new capital which may be required from time to time, for instance by the Northern Rhodesia mineral industry, which is, and must continue to be, so outstanding and important a factor in the future prosperity of your company.

The second category in the investment analysis consists of a range of investments of a trust company character, which you can similarly regard as a temporary method of holding a part of your surplus funds, earning a satisfactory rate of interest pending opportunities for their employment in the company's main undertakings.

In the third category is included your holding in Rhodesia Railway Debentures and in shares of the

\* Northern Counties Technical Examinations Council: Commercial S3 Examination.



Rhodesia Railways Trust, and in the fourth your Rhodesian mining investments, which consist principally of holdings of shares and Debentures in the Northern Rhodesian copper concerns.

So far I have spoken of our company on its purely commercial side, and to the best of my ability I have given you an account of the present financial position of the company and the results of the last year's workings, which I hope you will agree have been fairly satisfactory considering the difficult times from which happily the world seems now to be emerging. But the chartered company was not in its origin, when it was founded by Mr. Rhodes, a purely commercial undertaking. Even the valuable commercial concessions—such, for instance, as the Lewanika concession—had attached to them certain obligations, concurrently with the right to develop such sources of material wealth as the territory should be found to contain, namely the obligation to establish in Rhodesia a system of government upon European lines and to give the benefit of that form of European civilization to a large native population. The exploitation of mineral rights, *inter alia*, was to be the company's reward.

I have been a director of the Chartered Company for over thirty years and there may be shareholders in this room who have held their shares for an equally long period. If there are, they will remember how faithfully the company performed its obligations to build up an efficient administration in Rhodesia, and what large sums of the shareholders' money the Directors had to find for many years to meet administrative deficits. During those long years the territory was being explored and developed by our company, by other companies, and by a courageous and enterprising body of settlers, with the financial support of the Chartered Company and of other com-

panies in London. A system of railways was initiated and its initial finance made possible by Charter guarantees.

Means of communication of various kinds were steadily extended, to which by the way we have in the last few years added successfully transport by air. All these efforts and in particular all the expenditure of our company incurred in those days comes back to my mind. In 1923—12 years ago—our share of administrative work had been so efficiently performed, with the active aid of a body of patriotic Rhodesians, that His Majesty's Government agreed that the time had come when the people of Southern Rhodesia had earned the right to become a self-governing colony and Northern Rhodesia to become a Crown Colony.

Before concluding my speech I want to say that we on your board have come to the definite conclusion that for some years to come the development of both Southern and Northern Rhodesia must come in the main from the development of their mineral resources. Except for tobacco in the South, no article for export on a large scale has so far been successfully grown. The export of chilled meat is only for the present rendered possible by Government subsidy. Both European and native farmers can grow local products for local consumption, but not profitably for export. On the other hand, in both territories there has been sufficient development to permit of the building up of an active and fairly prosperous community, and it is undoubtedly on the mineral industry at the present time that the bulk of the community directly or indirectly depends. I think, ladies and gentlemen, that we are justified in assuming prospects of growth in future years greatly in excess of present-day figures.

You are confidential clerk to the Secretary of the Comfort Footwear, Ltd., and have been handed the following correspondence, a précis of which the Secretary is to read at a Directors' meeting. Write the précis.

No. 1

Brunswick Works,  
Long Lane,  
Hadfield,  
20th October, 19—.

B. C. Dransfield, Esq., F.R.I.B.A.,  
36 Wellington Road, Hadfield.

Dear Sir,

At a recent meeting, the directors of this company decided to increase our manufacturing premises in order to cope with our rapidly increasing business. Two suggestions were brought forward: either to build an extension to the existing factory at Long Lane, or to erect a new building on some suitable site in the neighbourhood.

It was resolved to entrust the planning of the new building to you, as we have been very satisfied with the work you have done for us in the past. I should be glad to learn if you could undertake this work, and if you could make an appointment to see the Managing Director early next week, to discuss details of our requirements.

Yours faithfully,

per pro. The Comfort Footwear, Ltd.,  
G. B. OLDFIELD,  
Secretary.

\* Northern Counties Technical Examinations Council:  
Commercial S3 Examination.

No. 2

36 Wellington Road,  
Hadfield.  
22nd October, 19—.

Comfort Footwear, Ltd.,  
Brunswick Works,  
Hadfield.

Dear Sirs,

Your letter of the 20th October reached me this morning. I thank you for the offer to undertake the planning of your new factory, and am glad to say that I am at liberty to accept the commission.

If it is convenient to your Managing Director, I will call to see him on the 24th of this month, at 2.30 p.m.

Yours faithfully,

B. C. DRANSFIELD.

No. 3

Brunswick Works,  
Long Lane,  
Hadfield.  
25th October, 19—.

B. C. Dransfield, Esq., F.R.I.B.A.,  
36 Wellington Road,  
Hadfield.

Dear Sir,

I am to confirm the decisions arrived at in your interview with the Managing Director yesterday, regarding our new factory.

We agree with you that the plot of land adjoining the works here is scarcely large enough to accommodate a 2-storey building having a floor space of 3,500 sq. yds. We shall instruct our solicitors to approach the owner of the site you suggested in Benham Lane, with a view to purchase.

In the meantime, perhaps you will be good enough to prepare preliminary sketches of the new building, bearing in mind that the machine space must not be less than 3,000 sq. yds., and provision must be made for stores, packing department, offices, cloakroom and canteen.

Yours faithfully,

per pro. The Comfort Footwear, Ltd.,

G. B. OLDFIELD,  
Secretary.

No. 4

4 Harrison Road,  
Hadfield.

4th November, 19—.

Comfort Footwear, Ltd.,  
Brunswick Works,  
Hadfield.

Dear Sir,

In accordance with your instructions of the 28th October, I approached Mr. J. Lewis, of 36 Hexley Mount, with a view to arranging purchase of the building site in Benham Lane.

I am sorry to say that he is unwilling to consider your offer of £450. His figure is £580, freehold. He maintains that land values are increasing in this district because of the suggested construction of a by-pass road from Hadfield. I must say that I consider his contention reasonable, but I think that if you will allow me to make him a somewhat higher offer, he may agree to sell.

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR BRIAN (Solicitor).

No. 5

Brunswick Works,  
Long Lane,  
Hadfield.

A. Brian, Esq.,  
4 Harrison Road,  
Hadfield.

6th November, 19—.

Dear Sir,

We regret to learn of your inability to arrange the purchase of the Benham Lane site for £450. While we consider Mr. Lewis's opinion of the increasing value of land in this neighbourhood to be to a certain extent justified, we think that £580 is somewhat high. Although the construction of this by-pass road has been discussed for months past, no plans have as yet been approved and it may be years before anything is done about it.

As we are particularly anxious to obtain possession of this ground for our new factory, I should be glad if you would continue negotiations with Mr. Lewis, and we authorize you to increase our offer to £530. This however is as much as we can give.

Yours faithfully,

per pro. The Comfort Footwear, Ltd.,  
G. B. OLDFIELD,  
Secretary.

No. 6

4 Harrison Road,  
Hadfield.

Comfort Footwear, Ltd.,  
Brunswick Works,  
Hadfield.

10th November, 19—.

Dear Sir,

Regarding the purchase of the building site in Benham Lane, I interviewed Mr. Lewis again yesterday,

and I am glad to say that I was able to persuade him to accept your offer of £530.

I am proceeding immediately with the preparation of the necessary documents, and I should be glad if you could call at my office as soon as possible after 17th November, 19—, to complete the transfer.

Yours faithfully,

ARTHIUR BRIAN (Solicitor).

No. 7

Brunswick Works,  
Long Lane,  
Hadfield.

20th November, 19—.

B. C. Dransfield, Esq., F.R.I.B.A.,  
36 Wellington Road, Hadfield.

Dear Sir,

We have now completed the purchase of the Benham Lane site; the preparation of the plans can therefore proceed.

We note however that on your preliminary sketches the space for store-rooms is rather too small. We would suggest an increase of at least 60 sq. yds. It may be possible to save this by re-arranging the canteen and cloakrooms, but it must be emphasised that the minimum machine space must be 3,000 sq. yds.

Yours faithfully,

per pro. The Comfort Footwear, Ltd.,

G. B. OLDFIELD,  
Secretary.

Brunswick Works,  
Long Lane,  
Hadfield.

10th January, 19—.

B. C. Dransfield, Esq., F.R.I.B.A.,  
36 Wellington Road, Hadfield.

Dear Sir,

I am to inform you that your final plans for the Benham Lane factory were put before the meeting of Directors yesterday and were approved.

We should be glad if you could let us have a detailed estimate of the work as soon as possible.

Yours faithfully,

per pro. The Comfort Footwear, Ltd.,  
G. B. OLDFIELD,  
Secretary.

116 \*

Read carefully the passage printed below and then write in your own words a summary of the passage.

*(Soames Forsyte is contemplating building a house)*

SOAMES walked with his eyes on the ground, his lips opening and closing as though in anticipation of a delicious morsel. But when he arrived at the site, Bosinney was nowhere to be seen. After waiting some little time he crossed the warren in the direction of the slope. He would have shouted, but dreaded the sound of his voice.

The warren was as lonely as a prairie, its silence only broken by the rustle of rabbits bolting to their holes, and the song of the larks.

\* Union of Educational Institutions: S3 Examination.



Soames, the pioneer-leader of the great Forsyte army advancing to the civilization of this wilderness, felt his spirit daunted by the loneliness, by the invisible singing, and the hot, sweet air. He had begun to retrace his steps when he at last caught sight of Bosinney.

The architect was sprawling under a large oak tree, whose trunk, with a huge spread of bough and foliage, ragged with age, stood on the verge of the rise.

Soames had to touch him on the shoulder before he looked up.

"Hallo! Forsyte," he said, "I've found the very place for your house! Look here!"

Soames stood and looked, then he said, coldly:

"You may be very clever, but this site will cost me half as much again."

"Hang the cost, man. Look at the view!"

Almost from their feet stretched ripe corn, dipping to a small dark copse beyond. A plain of fields and hedges spread to the distant grey-blue downs. In a silver streak to the right could be seen the line of the river. . . .

Soames looked. In spite of himself, something swelled in his breast. To live here in sight of all this, to be able to point it out to his friends, to talk of it, to possess it! His cheeks flushed. The warmth, the radiance, the glow, were sinking into his senses as, four years before, Irene's beauty had sunk into his senses and made him long for her. He stole a glance at Bosinney, whose eyes, the eyes of the coachman's "half-tame leopard", seemed running wild over the landscape. The sunlight had caught the promontories of the fellow's face, the bumpy cheekbones, the point of his chin, the vertical ridges above his brow: and Soames watched this rugged, enthusiastic, careless face with an unpleasant feeling.

A long, soft ripple of wind flowed over the corn, and brought a puff of warm air into their faces.

"I could build you a teaser here," said Bosinney, breaking the silence at last.

"I dare say," replied Soames, drily. "You haven't got to pay for it."

"For about eight thousand I could build you a palace."

Soames had become very pale—a struggle was going on within him.

He dropped his eyes and said stubbornly:

"I can't afford it."

And slowly, with his mousing walk, he led the way back to the first site.

They spent some time there going into particulars of the projected house, and then Soames returned to the agent's cottage.

He came out in about half an hour, and, joining Bosinney, started for the station.

"Well," he said, hardly opening his lips, "I've taken that site of yours, after all."

And again he was silent, confusedly debating how it was that this fellow, whom by habit he despised, should have over-borne his own decision.

## 117 \*

Read carefully the passage printed below and answer the questions that follow.

DEMOCRACY, in a modern state, has certain advantages, not, indeed, as compared with other forms of government over the same area, but inevitably owing to the immense population concerned. In antiquity, the representative system being unknown, the citizens assembled in the market-place voted personally on each issue. So long as

\* Union of Educational Institutions: S3 Examination.

the State was confined to a single city, this gave to each citizen a sense of real power and responsibility, the more so as most of the issues were such as his own experience enabled him to understand. But owing to the absence of an elected legislature, democracy could not extend over a wider area. When Roman citizenship was granted to the inhabitants of other parts of Italy, the new citizens could not, in practice, acquire any share of political power, since it could only be exercised by those who were actually in Rome. The geographical difficulty was overcome in the modern world, by the practice of choosing representatives. Until recently the representative, once chosen, had considerable independent power, since men living at a distance from the capital could not know what was happening soon enough, or in sufficient detail, to be able to express their opinion effectively. Now, however, owing to broadcasting, rapid mobility, newspapers, etc., large countries have become more and more like the City States of antiquity; there is more personal contact (of a sort) between men at the centre and voters at a distance; followers can bring pressure on leaders, and leaders reciprocally can exert influence on followers, to an extent which was impossible in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The result has been to diminish the importance of the representative and increase that of the leader. Parliaments are no longer effective intermediaries between voters and governments. All the dubious propagandist devices formerly confined to election times can now be employed continuously. The Greek City State, with its demagogues, tyrants, bodyguards, and exiles, has revived because its methods of propaganda have again become available.

(a) Write in your own words a summary of the passage.

(b) Suggest a suitable title for the passage.

Read carefully the passage below and then state what is your own reaction to the ideas expressed. Could they be made practicable in the conditions you expect to find in the post-war world? A maximum of 100 words should be used in answering the two questions.

IF then a practical end must be assigned to a University course, I say it is that of training good members of society. Its art is the art of social life, and its end is fitness for the world. It neither confines its views to particular professions on the one hand, nor creates heroes or inspires genius on the other. Works indeed of genius fall under no art: heroic minds come under no rule; a University is not a birthplace of poets or of immortal authors, of founders of schools, leaders of colonies, or conquerors of nations. It does not promise a generation of Aristotles or Newtons, of Napoleons or Washingtons, of Raphaels or Shakespeares, though such miracles of nature it has before now contained within its precincts. Nor is it content on the other hand with forming the critic or the experimentalist, the economist or the engineer, though such, too, it includes within its scope. But a University training is the great ordinary means to a great but ordinary end; it aims at raising the intellectual tone of society, at cultivating the public mind, at purifying the national taste, at supplying true principles to popular enthusiasm and fixed aims to popular aspiration. It is the education which gives a man a clear conscious view of his own opinions and judgments, a truth in developing them, an eloquence in expressing them, and a force in urging

them. It teaches him to see things as they are, to go right to the point, to disentangle a skein of thought, to detect what is sophistical, and to discard what is irrelevant. It prepares him to fill any post with credit, and to master any subject with facility. It shows him how to accommodate himself to others, how to throw himself into their state of mind, how to bring before them his own, how to influence them, how to come to an understanding with them, how to bear with them. He is at home in any society, he has common ground with every class; he knows when to speak and when to be silent; he is able to converse, he is able to listen; he is a pleasant companion and a comrade you can depend upon: he knows when to be serious and when to trifle, and he has a sure tact which enables him to trifle with gracefulness and to be serious with effect. The art which tends to make a man all this is in the object which it pursues as useful as the art of wealth or the art of health, though it is less susceptible of method, less tangible, less certain, less complete in its result.

## 119 \*

Summarize in your own words the following passage, reducing it to about 160 or 170 words or one-quarter of its length. State at the end of the précis the number of words you have used and suggest a suitable title.

ANOTHER of our illustrious countrymen, and one to whom mankind has been largely indebted, is Mr. James Watt, the great improver of the steam-engine. This name, fortunately, needs no commemoration of ours; for he that bore it survived to see it crowned with undisputed

\* University of London Matriculation Examination.

and envied honours, and many generations will probably pass away before it shall have "gathered all its fame". We have said that Mr. Watt was the great improver of the steam-engine; but, in truth, as to all that is admirable in its structure or vast in its utility, he should rather be described as its inventor. It was by his inventions that its action was so regulated as to make it capable of being applied to the finest and most delicate manufactures, and its power so increased as to set weight and solidity at defiance. By his admirable contrivances, it has become a thing stupendous alike for its force and flexibility, for the prodigious power which it can exert, and the ease and precision with which it can be varied, distributed and applied. The trunk of an elephant, that can pick up a pin or rend an oak, is as nothing to it. It can engrave a seal, and crush masses of obdurate metal like wax before it; draw out, without breaking, a thread as fine as gossamer; and lift a ship-of-war like a bauble in the air. It can embroider muslin and forge anchors, cut steel into ribbons and impel loaded vessels against the fury of the winds and waves.

It would be difficult to estimate the value of the benefits which these inventions have conferred upon the country. There is no branch of industry that has not been indebted to them; and in all the most material, they have not only widened most magnificently the field of its exertions, but multiplied a thousand fold the amount of its productions. It has increased indefinitely the mass of human comforts and enjoyments, and rendered cheap and accessible all over the world the materials of wealth and prosperity. It has armed the feeble hand of man with a power to which no limit can be assigned; and laid a sure foundation for all those future miracles of mechanical power which are to aid and reward the labours of after generations. It is to the genius of one man, too,

that all this is mainly owing; and certainly no man ever before bestowed such a gift on his kind. The blessing is not only universal, but unbounded; and the fabled inventors of the plough and the loom, who were deified by the gratitude of their contemporaries, conferred less important benefits on mankind than the inventor of the steam-engine.

Independently of his great attainments in mechanics, Mr. Watt was an extraordinary, and, in many respects, a wonderful man. Perhaps no one man in his age possessed so much and such varied and exact information; had read so much; or remembered what he had read so accurately and well as he. He had great quickness of apprehension, an amazing memory and power of understanding which extracted something precious out of all that was presented to it, so that his stores of miscellaneous knowledge were immense.

No man could be more social in spirit, less assuming or fastidious in his manners, or more kind and indulgent towards all who approached him. He was not only kind and affectionate, but generous and considerate of the feelings of all around him.

All men of learning and science were his cordial friends; and such was the influence of his mild character and perfect fairness and liberality, that he lived to disarm even envy itself, and died, we verily believe, without a single enemy.

(640 words)

## 120 \*

The following article contains about 550 words. Condense it in your own words, reducing it to about 150 words. At the end of the passage state how many words you have used.

\* University of London Matriculation Examination.

SIR JOHN OGLANDER, writing of the manners and customs of the Isle of Wight in the days of Charles II, quaintly remarks that persons out of "owre island" who undertook a journey to London always made their wills first. But the trouble of a separate journey is nothing as compared with the march of organized bodies who have to provide their own commissariat and transport. Animals on the march often manage these things better than men do. Generally speaking they go worst if driven, better if ridden, when man becomes a part of the animal, and best when left to themselves.

Free to choose their own order, like the migrating hosts of Tartars, the majority of them usually move on a wide front. In this order they avoid the constant strain on the rear ranks of closing up in a hurry. For animals it has another advantage. When halting to feed they can browse straight forward in line, on grass untrodden by animals in front.

Two species of bird habitually march great distances, and in numerous bodies, but there is a difference in the method and intelligence shown in their travels. The guinea fowls always walk in single file, making their way through the scrub or forest down to the drinking place, in the same primitive order as that in which the African caravan crosses the continent. At times the wild geese, some of the strongest fliers among the large birds, travel great distances on foot, marching in orderly ranks. Possibly the marching powers of geese are a legacy from ancestors which could not fly at all, and were entirely dependent on their legs as a means of progression over land or water. Beautiful as is the modern swan in either air or water, its slow rolling gait on land is certainly not that of a champion pedestrian like its cousin the goose; yet if the life-history of the individual is an epitome of the history of the race, its ancestors must once



have been numbered among the birds which could march.

Commissariat, the curse of armies on the march, presents few difficulties even to vast moving bodies of animals when wild. This is because the travelling animals are all vegetable feeders, and move as a rule in the direction of an increased food-supply—the musk oxen travelling south in winter and north when the Arctic summer uncovers the tundra, and the animals of the veldt or prairie advancing or retiring over their feeding grounds when plenty follows rain or scarcity snow.

Where this natural provision is not available Nature has to overcome the difficulty by very specialized means. Many birds feed up for days before the effort of the over-sea migration flight, and carry their food concentrated in the form of fat.

The submarine “march” of fish is probably the only movement of great bodies of animals which is absolutely without trouble to the movers, who with their bodies poised in water, without effort except that of leisurely, almost effortless propulsion, with an invisible and everlasting food supply suffusing the medium in which they move, with no waste of force in wave-making, and almost no surface friction of their smooth bodies on the surrounding water, have their “march” as a triumphal procession, so far as triumph can be claimed by an almost complete victory over all the difficulties of travel.

## 121 \*

Summarize in your own words the following passage, reducing it to about 150 words. State at the end of the précis the number of words you have used, and suggest a suitable title.

\* University of London Matriculation Examination.

THE most extraordinary combination of offices that ever occurred existed at the Court of Louis XVIII in the person of Coulon, a medical man of great skill, who ultimately abandoned all practice except with respect to the King, to whom he was at once doctor and jester. When a medical student, Coulon was wont, by his powers of mimicry, to keep a whole hospital ward in roars of laughter. For the amusement of his royal patron Coulon gave daily imitations. If the King asked him whom he had met, the medical jester would at once assume the bearing, voice, and the features of the person he desired to represent. It mattered not at all what the sex or the quality might be, or whether the mimicked individuals were the King's friends or relations, or otherwise. In either case the monarch was in an ecstasy of hilarity as he promptly recognized each personage thus presented to him.

"Coulon," said the Duke of Orleans to him one day, "I happened to see and hear your imitation of me yesterday. It was capital, but not quite perfect. You did not wear, as I do, a diamond pin in your cravat. Allow me to present you with mine: it will make the resemblance more striking."

"Ah! your highness," replied Coulon, fixing the pin in his own cravat and putting on such a look of the duke that the latter might have thought he was standing before a mirror, "as a poor imitator I ought, properly, to wear only paste!"

His imitations, however, were so approximate to reality that he sat for portraits of Thiers and Molé; but Coulon's greatest triumph in this way was through a harder task. There was no efficient portrait extant of the deceased minister Villèle. Gros was regretting this. "Aye," said Coulon, "no likeness of him represents his evanescent expression." As he said this, a living Villèle seemed to

stand before the artist, who then and there took from this singular personage the well-known portrait which so truthfully represents the once famous statesman.

The only man who ever resembled Coulon at the Court of France was Dufresnoy, the poet, playwright, actor, gardener, glass manufacturer, spendthrift, wit and beggar. Louis XIV valued him as Louis XVIII valued Coulon, and many dramatists of his day used to note his loose, brilliant sayings and reproduce them as original. His royal protector appointed him his honorary fool; and it must be allowed that Dufresnoy had more of the old official about him than the refined and wealthy Coulon. The earlier jester, having got into debt with his washerwoman, settled the claim by making her his wife. It was a poor joke, and his wit seems to have suffered from it. He ventured one day to rally the Abbé Pellegrini on the soiled look of his linen. "Sir," said the piqued Abbé, "it is not everyone who has the good luck to marry his laundress!" The joker was dumb; and he stood no bad illustration of that line which speaks of men

"O'er run with wit and destitute of sense".

## 122 \*

Give a title to the following passage and write a summary of it in not more than fifty words.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer no one to sleep in it besides himself; for, if he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anyone else nodding, either wakes them himself or sends his

\* East Midland Educational Union: Commercial—Grade II Examination.

servants to them. Several other of the old knight's peculiarities break out upon these occasions: sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the psalms half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces "Amen" three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everyone else is upon their knees, to count the congregation or see if any of his tenants are missing.

### 123 \*

Give a title to the following passage and write a summary of it in not more than fifty words.

THE next morning before the sun was in his power, an immense concourse assembled round the place where the gallows had been set up. Grief and horror were on every face; yet to the last the multitude could hardly believe that the English really purposed to take the life of the great Brahmin. At length the mournful procession came through the crowd. Nuncomar sat up in his palanquin, and looked round him with unaltered serenity. He had just parted from those who were most nearly connected with him. Their cries and contortions had appalled the European ministers of justice, but had not produced the smallest effect on the iron stoicism of the prisoner. The only anxiety which he expressed was that men of his own priestly caste might be in attendance to take charge of his corpse. He again desired to be remembered to his friends in the Council, mounted the scaffold with firmness, and gave the signal to the executioner.

\* East Midland Educational Union: Commercial—Grade II Examination.

## 124 \*

Give a title to the following passage and write a summary of it in not more than sixty words.

WHEN Jack Easy had gained the deck he found the sun shining gaily, a soft air blowing from the shore, and the whole of the rigging and every part of the ship loaded with the shirts, trousers, and jackets of the seamen, which had been wetted during the heavy gale, and were now hanging to dry; all the wet sails were also spread on the booms or triced up in the rigging, and the ship was slowly forging through the blue water. The captain and first lieutenants were standing on the gangway in converse, and the majority of the officers were with their quadrants and sextants ascertaining the latitude at noon. The decks were white and clean, the sweepers had just laid by their brooms, and the men were busy coiling down the ropes. It was a scene of cheerfulness, activity and order, which lightened his heart after the four days of suffering, close air, and confinement, from which he had just emerged.

## 125 †

Condense the following passage to approximately one-third of its length, expressing the subject matter in your own words. Give a title to the summary.

NONE of his political party suffered in the general wreck more than Addison. He had just sustained some heavy pecuniary losses, of the nature of which we are im-

\* East Midland Educational Union: Commercial—Grade II Examination.

† East Midland Educational Union: Commercial—Grade III Examination.

perfectly informed, when the Secretaryship was taken from him. He had reason to believe that he should also be deprived of the small Irish office which he held by patent. He had just resigned his Fellowship. It seems probable that he had already ventured to raise his eyes to a great lady, and that, while his political friends were in office, and while his own fortunes were rising, he had been, in the phrase of the romances which were then fashionable, permitted to hope. But Mr. Addison the ingenious writer, and Mr. Addison the Chief Secretary, were, in her ladyship's opinion, two very different persons. All these calamities, however, could not disturb the serene cheerfulness of a mind conscious of innocence, and rich in its own wealth. He told his friends, with smiling resignation, that they ought to admire his philosophy, that he had lost at once his fortune, his place, his Fellowship, and his mistress, that he must think of turning tutor again, and yet that his spirits were as good as ever.

## 126 \*

Condense the following passage to approximately one-third of its length, expressing the subject matter in your own words. Give a title to the summary.

EVERY man who has the least sensibility or imagination derives a certain pleasure from pictures. Yet a man of the highest and finest intellect might, unless he has formed his taste by contemplating the best pictures, be easily persuaded by a knot of connoisseurs, that the worst daub in Somerset House was a miracle of art. If he deserves to be laughed at, it is not for his ignorance of pictures, but for his ignorance of men. He knows that

\* East Midland Educational Union: Commercial—Grade III Examination.

there is a delicacy of taste in painting which he does not possess, that he cannot distinguish hands, as practised judges distinguish them, that he is not familiar with the finest models, that he has never looked at them with close attention, and, that, when the general effect of a piece has pleased him or displeased him, he has never troubled himself to ascertain why. When, therefore, people, whom he thinks more competent to judge than himself, and of whose sincerity he entertains no doubt, assure him that a particular work is exquisitely beautiful, he takes it for granted that they must be in the right. He returns to the examination, resolved to find or imagine beauties; and if he can work himself up into something like admiration, he exults in his own proficiency.

## 127 \*

Condense the following passage to approximately one-third of its length, expressing the subject matter of the piece in your own words. Give a title to your summary.

THE place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty Kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers, the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a few moments awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which had half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets

\* East Midland Educational Union: Commercial—Grade III Examination.

were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds under Garter King-at-Arms. The judges in their vestments of State attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three-fourths of the Upper House as the Upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior Baron present led the way, George Eliott, Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defence of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshall of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the King. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing.













